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THE WORLD IS MINE

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THE WORLD IS MINE

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THE STORY OF
A MODERN MONTE CRISTO

by
WILLIAM BLAKE



CASELL
AND COMPANY, LIMITED
LONDON, TORONTO, MELBOURNE
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Although the story of The World Is Mine need not conform to a strict chronology, this has been attempted save for the year 1893 and also 1914, in which the pictured papal election has been placed several months later than immediately after the outbreak of war.

The characters in this book are entirely fictitious, except where historic persons are referred to simply in passing. There is no person whether living or dead who has been used as a source for a character.

Where institutions are referred to it is understood that they are used merely as settings, no such actions as are attributed to the fictitious persons associated with them ever having taken place.

THE WORLD IS MINE

I

THE COMING OF CRISTÓBAL

RED, purple, and gold standards fluttered in an undecided breeze over the gloomy chimneys of La Fortuna, the smelting works at Huelva, the lonely outpost of industrial capital in the marasmal Rio Tinto country.

Across the bay, a tiny procession of local worthies, monks, secular clergy, twopenny South American consuls, and Yankee professors paraded quietly through the streets of Palos. From this little port, four hundred years before, Columbus had set sail to help redeem the deficits of the Moorish wars at the cost of the victims of Cipango, Cathay, and the conjectural Spice Islands.

The alcalde of Huelva, Don Francisco Pinzón y Guzman, had contributed to the celebration a thousand douros in silver, all genuine, all heavy, all counted out one by one on the massy table at the *ayuntamiento* at Palos. There they were viewed with sub-tropical covetousness by the hungry and anæmic city fathers.

The alcalde had already beflagged his huge smelting works, La Fortuna. He had given his Andalusian serfs and Estramaduran ex-swineherds that most common of Spanish benefits—a holiday without pay. Copper markets were good; even pyrites, so costly to smelt, were able to compete, for their by-product, sulphuric acid, was in fast-rising demand. The City of London financed bountifully.

Palos had discovered America, the fabled mines of the Rio Tinto basin had been reanimated in part by the talents of the antique families of Pinzón and Guzman. Perhaps the Pinzóns that accompanied Columbus were of that same family, perhaps the grandees of Spain that bore the proudest of all names, Guzman,

were somehow heraldic cognates. Canovas del Castillo had impounded liberalism in Spain, Cuba remained sulky, but peaceful, the peasant revolt at Xeres had just been crushed brutally, London was sympathetic to Spanish shares, and all was for the best in this best of possible worlds.

A ragged messenger, the very countertype of Murillo's gamins, with the gipsy insolence of all Spanish street youngsters, cut through the file of Palos dignitaries, the straggling line of invited guests, and the musicians winding up a strident *pasodoble*, and tore right out of his leadership Don Francisco Pinzón y Guzman. Don Francisco listened to the excited child, quickly abandoned the headship of the procession, left the testimony of his thousand douros to the inertia of history, and, on turning the corner, raced to his mansion at the edge of the town, on his mare, Carmencita, sole horse of that donkey metropolis. He shot through the backdrop garden into the bath-cool patio, and upstairs to the "matrimonial habitation" where the great family bed was to reveal its secret.

Oiled and caressed by two Cyclopean duennas with dirty fingers and overstuffed clothes, the heir of the clans of Pinzón and Guzman tinily breathed his beetroot existence. A seven-months' child was born to vindicate a calendar, to discount history. The four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America at Palos, mother town of two continents, gave birth to the new Count of Monte Cristo.

Tradition was broken at once. Don Francisco, after simulating an appropriate donnish gravity, kissed his wife with automatic ceremonial restraint, bowed with a suave but slight bend to the attendant duennas, passed the yellow portières, then let the primitive Andalusian break through the class skin, and danced about in the parlour with the quick step of the *garrotin* and intoned the mad scales of the flamenco songs of the country. Nor was his sense of theatre wanting. Recalling the first land that Columbus had named, he chose to call his son Salvador. The Redeemer was to be twice appropriated as namesake, and his second name was to be Jesús, a custom of the Southern Spaniards. The parish priest, Don Vicente Perez, of plebeian origins, wandered in at that moment, and in violent discourse, denounced this double burden of earthly presumption.

Don Francisco was not accustomed to contradiction: he had not become the richest man in the province of Huelva by reason of timidity or of a conciliatory spirit. For all that, the fears of a still longer and more arduous residence in purgatory than he now had a right to expect overcame him and his earthly pride, and the baby, as of maritime right, was to be launched under the name of Cristóbal Hernando Salvador. Thus was rolled over the little pink baby flesh the Christian name of Columbus, the first island seen by him in the New World, and that of Cortez, conqueror of Mexico, who had also set sail from Palos. "That boy will go far in life," mumbled the parish priest with the infected hiss of his dirty teeth. "He symbolizes the highest moments of our race, its discovery of half the world, its conquest of three-fourths." They had all forgotten in these commentaries to give him the saint's name of the day, and, since calendars of saints differ considerably, it was decided, reluctantly, to add Saint-Wilfrid to his list of names, as the calendar of the diocese at Seville gave him the day, although a calendar printed at Paris, Place Saint-Sulpice, for the Spanish faithful, disagreed.

Nothing was wanting to crown the child born of calendars, into the best of worlds, of the richest of fathers, the purest Castilian blood, free of Arab or of Hebrew stain, and graced with the true faith beyond this world. Only the potboy in the kitchen, who had read a pamphlet or two, having been taught the arts of his betters by low anarchists in Seville, was heard to murmur that the baby had attained the ultimate at his birth, and from then on his fortune could only decline. He was promptly rewarded by a piece of bread, covered with garlic, from the cook, who, for all that, stoutly maintained that disrespectful remarks about the family of Pinzón y Guzman were not really to be tolerated.

Don Francisco was not decided whether to rejoin the ceremonial procession at the *ayuntamiento*, or to lose all the pleasure of his thousand duros, by squatting in his parlour with the cocklike setting postures of all accomplished fathers. To sit spiritually on hatched eggs is a purely masculine accomplishment, and, for the first son in the family, a dedication to the family manes. Yet, on the other hand, a thousand duros were much money, and even a hidalgo was entitled to a run for all that expense, for Don Francisco followed the rule of all rich men: never give away a douro that does

not make a noise like five. Don Francisco, after weighing the matter, like a good merchant, decided to take a loss and sat paternally at home.

The squeaking of the old duennas did not displease him; their piping served as a counterpoint to the dominant contralto, mezzo-soprano, and even baritone registers of the voices of the fat ladies of the village, who had been summoned by nature's telegraph of rumour to the bedside of his señora. Señoras of the social rank of the Doña Isabella, his gracious lady, when they gave birth to a seven-months' child, gave birth also to a babbling café of old girls, ranged round the great bed of nativity like the antique pictures of the ranks of the blessed in paradise, and also to an ante-chamber full of their grey-green spouses, the faded gentry of the district. The ritual fine sherries (lighter, and it must be confessed, cheaper than those for English taste) were sipped by these imppecunious brethren, while they awaited the welcome distribution of little rolls containing Serrano hams. The miracle of the world remains as to how a six-pound baby gives rise to thirty pounds of parasitic eating. The assembled El Greco faces were slowly framed by Franz Hals red cheeks. The ladies were laying on thick lacy details of the prospective christening. The gentlemen, as always, took the rite of birth as a point of departure for the Gemini of male palaver—politics and money.

Don Francisco listened with a counting-house disdain and patience to the worthless but well-born Don Ermenegildo Ruiz as he expatiated on the villainies of British cuisine and the beauties of British cash balances; both of these had enjoyed his fluctuating attention as vice-consul at London. There was one firm, he reported, persistent in studying opportunities for profitable Spanish investment. Henryson, Pately, and Carrington of Angel Court. They were watching the quicksilver mines in the centre of Spain, and were hankering for a participation in the Peñarroya lead mines, long the special province of the wolves of the Paris Stock Exchange. It was widely asserted that they had run up the market in Asturian Coal Properties, Ltd., from ten shillings and sixpence to thirty-four shillings, and what was all the more amazing, they had not only got up the prices, but had actually sold the shares on the run-up.

"Then again," chuckled Don Ermenegildo, "the syndicates have taken more out of the Tharsis mines on the Paris Bourse in

one year than was ever dug out of it by the Roman proconsuls in centuries, splendid brigands though they were. So while we sleep in Andalusia, our priceless assets are kicked about by foreign bankers, who make all the money, while we labour here and bear the burden of actual production. Don Francisco, forgive me if I say that you belong to a dead age. Not metals but paper rule the world. Until I visited London I thought the opposite, as is natural. Henryson, Pately and Carrington will soon own all of Spain, and even the Immaculate Conception will be an easier mystery (God saving us) than the manner in which they extract ore from mines without picks."

"I have heard," said the sadly bankrupt Marqués of Badajoz, "that the distinguishing feature of heretics is their belief in paper. It must come from their reading the Bible. Our churches are full of rich goods, gold, silk, marble: their meeting places are as bare as their lying faith. The great kings of Spain believed in gold and silver: the jealous Protestants have swindled us all with paper. But the truth can be spread by money, make no mistake about that. My brother, I heard to-day, had been made Almoner to the Queen Regent, and through Her Majesty I hope to learn of that which may profit me, by advising a man of your solid worth, Don Francisco."

Don Ermenegildo hastened to congratulate the Marqués on the success of his brother in obtaining the task of bestowing the royal largesse. He also added the sly remark that in relieving poor Spaniards, the Royal Almoner should first relieve himself amply, since the poverty of other Spaniards was known to him only by conjecture, whereas his own poverty was a certainty. This set up a wild Andalusian laugh, in which the whinnies of the omnipresent donkeys of the land could be heard through the waves of laughter. More sherry was drunk, and the snuffle of the new-born babe in the bedroom mingled with the gleeful twitter of his four-year-old sister, Carmen, who was being shown the gift of God. This recalled the gentlemen to the object of their visit, and they munched collectively, but not silently, for at least two minutes. The ladies were tasting muscat wines, as the cheap, thin sherry was considered too subtle for their broad, housewifely palates. They joined the party, and the distorted Castilian noses were multiplied by two. By the weaving of all social pattern, the talk shuttled

to Godoy, a queen's favourite like the brother of the Marqués, thence to his unrelenting enemy, the artist Goya, thence to the beauty of *The Nude Maja*, and from then on to the hideous sin but excellent gossip that adultery gives to mankind, till the late night found them a planetary distance away from the beginning of that animated talk, but very definitely hungry again. At four in the morning, as was the custom, the hired serenaders sang outside, since it was the name day of Señor Rosas y Galán, a guest from Ronda. The serenaders sang the insanely sweet and nostalgic melodies of Ronda, the mountain town of Andalusia, the citadel of nature and of primitive taste. Everyone was then gaily expelled with a wealth of saws and proverbs, and the opal dawn lighted up the recurring yawns of Don Francisco. His wife was nobly snoring in the great bed, a really superb accomplishment within twelve hours of her accouchement, and Don Francisco felt fortified in his confidence in the future of a son born on such a day, sprung from such noble loins, and the fruit of a womb so ample, so sane.

The next day was the thirteenth, and on that day Don Francisco never went to La Fortuna, for a curse would rest on all his activities at the smelter. His superstition, however vital, did not embrace his workers or his works manager, and nothing untoward occurred save their daily increment of tuberculosis. Of this Don Francisco knew both much and nothing: much because his workers died in fair number and he was thus compelled to train others, a great waste, and nothing because he had read in an English book that drink was the cause of consumption, and God knows he was not responsible if his sinful workers stupefied themselves with *aguardiente* when they should have bought goat's milk. More than that, Don Francisco was not at all sure that with proper economy they might not some day rival his own career.

After all, he ruminated, his father, though a hidalgo in his origins, had been merely a wine merchant in Seville, and not too wealthy, and some little doubt persisted as to whether the name of Pinzón, companions of Columbus, had not been tacked on by Seville monks for a consideration, and as to whether that of Guzman, first in Castile, was not a gift of shamefully corrupt heraldists and paleographers. After all, it was a blessing that genealogy was an elastic and human science, for otherwise Don Francisco might not have had the favours of visits from grandes

of the second class. Perhaps the real family name was a vulgar Menendez or Martinez or Perez, or some other mercantile *ex.* And if, in spite of this, he had risen to his present proud position in the industrial and social community, it proved that in Spain career was open to talent, and his workers had only themselves to thank for their condition. Since the Carlists were beaten, Spain was a modern constitutional land. Don Francisco even followed Sagasta and the Liberals, as he thought that since the State could never eat less, at least the Holy Church could abstract less of his substance. His señora cared nothing for this spurious reasoning, and argued that if the gates of hell could not avail against the rock of Peter, neither could Sagasta. All day long, she hedged her husband's pale liberalism, and by dint of prayer at home and in chapel, purchased the keys of heaven at a reasonable premium.

As Don Francisco ruminated, Don Ermenegildo was announced and entered with a forward-looking face. He did not like the presence of that priestly busybody, Don Vicente Perez, the universal sounding board of Huelva, Palos, La Rabida, and the low-lying lands of the Rio Tinto.

He blandly ordered him out and his vice-consular address carried conviction. Don Ermenegildo prefaced his business by a few stabs at the person of Don Vicente Perez.

"Believe me," he said, "there is no greater testimony to the truth of our religion than that a craven raven like Don Vicente Perez can bring God into the sacramental wafer."

In a quick businesslike manner, the seal of his London stay, Don Ermenegildo opened up his commercial story. It concerned, inevitably, Henryson, Pately, and Carrington. It now appeared that he had not mentioned them platonically the night before. They were to give him a respectable commission on business he could effect in Andalusia, always excepting the Tharsis district in which they and their temporary French friends were nicely ensconced. It appeared that the three gentlemen of Angel Court had studied the position of La Fortuna and reached the conclusion that it could be floated as a public company in London, with much profit to Don Francisco. Don Ermenegildo wavered from the direct line to say that Spanish companies were now so abundant in London that even the comedians had taken them up, and he recounted circumspectly how Gilbert and Sullivan had parodied

in *The Gondoliers*, the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Ltd., the public pleasure showing how deeply such matters had sunk into the national consciousness. When Don Francisco objected that ridicule was scarcely a basis for investment, Don Ermenegildo pointed out that the music halls of London were full of suburban gibes about the Whitechapel *canaille* that had promoted South African mines, and yet that the promotions were going great guns.

He then moved quickly into the groove of public promotion and asked Don Francisco where he could establish a financial statement by a "charr-terr-éd," as the alien conceives the adopted term. Don Francisco was afraid to disrobe before this gimcrack diplomat, who might be a Treasury spy, but under the ceaseless chatter, the insistent high-toned rattle of Don Ermenegildo, he gave way. He said that a "charr-terr-éd" could easily check him up and show that he made £14,000 per annum, even after allowing for depletion in the official London mining-manual styles. His depreciation and depletion account, however, was on a much more baroque basis when it came to taxation, and he therefore dreaded the discrepancy that would surely come to light if his profit-and-loss statement were to attract the prospective shareholder, and yet not conform to the tale of woe in his income-tax statements.

Don Ermenegildo was not ingenious, but the instinct of a half-commission man told him that it was possible that a statement might be made up showing large earnings for shareholders, and yet, upon the very basis laid down by the statutes, reveal a loss for purposes of taxation. It was all a question of point of view, of definition, of nomenclature. His facility in steadily holding up the picture of fantastic wealth finally swayed Don Francisco. He requested his friend, when next in London, to take up the question of public promotion with this trio of financiers.

In addition to that, he, of course, gave five hundred pesetas to Don Ermenegildo for expenses, so that the merits of his presentation might not be jeopardized by any want of Savile Row tailoring. Henryson, Pately, and Carrington were perverse snobs, and one had to be careful that they did not think one in mean circumstances, as they might drive a hard bargain. Besides, Don Ermenegildo explained, though in Spain beggary was an honourable estate, in London a poor man was as a blind man. Upon which the two

hidalgos toasted their success in the manzanilla wine consecrated to light dedications, and the second day of the baby's life began a great new chapter in the Golden Book of Don Francisco.

On October the fourteenth he went forth to La Fortuna with just a bit of misgiving. He thought that the introduction of the three Englishmen into his estate might lose him that close feudal control that was half the joy of ownership. His head swirled, and he tried to place exactly the honeyed discourse of Don Ermenegildo whereby he was to sell his property and still retain it: to keep voting shares for himself and his banker, to get the public's money, and still elect whether to reimburse them either in interest or in principal. These mechanisms were much too complicated for his brain, which was fundamentally pastoral, despite the development of his mine and his metal-smelting works. But since he still had a small plant capacity and sent most of his mineral production to Swansea for treatment, especially the pyrites, he thought it an excellent idea to write to his friend, D. Caradoc Jones, twenty years a correspondent of La Fortuna, and overlord of Cambria Smelters, Ltd. The one trip Don Francisco had ever taken outside the Iberian peninsula was on a tramp liner to the port of Swansea, and his only idea of British life was that of the home of D. Caradoc Jones on the Mumbles near Swansea.

He had seen it in July. It was exceptionally hot, and he retained a warmer feeling for Britain than was usual for a Spanish gentleman, for whom there are always mists in that boreal land, whether there are or no. Twenty years of commercial friendship and of high personal esteem were certainly enough of a basis for seeking the close collaboration of the nervous, hysterical but deeply honourable D. Caradoc Jones.

Don Francisco wrote the letter himself, disdaining that his amanuensis, a treacherous Valencian, should be cognizant of the impending great changes in the financial structure of La Fortuna. The letter was beautifully done. The curlicues were abundant, the thickening of the downstrokes was evenly inked, and the handwriting was as lush as the style.

He mentioned, incidentally, the birth of his son, and regretted that the two-year-old daughter of Jones, who would surely have a dowry of £20,000, was not available, because the Jones family were chapel people, and the opposite pole in religion.

from Don Francisco. But things went that way: life was a lovely fish soup, flavoured by saffron, but, of course, harbouring small bones. And after all, Doña Isabella had made him a good wife, thus partly compensating the really beggarly three-thousand-douro marriage settlement. Money is not everything.

He looked across the bay of the Rio Tinto, towards La Rabida, once a giant monastery, now a haunt of pilgrims from every part of the globe, enamoured of the Columbus legend. Again and again he thought of Cristóbal Colon, wandering over Spain, with his little son, Diego, and how that perfect father had made the greatest career. He too would look out for his son with the same tenderness and constancy; he too would advance to the heights, while never letting go of the family, the reason for all success. His son would reflect his career in a mirror ten times as large. His daughter belonged to the floral world; she would ornament the earth, but not transcend space. A son belonged to the animal creation; he was to span lands, as was the wont of Spaniards. There was no need for compensation in these daydreams of Don Francisco: he fancied himself a success and only wished his career projected.

The perfect man of his time, he thought of himself as representing the rising class of mining magnates and factory owners in Spain, and as at the head of a stream of tendency without end, ever broadening. Nothing could ever interrupt it any more. Railways were being built, English companies had diffused gas-lighting in Seville, cafés with outside terraces were becoming common in Madrid and Barcelona, and the Spanish cities would soon have nothing to learn from Paris.

And while other lands had paid for progress with the loss of faith, Spain had the best of everything: material comfort gaining with heavenly bliss assured. When the English bankers made him a far richer man, he would build greater smelters, perhaps send nothing more to Swansea, and although he had not calculated the item of freights, he was sure of his ground.

He saw his son succeeding him, and a true Latin joy suffused his spirit, as he thought of his magnificent funeral, with incredible luxury, his silver coffin set before the high altar of the cathedral at Seville, the Cardinal Archbishop intoning Mass, and, in the first row of mourners, his pale-faced, sensitive, highborn son—his heir and the earthly crown of his existence.

II

THE THREE GENTLEMEN OF ANGEL COURT

THE Rock of Gibraltar mourned massively as the clouds poured out a heavy tropical burden on the bumboat approaching the landing stage, with three cowering mackintoshes huddled in its centre. In the distance the P. & O. liner carried officers of the Indian Army to their imperial task: on to the tender it had deposited three carriers of finance imperialism. Drenched though they were, they felt a possessive and inexpugnable confidence as they came up close to the Rock. Rare indeed is the Englishman who has not felt a sense of personal power in coming under its bulk, rare the foreigner who has not felt, too, that their universal pretensions are here made good. The desert mountain aspects of Africa were hidden by the rain, the sister range of hillocks to the north could be seen only in rounded summits flowing in and out among the clouds. Gibraltar, isolated, seemed the solitary refuge of man in the world of waters, like Britannia, the little land set in the argent seas. Her position in Europe, lonely, strategic, impregnable, was also that of Gibraltar.

At the landing stage the *caleches* took the three gentlemen through the Prince Edward Gate, up by way of a sea garden to the Bristol Hotel, a cross between Bloomsbury and Granada, and reminiscent of home, for it faced the Anglican cathedral, set about by scorched palm trees. It was nightfall now, the rain had stopped. The three brokers—Henryson, Pately, and Carrington—walked down the main street to the Alameda where the *fiesta* was being given. There they strolled past a medley of all that was worst in Southend amusement stalls, side shows, coconut shies, refreshment stands, alternating between British ales and musty Spanish wines, and heard a babel of voices, nearly all Spanish, with the overtones of the usual tipsy and pugilistic

trippers, that evidence of Britain's nether world that follows her dominion, so that her shame at home can never be concealed.

From the Alameda through the close streets, clear of rain but never fresh, and alive with the odours of wetted horse dung, the three brokers passed the innumerable bar-rooms with female orchestras, got up in *fiesta* Spanish style, closed to women, full of beglamoured jack-tars, marines, and soldiers. They dodged the crazy drivers speeding their little becurtained chariots at the rate of the coursers of the Roman arena, the open bazaars run by over-polite Parsees as in the East, and the resplendent tobacco stores, with the merchandise cheaper than in the countries of their origin. They walked wearily past the Jews' communal house, worn out by the mixed smell of heat, rain, laid dust, dung, the clamour of the voices of every race. They were lost in wonder at this paradise of free trade and *laissez faire*, where all skins and all goods fought in a free market and let the cunning win. The dour Spanish workers and the sad Norfolk tommies who passed by slowly were the two breeds whose lack of a money sense merely made them the mainstay of the town.

In the morning the skies were travel-poster blue. The three brokers, fat with chromo satisfactions, embarked on the Algeciras boat with a vacation uplift in their hearts. For a moment the object of their Spanish journey was forgotten, and they viewed the oncoming sweet white city like human beings. The ashy mountains on the African side, dread heralds of the rocky desert continent, were far away, as the smiling Andalusian shore rose up under their porter-discoloured noses. They were appropriately amused by the (to them) comic-opera customs and passport officials, looked with lordly indifference upon the rugged, manly, and laughing porters, and smiled at the light, antique railway carriages, mostly bought cheap from England after the rail-market crash of 1846. No one was obsequious to money; they thought that a poor portent.

As the thatched huts passed by, with their Congo appearance, and the little coolie inhabitants stared at the passing train, the purple hills receded and the wilder country took on a more autumnal appearance. The increasingly Novemberish appearance of the up-country dissipated the humanizing work of the sun, and brought back their primitive London sentiments. The

brokers began to speculate on the possibilities of exploiting cheap Spanish labour.

But were the Spaniards really as naïve as all that? Pately pointed out that in all British capital investments in Spain, the innocent don had ended by having the property and the British capitalist the experience. But their London Stock Exchange manuals showed that most of that swindling went on during the first Carlist War. Since the advent of Alfonso XII there had not been a single default, public or private—"More than you can say for the Yankees," rubbed in Henryson, for Pately was enamoured of the Mississippi basin as an inexhaustible field for future profits. Reassured that it would not at least be the Spaniards that would do the robbing, their nimble wits took another tack.

Their silent partner, D. Caradoc Jones, had advised them that Don Francisco Pinzón was a good artisan but a fool in negotiations. He had not the remotest idea of scientific mining, being especially ignorant of the newer methods in copper extraction now being so superbly vindicated at Butte, Montana. He was progressive compared to his little Spanish competitors, but in turn he got nothing out of his mine, in terms of profit, to compare with the British interests in Rio Tinto and the older Thaisis Company. That he would sell cheaply, on an intrinsic basis, was obvious. What worried the three brothers in lucre was how to get the property for nothing, and have Don Francisco pay them into the bargain, after which it would be time to double-cross Jones, their ally in the job of despoiling Don Francisco. The varied scenery of Andalusia, the varied smells of its sweet herbs, lacked at least three *amateurs*.

Henryson, forty-three years old, preternaturally tall and gross, with the bony structure of a port-drinking archdeacon, was despite his Gargantuan proportions a man of many timidities. He constantly shifted his hams in his seat, crossed his fat thighs and then uncrossed them, and his ecclesiastical cheeks shook with fear whenever the train took up suddenly. He always dirtied his check waistcoat with snuff, and reposed his four chins sapiently on a Welsh collar, and his sluiced eyesockets measured his myopic caution. He was the conserver of the firm, not the initiator of new business.

He ventured his fears that the Castilian was not so easily

fleeced and that what he cannot get back in the market he takes out of your back. Those terrible Toledo knives the Spaniards call "mother-in-law killers" might find a comfortable home in British kidneys, and that would never do. He therefore urged the lads to think up a few tricks in which their patent villainies would be covered up, and, in fact, to deflect suspicion upon others.

After the solemn usual adjurations about crossing your bridges when you got there, but agreeing in principle, Carrington, motor of the firm, and a born leader, took the floor for a more silky monologue. He was six feet four inches, thirty-seven, with enormous moustaches, immensely high bowler hat, solemn black cravat, incredibly large, and asserted by a rose-diamond pin. He had large blue eyes, steady, eyelids of long fixity, a hawk nose. He pronounced his words rapidly with a rising inflection. He wore racing clothes, so it seemed, and had the laugh of a confident animal, with a good digestion and little human sympathy. But he was not above submerging this entire psychic make-up and adopting a most pliant style when commencing a canvass of his prospective victims. His unction was as large as his person.

"You see," he drawled, "I have ascertained that Don Francisco is highly thought of in the inner councils of the Liberal party in Seville. Now all dago politicians are notoriously corrupt. Politicians, in fact, are corrupt everywhere but in England." At a corrosive snicker from Pately, he shot a glance, so oily with evil patriotism, that his partner shrank. "We can use Don Francisco as the living testimonial of our fair play, and thus work the incoming Liberal administration for far richer treasures, for example, a tramways monopoly in Madrid or Valencia, or copy from San Francisco their cable-car system for hilly Barcelona. Just now we have six guinea-pig directors, noblemen of high estate but slender purses. True, they could serve as lightning conductors whenever we're ready to let our financial structure crack, and we three get away with the swag. But, gentlemen, why default, when we have this superb backdrop, for £150,000 and not for £1,500,000? That's common sense."

At Seville English whisky was available, and during the hours of waiting for the branch-line train to Huelva the time was spent in warming up for the encounter. A telegram in Spanish had

been sent to warn Don Francisco of their arrival and another one sent to Don Ermenegildo, and both marked urgent, for the quaint errant manners of Spanish telegrams are well known. For a wonder the telegrams to Don Francisco and Don Ermenegildo were both delivered speedily: a red-letter day for the local post office. Both dons were, accordingly, waiting at the railway station for the *rapide* which got in rather before it was expected, about three hours late from Seville. Its lateness was fortunate for the three Britons, for they had had time to sober up and chew peppermints and other scented cachous, so that their breaths were sweet, their wits sharp, and their hearts corrupt.

They rolled out of the train with their three portentous gladstone bags. Their giant watch-chains glowered simultaneously and bespoke their estate. They weighed twenty, eighteen, and fifteen stone respectively: their quarry, ten and nine respectively. Fifty-three to nineteen just about measured the chances. Don Francisco saw nothing of this: they were solidity itself, the carriers of opportunity. Don Ermenegildo saw nothing of this, but saw only himself and the long-awaited, long-needed commission. The trio saw their image of Don Francisco exactly confirmed, and their tone was easy, for there appeared little work for them to do.

The carriage of Don Francisco, newly painted in lacquer black, with even the oiled leather shining brightly, took the visitors in two parties, Henryson and Don Ermenegildo in the first, as a man of his weight could hold but one companion, since, after all, Carmencita was a small mare. Don Ermenegildo told Henryson to strike at once before Don Francisco was criss-crossed in his intentions by wife, priest, or notary. In the second trap, Pately and Carrington bandied poor Castilian with Don Francisco and merrily avoided coming to any point. In this wise they all got to the house, but Doña Isabella was not there. It was November second, All Souls' Day, and her first trip outside of her house was, of course, to observe Mass.

Don Francisco was somewhat frightened to rely on Don Ermenegildo as interpreter. Doña Isabella had learned English in childhood from her grandfather, Admiral Soames, who feared neither God nor man, so he said, and whose half-pay zeal had fallen on to the disciplining of his little granddaughter in the paternal tongue. The Admiral came from the Fylde district

of Lancashire, like so many English Catholics, and the accent of Doña Isabella was provincial but native. Don Francisco decided to wait for her arrival before negotiating, much to the newly aroused fears of Don Ermenegildo. Besides, he considered it ungracious and un-Castilian to talk of business at once and thought it might even be of bad omen to begin on the Day of the Dead.

He parried for time by showing the gentlemen the baby, as yet unbaptized, who had, in three weeks of life, gained rapidly on the two months he had escaped of his embryonic career. Don Francisco, then, with bows and without speech, ushered the brokers to their rooms, and, to their delight, pushed by a screen near the landing, and revealed a bathtub his adventurous spirit had acquired in Swansea. Thus all went well until Doña Isabella returned from Vespers, and gladly met the compatriots of her honoured grandfather.

And then the anecdotes began, and each clattered and interrupted the other. She told of her grandfather, of how he had commanded the East India squadron and taken up the study of the Hindu, also Tamil and other Dravidian languages in his spare time; how he had helped the missionaries following in the trail of St. Francis Xavier in the East; how he had retired from the Royal Navy to Gibraltar; how, at sixty, he had there married a Spanish lady, and produced a sturdy son, his very image; how his son had settled at Cuenca by La Mancha, the home of Don Quixote; how at twenty her father had married and got her within the ten-month (and perhaps sooner, she laughed gallantly); and how the Admiral, keen-eyed and sharp-nosed at eighty-seven, had bullied her and taught her languages, only to depart to make pilgrimages to the Basque country and worship at the ancestral home of his adored Francis Xavier.

And she flowed on and on to say that in the Preston district of Lancashire, from which the Soames family came, they had been Catholics through the dark days of Elizabeth, the usurper and murderess of Mary Stuart, how Jesuit priests had been concealed in their wainscotings, and how they had secreted Jacobite arms for Sir John Fenwick in his fruitless conspiracy against the Orange usurper. The long epic of the Catholic minority in England flowed out like a freshet.

Don Francisco was completely baffled: his wife, ordinarily

voluble in Spanish, was newly released in a language in which he could not control her flow of ideas. As the three men were being visibly talked to death, Don Ermenegildo sought to intervene, but it was like shooting Niagara, and he too was carried over the cliff. The three gentlemen were each individually plotting as they pretended to listen to this devastating drivel, not one word of which could make anybody a shilling. She went on to say that the English Catholics were concentrating on the Foreign Office, and that many of its permanent officials were Catholics. Nearly all the important ambassadors were of the faith, so that England was Protestant at home but—praise be to the Mother of God!—Catholic abroad.

At that the three sons of God sat up, and two of them—good non-practising Anglicans—decided that there might be something to this Catholic orbit, especially for concessions abroad. A religious telepathy awoke them out of their spider combinations. They questioned Doña Isabella as to what these popish lads had done with the business opportunities that came by way of Foreign Office connexions. But she was only the carrier of the lucubrations of Admiral Soames, and knew no more.

After which, the whole troupe marched in to dinner with Doña Isabella queen of the fête, and with no souvenir of her late travail the lady of the house supplanted the mother. The visitors, although Protestants, were invited to the christening, to take place on November fifth. The triplet responded like Tweedledum and Tweedledee that nohow and contrariwise they had to leave for the Tharsis district before that date.

Henryson rose to toast their hostess, a far better subject of dedication, he graced, than the business in hand. By this little flattery he got her to drink more and more so that in her tipsy fashion her translations would be much less defensive.

After dinner, in the parlour, as the coffee was being served, Carrington began.

“We have no need to examine your balance sheet. For us the word of a Castilian gentleman is all we ask.” Don Francisco bowed, greatly honoured. “We ask the same confidence that we give. Written figures or contracts are for the public. They do not know us and must judge by outside data. Hence any written documents that are passed between us are by reason of

our appeal for public subscriptions. But between us confidence is paramount. It is equal, just, friendly." Carrington paused as this condensed, epigrammatic foreign style was difficult to persist in, and he sought refuge in coming to the closing point. "Let us draw up a little memorandum outlining our agreement in principle. This has no force of law, as in your country all contracts must be engrossed on stamped paper, and no verbal or irregular agreement holds."

To this everyone, with equally forward greed, assented, as an agreement in principle binds no one, and yet ratifies a basis for concrete proposals.

"I have turned my fortieth birthday," declared Don Francisco, so as to describe a line of departure, since an agreement in principle was decided on, "and this more than half of my allotted time has been devoted to the building up of business and knowledge. The next part of my life should show the beauties of fulfilment. This is, as it should be, a balanced existence. If God spares me after seventy, the rest of my existence must be devoted to Him and His blessed mother. Charles the First of our country should be our model: in early life on the defensive, in middle life the brilliant, aggressive vindicator of the empire and the faith, and the last years, lonely, in the monastery at Yuste, leaving his tasks to his pious son, our glory, Philip the Second. A beautiful life, do you not think so, Señor Carrington?"

Carrington, to whom all such lush language was clear evidence that a zany was speaking, vaguely gathered the threads of Spanish speech, and, startled, spoke slowly, in a counterfeit statesmanlike rhythm.

"My good friend, to meet a man of your character, so detached from the ordinary ambitions of business men, is indeed a relief and a pleasure. I feel I shall owe much to our meeting."

"Much, indeed," added Henryson. "No one can say to what profit our meeting with you will lead . . ."

He was interrupted by Pately, who decided to be a little less ironical, since it did not appear that Doña Isabella was quite so rapt in the negotiations as not to be capable of realizing the double meanings in his clever partners' speeches.

"My dear Doña Isabella." He bowed. "And my good host." Here he bowed again, but with his eyes always on the

lady. "Since the age of twelve, I have been in commerce. For me life is divided into two sections—first, when I flew kites as a boy; second, when I sought gain as a man. The only visible satisfaction I have had has been in the upbuilding of industry, with which our firm has been associated. These and the association of my dear friends, Señor Henryson and Señor Carrington, as that of my dear, dead wife, have sustained me in my daily labours. I hope that my existence will be further enriched by the building up of La Fortuna which, in turn, will mean all the more to me because of the company of its gracious owners. In passing, I thank you for your reception. I should not have mentioned my dear dead wife, for the memory of her, although it inspires me, weakens me as well." He was not above extracting a black-bordered handkerchief for the performance, but the mechanism failed to turn Doña Isabella's suspicions, which were aroused by this overdisplay of apropos sentiment.

The lady rose, stated crisply that she was tired, implied that when she rose the session was over, and ordered the servants to conduct the three visitors to their beds, and Don Ermenegildo to the outer door. She developed an officious but unbreakable front so that the agreement in principle could never be scratched on paper, despite the clumsy manœuvres of the males, including Don Francisco, to keep the party going until this was done. She countered by quietly remarking, "To-morrow, gentlemen, will be the day of deeds, as to-day of pleasant talk," and they were all duly packed off without noting the stratagem for time. But in the "matrimonial habitation" the fount of speech was for once released.

"Carrington is a Tartuffe," she resumed, "Patently obscenely mournful, and Henryson a timid but oily flatterer. Don Ermenegildo is a lame messenger. You have not heard from Señor Caradoc Jones. Where is the need for hurry? That they have come down to visit you is their affair. That does not mean that we have to do business in their time, according to their deeds. Let them go to Tharsis. If the business of La Fortuna is as attractive to London investors as they say, others will bid for it. Let us await comparative bids, let us at least await the letter of Señor Jones. Our enterprise is growing, we are making money; apart from the grandees, we are probably the wealthiest family

in the Huelva district. Why can't we wait? At the worst, we keep what we have. What do we know of these three men? You would not lend a serious sum of money to Don Ermenegildo, you do not consider him fit for a post in a business house; yet you take his advice on a matter of the future of your whole enterprise. Have you no faith in the future of pyrites? If you haven't, sell out, but for cash. Have you a faith in its future? Then hold on to what you have: do not seek rainbows. My dear husband, fourteen years of marriage passed before the blessed Mother of God gave us a son. We believed, and we were patient. She rewarded us and after only three pilgrimages. The Virgin of the Pillar at Saragossa looked so sweet, the bejewelled Madonna at Valencia so quietly childlike, the Virgin at Lourdes so angelic, that upon my last visit I knew she heard my vows. You listen to Protestants with an open mouth, into which, obviously, you believe gold will fall. My dear, go slowly. I have one bit of advice: take your time in inquiring. We can lose nothing. I have another observation. I don't like these three men, I don't trust them. I trust Señor Jones, a lifetime friend. I know nothing of business; I must follow my heart, but what I know I know."

Don Francisco found no reply to the good sense of checking up on the record of the three brokers, so he took another road. "Don Vicente Perez," he sang out, "is the curse of this house. I think I hear my wife, and it is but the echo of a confessional box. Priests govern women, and all you say comes from him. In only one thing I envy Englishmen: no one comes between them and their wives. I always think a third person sits at our table and that you speak with a double voice. It is not your own wraith that breaks through, though—it's that accursed priest." Before he could take breath, the Spanish fury was on him.

"You utter blasphemies, you degrade your wife, all so as not to take a little time in which to check up the history and credentials of three men unknown to us! My dear husband, I honour you, as is my wifely duty, but you have gone down in my estimation. Myself, I love intelligence. I see no more of it in this room, so good night to you."

Decisive as ever, she blew out the oil-lamp flame, turned down the wick, and curled into bed. Don Francisco sheepishly

followed, and curled into that great double-questionmark position—the sign of the married estate. He pawed his señora, to create a bond of affection and seek some consolation in his lonely mood.

“Always the same,” he sadly half thought. “At the greatest moments of decision a wife is not with us. She only seems to be at one with us when our passions make us both weak, or when our illnesses permit her to worry about her possible widowed destiny.” All of which, half thought, became more and more mingled with fussy dream insistences, as his lady took to her own side of the bed with choleric pushings.

The morning brought a telegram from Wales, sent up from the factory, sent urgent and (more remarkable still) sent twice, to make sure it arrived. Don Francisco read to his cold señora:

CONSIDER FIRM MENTIONED BEST AND MOST HONOURABLE IN
ENGLAND STOP WOULD GIVE THEM UNLIMITED CONFIDENCE SHOULD
THEY SO REQUIRE STOP THEIR PREVIOUS CLIENTELE PROFITED
CONSIDERABLY STOP SEND ME DUPLICATES ALL AGREEMENTS SO
CAN STUDY AS BASIS FURTHER ADVICE STOP KEEP THIS TELEGRAM
CONFIDENTIAL BEST WISHES YOUR SENORA YOURSELF FELICITATIONS
BIRTH CRISTOBAL STOP MRS. JONES JOINS ME

D. CARADOC JONES

Don Francisco waved the telegrams excitedly. “Isabella, Isabella, can there be any further doubt? Jones is my lifelong friend and a millionaire. He hurries to reply to our letter by wire, and he sends it twice, so that our welfare shall be assured.”

Doña Isabella quietly, if a little belligerently, agreed that one must do business with the three brokers, and that if Don Ermenegildo had checked them from the diplomatic and Jones from the industrial angle, there was no doubt that she had relied on instincts that were not too instructive.

“You should have held your tongue about religion, that’s another thing,” stormed Don Francisco. “You may have offended these Protestant gentlemen.”

“I meant to,” was the sobered reply of his solid lady. “I distrusted those men, but I am sure it has done no harm. If there is the profit they say in floating La Fortuna, nothing will keep them away.”

The trinity came down in straggling formation at nine, nineteen, and nine-fifteen. After eating rapaciously the breakfast of *churros*, *buñuelos*, oranges and coffee, they were rejoiced to see their hosts descend, two beings fused into one smile. Don Francisco sent the potboy to the notary, and within ten minutes the youngster came back and announced that Don Antonio de Hoyos and his clerk would be at the house within the half-hour. Pately, looking as solemn as his black clothes and drooping nose and lips, asked whether an agreement ratified in English would do, as it would take too much time to translate it into Spanish, and both Doña Isabella and Don Ermenegildo could see that the contents were scrupulously fair. This was agreed to, provided that the notary was in accord. He arrived, with his pale secretary, hungry and unshaven, with a beautiful iron-grey Spanish pointed beard such as Drake would have loved to singe. He stated that all agreements to have the force of law should be either in Spanish or in Latin, but that an agreement in English, in principle, was valid, if a power of attorney were given to sign a sworn translation into Spanish, on another stamped paper, for which he would justly demand double fees. All difficulties being overcome, the documents were dictated by Carrington.

Memorandum

The contracting parties are Don Francisco Pinzón y Guzman, of Palos, sole proprietor of the works La Fortuna de Andalucía and the mines of the same name, in the Province of Huelva, Spain, which he guarantees free of debt, or prior claims including taxes, of any nature whatsoever; on the one hand, and of Henryson, Pately and Carrington of Angel Court, London, England, brokers; on the other hand. This agreement shall be further elaborated in formal, detailed documents later on. The seller guarantees his profits, after taxation, depreciation, depletion, and statutory reserves, to have averaged £14,000 per annum during the last five years, over and above £2,000 drawn for personal expenses.

He guarantees the value of his properties to be £200,000 or 5 million pesetas gold, whichever is lower. He covenants to cede these properties and their working capital to a consortium to be formed by the brokers, against the following consideration.

The consortium is to place 6% preference shares of a new company "La Fortuna de Andalucía," par value £1, to be

offered at par. These shall amount to £240,000. There are to be issued also 240,000 shares of ordinary stock, par value £1 each. After the ordinary shares pay 6%, the preference shares are further to share equally with the ordinary shares in any dividends, over and above the 6%.

These ordinary shares are to be distributed as follows: 200,000 to Don Francisco Pinzón y Guzman, and 40,000 to the brokers' firm.

The proceeds of the sale of the 240,000 preference shares to the public, £240,000, is to be paid net into the treasury of the new company. The seller thus receives the control of this £240,000, through his ownership of five-sixths of the ordinary shares, which alone shall have voting rights. He thus receives fresh capital of £240,000 and still entirely controls the company since by the by-laws, a three-quarters vote can alter the Articles of Association.

He stipulates, however, that in order to maintain the market value of the preference shares, to be offered to the public, he places his shares in a voting trust, for twelve months only, so that a market value can be given the ordinary shares, so as to enhance the attractions of the higher-ranking preference shares. The voting trustees, for the twelve months' trust, are to be Messrs. Henryson, Pately, and Carrington, who are to receive a salary of £100 each. The trustees are responsible under the Trust agreement, criminally, for any abuse of their function, and they agree they are subject to the Trustees Acts in Great Britain. They shall be permitted for the duration of the Trust to make such investments for the company, or borrow upon collateral as they think fit but subject to the ratification of the seller. Don Francisco Pinzón y Guzman, on the other hand, is to have the right to demand a cash advance of 75% of the par value of his ordinary shares, from the trustees, and they must advance him this sum, personally, without delay or excuse. Done at Palos, this 3rd day of November, 1892.

The notary, DON ANTONIO DE HOYOS, witness, his secretary, ANTONIO LOPEZ, countersigned.

By God and the King, ALFONSO XIII, Constitutional Monarch of the Spains.

"You see," explained Carrington, "the public pays £240,000 for the preference shares. They have the right to get six per cent on their money before you pay them a dividend, but they cannot vote. And may I suggest that you can vote yourself gigantic salaries and bonuses and make all sorts of contracts with subsidiary firms you own or with friends, so that in effect

you are paid many dividends by subterfuge, before they receive any dividends by stipulation. Now the company gets the £240,000. You are the company, because you own two hundred thousand out of the two hundred and forty thousand ordinary shares. As these alone vote, and you can change the constitution of the company at your whim, it means that you own the company as much as before, and still that you get £240,000 in new money to play with. Now in compensation for our own risk in marketing these preference shares we must sell, or make a market, for the miserly forty thousand shares we control. You see, Don Francisco, if we run the shares up to their par value, as we must, the nominal value of our holdings will be £40,000. Your own shares will be worth £200,000. If we mark the shares up to £2 you will be worth £400,000. By this voting-trust agreement your shares cannot come on the market for one year, and, under our Companies Act, this fact must be advertised. We can easily work a corner on the shares, buy and sell at pleasure, and with the profits, under the voting-trust agreement, we can invest in gold, silver, consols, or any additional sources of profit. The voting-trust agreement we have made for only one year, and we have safeguarded you by our not being permitted to invest or borrow, save with your consent. If at the end of that time you are dissatisfied with the arrangement or, above all, with our poor management, you don't have to be patient, but can throw us out at once."

"Impossible!"

"Nevertheless, as business men we must envisage this possibility," lectured Carrington, "so that we always have the forty thousand shares to play with, worth at least £1, even if we are eliminated. £40,000: not a bad reward for our work and the prestige of our sponsorship."

"That seems like an awful lot of money to pay you," perked up Doña Isabella. "Do you mind if my husband and myself retire to discuss the percentage?"

"Carrington, you've got the touch," whispered Pately as the Pinzóns withdrew. "They'll try to jew us down on the hypothetical £40,000 and leave us the voting trust."

In a few moments back came the attendant spouses, and announced that they were willing to cede forty thousand ordinary

shares to the three Britons, but must insist that a salary of £3,000 or seventy-five thousand pesetas, free of tax, be guaranteed to Don Francisco as a pre-prior claim.

"For the duration of the first year only," said Henryson; "for after that he disposes of the whole situation like a tsar."

This stipulation was agreed to. Pately then sagely picked a quarrel about the commission of Don Ermenegildo, in order that every really important issue should be forgotten. After light-hearted bickering, it was agreed that he should receive £500 from the new company, £500 from the brokers, and—a complete triumph—nothing from Don Francisco.

The documents were duly engrossed and signed, the best *amontillado* passed around, and pastries consumed; the additional salary agreement for Don Francisco was initialed, then the commission agreement for Don Ermenegildo; then came a sequence of coffee, more cake, and Tarragona liqueur. Flushed cheeks were everywhere, the notary collected his ten *douros*, his clerk received a tip, ten pesetas, and much food, the first windfalls of his little life, a solemn feeling invested all concerned, and, after a sober interval, the three benefactors departed for Tharsis by way of Alosmo, the four-horse stage having been specially commanded for them. They left amidst a universal waving of handkerchiefs and salutations of good augur for all concerned.

Don Francisco and Doña Isabella went at once to their private chapel and there offered thanks to Him and His Mother who had so recompensed them, however unworthy their souls. They made vows to give bountifully to the poor on the coming Christmas, so that the Nativity of Our Lord, born in a manger, might remind them of what they owed others, in the midst of good fortune. They then turned their burgherly steps towards the nursery, where the little Carmen was quietly playing. They bent over the cradle and kissed the forehead of that son and heir for whom all this was being built.

III

DECLINE AND FALL OF A LITTLE KINGDOM

HOLY WEEK at Seville promised to be the most brilliant in a long period. Every rich man in the Rio Tinto country was planning to partake of the most lavish ceremonial in Europe. A wealth of tourists from the seven seas came to nourish the high estate of the Andalusian capital. There had been a social ferment throughout the region, the first since the disturbances under Castelar in 1875, but, as always, a truce reigned for the Holy Week, the *fiesta*, and the Corpus Christi.

Don Francisco and his family drove to the capital over indifferent roads through the long marsh country, and then the stony lands above the Guadalquivir, but the splendour of their carmine carriage cushioned their spirits. In the carriage, lit up by the mad Spanish sun, it was almost difficult for them to keep from exchanging smiles throughout the journey. Little Cristóbal was a mass of pink fat in the arms of his nurse and was bedecked in a long locally embroidered white silk and lace dress. Little Carmen held on to her father's hands, her own covered by miniature heavy lace gloves. Doña Isabella was a universe of black lace in mighty layers, with the traditional high, gold-incrusted combs and exquisitely woven mantilla. Don Francisco abandoned his European business clothes and wore the festive garb of the hidalgo—the long, romantic, satin-lined cape, the Andalusian broad-brimmed and high-crowned pearl-grey hat, and the black costume of the fastidious and solemn court of the dandies of the time of Olivares and Philip the Fourth.

The looks of Don Francisco and his wife had altered during the last six months of unending good fortune. He had formerly been long and well proportioned, with the beautiful haunches of a matador, an aquiline nose, with the thinnest of nostrils, draw-

ing the pencil line of the converging jet-black eyebrows and widely distributed large lashes to the small sardonyx lips, over a well-moulded but not greatly produced chin. He was gaining in weight. It was easy to see that what the face lost in harmony would be gained in power as soon as the newly acquired corpulency became firm.

Doña Isabella varied in the reverse. Her thirty-three years had been consecrated to slow increase of weight and a slightly suetlike complexion. Now she grew steadily thinner, as both by diet and spiritual expansion she decided to take her proper place among the celebrated beauties of Seville. Her large black eyes laughed steadily, and were set like great sequins in her mantilla; her red heels and high combs still further enhanced her superiority of height over her sisters and competitors, and gave her a natural insolence and condescension towards tubby Iberian rivals. Her face, dominated by long cheekbones, inclined upwards and pointed to the wealth of dark chestnut hair, of a texture to make the silk-worm despair. Everything in her mask moved up towards the forehead, the nose seemed to arch towards her front, her lips were pursed upwards in a high bend, her neck was long, and her breastbone, although unduly high, because of a childhood affliction, was wonderfully adapted to aid the impression of the upward building of her frame. Her complexion was now olive-bisque and incredibly transparent.

Don Francisco forgot himself so far as to warble a flamenco with a tremolo falsetto as pronounced as that which makes the glory of a Jewish cantor. The shares of *La Fortuna* had been placed on the London market. The results had been amazing. The preference shares were over-subscribed ten times and had risen from twenty to twenty-five shillings, at which price they could be retired. Some ordinary shares had made their appearance on the market, and instead of a first quotation of ten as predicted, they were in immediate demand at fifteen shillings and were now seventeen and six. As the possessor of two hundred thousand shares, Don Francisco had paper profits of £175,000, besides his control of the £240,000 in cash brought in by the sale of preference shares. He could sell nearly eighty thousand shares, he calculated, at the end of his voting trust, get £70,000 in cash, and still control the company and its new assets. A salary of £3,000 paid all expenses.

The gilded pilgrimage to Seville was charged to publicity at the cost of the shareholders.

The little Arab boy emerged in Don Francisco as he chuckled over his new discovery of perquisites at the expense of the shareholders, those anonymous dowagers of Bournemouth and rheumatic colonels of Cheltenham. After all, even if too many perquisites reduced the funds available for a dividend, the company was his, the funds transferred into his pocket were his, and he could buy in the shares at a lower quotation and then rebuild their values, all at the expense of shareholders he had never seen and who would have been the victims of their own unwarranted pessimism.

It was the problem of the Frenchman all over again (was it that awful Voltaire?—no, it must have been Balzac) that if you could press a button, kill a wealthy unknown Chinese ten thousand miles away, inherit his fortune, and be guaranteed forgetfulness of the whole episode, what would you do? The share market was full of those Chinese. Again he thought of the possible profits. The fresh capital could produce, through the acquisition of lead mines adjacent to Peñarroya or quicksilver mines in Almaden, at least twenty per cent per annum. The earnings of the ordinary shares would go up in a geometrical progression and soon be worth £2, making Don Francisco's holdings worth at least £400,000. The carriage bumped suddenly, and the don was also bumped out of his daydream, and he laughingly thought of Alnaschar in the Arabian Nights, who, after building up empires of wealth on glassware, suddenly kicked in his dream and cracked the foundations of his destiny in the little basket.

Business was almost too good. He would have to resign as alcalde of Huelva, as politics were for poorer men. No sooner said than done. Two carriages were overtaken. They were those of General Damoso Valverde, military governor of Huelva, and of the Conde de Pelayo, civil governor of Cadiz: both plagued with nephews, both anxious to replace Don Francisco by their sister's spawn, and both anxious for tips on the London market of La Fortuna de Andalucía. They made tentative engagements to meet at the reception to be given by the prime minister, Canovas del Castillo, at the *ayuntamiento* of Seville after Easter Monday. The honour of being received by Canovas del Castillo almost made

a Conservative of Don Francisco. He forgot the sad, hunch-back face of Sagasta, the unlucky Liberal leader. A lucky man should follow only those favoured by fortune.

Perhaps, too, Canovas was right. Perhaps grandees and arch-bishops had a deeper historic sense of the proper government of Spain than the rabble of petty bourgeois, intellectuals, professional men, cheese-paring *rentiers*, industrials, retailers, and skilled craftsmen that made up the more motley Liberal party. These things were worth thinking over.

In the outlying stretches of flat land near Triana, two miserable bodegas, with two tuns of wine each, came simultaneously into view. At the benches in front there sat groups of peasants drinking wine in the curious Spanish fashion, the wine pouring into their wide-open mouths from the swan-neck spout of a double glass beaker, their heads bent backwards, a little hygienic interval between the spout and the receiving mouth. In front of the two bodegas sat a guitar player, an old man, Spanish and not *gitano*, for a wonder. His little son sang Tipica songs, and his trill was that of a sharp flute. The old Spaniard was the same type as Don Francisco: the furrows in his cheeks, twin daughters of hunger and stomach ulcers, alone made a recognizable difference. His voice was baritone, and its production and timbre were not unlike those of Don Francisco. He sang the local idiom of the Santa Cruz quarter, birthplace of the alcalde of Huelva. Don Francisco ordered the carriage stopped and watched the beggar come towards him. Even his eyes seemed to the startled don to mirror his own—a black pair with streaks of chestnut. His fingers, too, were spatulate: nature had made him his counterfeit in details. A curious fear animated Don Francisco as he looked at the musician. He gave him a relatively lavish amount, two pesetas, but took care not to touch his hand when putting the coins into his palm. There was a rapid revulsion into the carriage seat, a snappy order to the coachman to get on, and a nervous look from Doña Isabella to her associate. They glanced back and saw only the sordid streets of Triana, the subject of secular romantic songs only to those fortunate enough never to have lived there. The ardours of the first part of the ride into Seville had subsided, and as the carriage drove over the bridge into the Paseo de las Delicias, where they had taken an apartment, there was silence on all sides.

There were three letters waiting for Don Francisco. The first merely mentioned the enclosure of a printed resolution of the voting trustees of his shares, and read:

Session of March 6, 1893.

In view of the pressure of the silver partisans in the U.S.A. and the silence on this matter in the inaugural speech of the new president, Mr. Cleveland, we believe that silver will be remonetized imminently at the ratio of 16 ounces to one ounce of gold, and thus double in value, as it now stands at 32 to 1.

The leading silver shares in America should quadruple in price in the next six months. It has been decided therefore that the working capital of La Fortuna be placed temporarily in silver company investments, until after the remonetization of silver in the U.S.A. The sum of £260,000 is so allocated.

Don Francisco was definitely worried. All the working capital taken away from his own control, his works, into the silver mines of Nevada and Montana! He would never ratify.

He read quickly a letter from Swansea:

Dear Don Francisco,

I was consulted by Mr. Henryson as to the advisability of silver investments in America. My prejudices were against it, as my smelting business has naturally made me prefer the steadier markets of the base metals. However, after study, I have decided to place my family fortune in silver. The Congress and Senate in America are for silver, and a new political party, the Populists, have just won six states on this programme. The British Treasury is advised that the United States Treasury has practically no gold left. Unless silver is remonetized, American paper money may go to zero. To avoid this calamity even the partisans of gold must favour silver, as there is no gold left.

The Democratic party, for the first time since the Civil War, has clear majorities in both chambers, and it favours silver, nearly entirely. Some Republicans from the Western states are silverites. Nothing can stop this flood tide. If the holdings of La Fortuna in silver quadruple (and this is a *minimum* possibility) in value, your shares should go to £4 each or £800,000 in all.

I have, therefore, been trying to buy the shares of your splendid company in bulk, but your three friends in London have been too cunning to part with their supplies. Could you not, my dear old friend, permit me to buy 5,000 shares out of your own 200,000, at £1 the first lot of 1,000 and 5/- advance on every further 1,000 bought, until I acquire 5,000 from you? By so doing you will enable an old friend and well-wisher to participate ever so slightly in your good fortune.

With kindest regards to your señora,

Yours faithfully,

D. Caradoc Jones.

The third letter was read, therefore, in a different spirit. It was signed by Henryson alone, and sent on private paper from his home in Surrey. It read:

Dear Don Francisco,

I am being pestered by your friend Jones to sell him some shares. Do not be too generous with your own holdings. You should not be too anxious to part with a 400% profit, at least. With the proceeds, I plan to acquire a monopoly of base metals in Andalusia and Estramadura. These silver profits will thus make real your dream of dominating the Spanish mining industry. But if you do only this, you will not make as much money as you should! I suggest you be a little more modern in your methods. I do not urge this suggestion, as you are a better judge than I am. However, if I were you, I would pledge my shares with London bankers. Money here can be borrowed for 1% per annum. What do you risk? Nothing. Your shares at 17/6 should not be sold: they will soon be worth 80/-. For all that I would borrow no more than 7/- per share. You will borrow thus £70,000. With this money you buy silver shares, worth, say, £110,000. We know the worst that can happen to silver shares. They have never gone so low, or nearly so low, as before 1890 when there seemed no hope for the metal. For all that, values now are not much higher.

You see what I propose. Your 200,000 shares will go to £4, you will be worth £800,000. You borrow £70,000, which you repay. Your purchases of £110,000 in shares also quadruple. You will make £330,000 profit on your purchases. You will be that rarest of men, a millionaire in sterling. Let me hear from you. How I envy a rich man like you your possibilities! Can

you see any flaw in my reasoning? I should like to hear as my own funds are engaged. I esteem your counsel.

My highest regards to your señora.

Yours faithfully,

Jacob Henryson.

Don Francisco completely recovered from the shock of the resolution of the voting trustees. He remembered Don Ermene-gildo telling him that in 1890 or 1889 the Americans had admitted some naked and unpopulated states like Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, the Dakotas, into the Union to stuff the Senate with silver supporters from silver rotten boroughs, and that this was the signal for the greatest money-making opportunity since the gold boom in California and Australia in the eighteen-fifties.

The possible profits shone before his half-closed eyes as he rocked his being into an unguarded sleep with the invocation of the magic-large figures. Jones wanting to buy, and on a run-up, which showed his confidence in the market, Henryson suggesting a carefully protected loan, the amount borrowed being less than the lowest value silver shares had ever reached, and therefore absolutely safe. It would take so long, otherwise, to obtain the resources with which to buy up a dominant position in Spanish mining and in ore treatments!

Silver was the lever of fortune. The three brokers in London were in a wonderful position to see world tendencies, instead of being shut up in an earthly paradise like Andalusia, which was, after all, a mere suburb of history. Don Francisco did not consult his lady. The convergence of evidence was too crushing to need the advice of anyone, least of all of one whose functions as wife required her to formulate objections. That fixed, compulsory attitude was of no value when it came to making a fortune. Her early suspicions of the three brokers in London, now happily disproved, showed that the intuition of women is a tradition got up by themselves to cover ignorance and laziness in analysing data. He wrote with speed and precision.

Dear Señor Jones,

At the moment I cannot see my way clear to accord you a firm option on my shares, on a run-up, as you suggest. Perhaps we

can go joint account in another business in silver shares, with which Mr. Henryson will acquaint you. Count on me.

Cordially,

D. Francisco Pinzón y Guzman.

He had never written so curt a note in his entire life, and he felt a bit proud of it. It was really necessary for him to abandon his slow, flowery, Andalusian manner. One cannot be a provincial forever. He then wrote with nervous concision.

Dear Señor Henryson,

Thanks for your letter. I agree with your policy. I hereby authorize you to pledge my shares with our London bankers, for an advance of 7/- per share. I then authorize you to buy American silver shares, of good quality, with the proceeds of the loan, but not to borrow more than 35% thereagainst.

Very truly yours,

D. Francisco Pinzón y Guzman.

He was satisfied with the superscription. He had eliminated all ornaments and compliments, and cut off the Latin painter for a cruise upon the great speculative Saxon sea.

When the letter had gone off, he advised Doña Isabella. His gush of eloquence in the presentation of serried facts was such that she was overwhelmed, first by the compact reasoning, second by the surfeit of business speech, third by the glitter of incredibly large profits, but most of all by her anxiety to prepare herself for the rich social life of Holy Week at Seville. Dressmakers were coming within the half-hour, and the *muchacha* sent by the *coiffeur*, to set her tier upon tier of combs, had just walked into the bedroom. All her life was now like many a Spanish lady's, concentrated not upon the soggy grey matter within the skull but upon the glistening hair that ornamented the exterior.

That night Don Francisco resigned as alcalde of Huelva, and gave up every other civic function, even the meanest. His place would soon be in the seats of power in Madrid and London. The works at Huelva would be merely an item in his colossal syndicates. He would never need the little power that his local dignities gave him in the Rio Tinto basin. Truth to tell, there was a slightly

supercilious and ostentatiously haughty tone in the letter of resignation he dashed off that afternoon.

The reception at the *ayuntamiento* of Seville was scheduled for three days later. It took the señora three fevered days to prepare, and she skimped divine duties at Easter, thus ignoring her celestial raiment for that of this vain earth. On Tuesday night at eleven the function began.

Doña Isabella advanced up the grand staircase, in gala dress, her white mantilla showered with Malines lace, violets of Parma in her corsage, and soaked in dreams of wealth. She rested on the arm of the British consul at Seville, Mr. Stephen Blunt, the only man in the assemblage, apart from her lord, whose height allowed him to enjoy the usual male superiority. She passed the gallery of noses, long, distorted, fleshly, but all testifying to disdain plus curiosity. There were twelve grandes of Spain present, and their duchesses were pained to see the *parvenue* outshine them in her clever adaptation of the latest Paris modes to the conventional *fiesta* patterns. All the more so as the wealth of the Pinzóns was as yet slight compared to the Medinacelis, the Medina Sidonias, all the brood of descendants of the Moor-fighters of hundreds of years gone. She was to be presented to the prime minister, Canovas del Castillo, who looked radiantly happy at being the cynosure of a great crowd without inconvenient risk (his perennial difficulty) of anarchist bombs. He alone of all those below the highest noble rank in Spain wore the order of the Golden Fleece, and the hanging lamb, attached to flint stone, most touchingly represented the condition of the Spanish people under his august supremacy. The British consul presented the Doña Isabella as "a lady who sought part of her ancestors in my land, and who has redeemed this error of taste by typifying all in Spanish womanhood that is the admiration and despair of the softer women of other lands, carriage, colour, blood, stateliness, ornament." Very pretty, too.

The military governor of Huelva, the same General Damoso Valverde, presented Don Francisco, when the reception of the ladies was terminated. He was fat with gratification, for the resignation of Don Francisco had found a new employ for his nephew, the *teniente* Ladron y Gaspillo. "Señor Canovas," he began carefully, "my friend acts like an intelligent Conservative but carries in his excellent

brain a little corner, near the ears, where he hears, but does not do his thinking. That little section nurses Liberal ideas." "Well put, my General," said Canovas. "And, Don Francisco, do you really hold such notions? I cannot believe that an industrialist confuses himself with the vain talkers of the Ateneo de Madrid." "Forgive me, Señor," replied Don Francisco, clinging to a raft of manhood in an ocean of *arrivisme*, "but for the small industrialist the great problems of state are too remote, and he resents the bigger men. As my functions increase, perhaps my understanding of the tasks you face will grow more comprehensive, and I be at one with you." "Our country," Canovas said, "rent by agrarian uprisings and growing labour difficulties, can ill afford division among the men of substance, Don Francisco. I do not think it below my station to invite you into our councils in Madrid, as I have heard much of your growing importance and connexion with London, and we would find all this of service." Then in a loud voice, for the whole salon to hear, "I am exceptionally pleased to meet you. I count this day important." The career of Don Francisco in Seville was made. He paid five thousand pesetas to the General for having sung his praises to the "Chief" for several days, and obtained public favour.

Dofia Isabella swept into the outer salon, in apotheosis. The good taste of Spanish society prevented it, at that period, from considering its native music as anything but the barbarous idiom of backward peasants. The band of the Royal Carabineers struck up the hackneyed waltzes of Waldteufel and Lanner. All dances were essayed except the Spanish. Lancers, quadrilles, polkas, mazurkas, waltzes, the freight of international snobbery came galleon-full up the Guadalquivir, and unloaded in the port of proud Seville. The parvenu section envied the Huelva pair, the nobles wondered what secret wealth of connexions had gained them this unseemly distinction, and the blabbing of the Conde de Pelayo and the General Valverde, that Don Francisco would soon be the richest commoner in the south of Spain, almost induced respect. In fact, Don Francisco would soon take rank after a matador.

The warm tones of the lush, erotic, Viennese dances, the night heat of near ninety degrees, the fugitive lights of dawn making the cosmetics a liability rather than an ornament, brought home in their carriage a tired handsome man, asleep in wealth and fame,

and a woman fresh in body but yawning happily, having attained the compass of desire: the humiliation of her sisters, the true admiration of the men.

The return to Huelva seemed a dull anticlimax. Both the don and his wife prayed for the day when the wheel of fortune would take them to Madrid, as was hinted by the prime minister. Their relations with their neighbours, while technically cordial, grew more and more official, until some would have enjoyed tasting their downfall. In this list were included their many clients, for those who beg and borrow must avenge themselves somehow.

The shares of La Fortuna advanced, but not spectacularly. They slowly attained twenty shillings, then on a few deals they made the guinea turn, and suddenly sagged to fifteen shillings. No one quite knew why. Its silver participations were the talk of the market, and silver shares were doing well, but, at that, not too well.

For example, Henryson had placed all the £70,000 Don Francisco borrowed into Dolores at five shillings, Consolidated Esperanza at ten shillings, and above all, Trinity Unified at seven shillings and sixpence, total investment of £105,000 on which only a further £35,000 was therefore borrowed. These shares were six shillings, nine shillings and sixpence, and seven shillings and ninepence, a slight advance on balance, but not enough to pay carrying charges, commissions, and interest, so that as settlement after settlement passed, Don Francisco, like a multitude of other victims of brokers' blandishments, saw that, to overcome the fortnightly costs, one had really to strike a bonanza.

Markets were always sticky, yet he was told steadily "from the inside" that "quiet accumulation" was going on by Machiavellian interests, whose simulated indifference was necessary so as to acquire cheaply shares they coveted, and who found it needful occasionally to discourage markets, "to shake out stale bulls." Don Francisco soon had the lingo pat, but not the profits.

Then came the cloudburst. Cleveland signed the bill that gave the deathblow to silver. He cannot do it, urged the brokers; he has no gold. He can do it, said the bankers; he has arranged a credit with England, and he has sent over a representative to arrange the details. He can't do it, screamed the brokers; he is ready to go to war with England over the Orinoco gold

field; he is truculent on the Venezuelan boundary question. He can do it, the cold bankers asserted; withdrawal of his Venezuelan threats is the price of British gold advances. He will destroy America, now in the throes of a great panic, yelled the brokers; prices have gone down for twenty years before the crash; he dare not deflate further with gold supplies drying up. He sees the implications of the new gold-fields in the South African Rand, replied the bankers; he sees a rise in the price level in the offing; he is a man of inflexible will, he will put America through two or three years of acute misery, but he will never favour debtors legally at the expense of creditors. The touting brokers and their madcap clientèle were wrong; the calculating bankers were right. Don Francisco was wrong.

Everything suddenly went in reverse. Silver shares fell by four-fifths. His £105,000 purchases of silver shares were realized by the bankers for merely £20,000. Don Francisco had owed them £35,000: after £20,000 proceeds from their sell-out, he still owed £15,000.

La Fortuna was known to have its entire working capital in silver shares. It was asserted (correctly) that the directors had bought £500,000 of silver shares, and borrowed £240,000 from bankers. The working capital had been only £260,000. The bankers sold out these very shares for only £90,000, so that even after this sell-out La Fortuna owed them £170,000. Worse was to follow. The profits of the company were only £14,000 per annum. The bankers took six per cent. debentures for the £170,000 owed them by the company. Over £10,000 was required for interest alone, and, with the sums set aside to amortize the debt, this meant that La Fortuna had no earning power left for its shares. The preference shares fell below a shilling, and even that value was mere market hope, not based on facts. The ordinary shares, all Don Francisco had in the world, were wiped out absolutely. He owed the bankers a further £70,000 on the advance of seven shillings a share initially made to him. His total liabilities reached thus £85,000 unsatisfied debts, no assets. Judgment was secured, he was gazetted a bankrupt in England, the judgment was carried over into Spain, and everything was seized automatically in satisfaction—house, gardens, a few Spanish bonds. The bailiffs even stripped furnishings and clothes, and were rewarded in a minute

search for petty cash in the shape of some copper coins in a kitchen pot. Never since Job was man so stripped.

Where was Don Francisco all this time? At the baths at Fortuna de Murcia. Business had been excellent, his health was affected by too much application, markets had been dull but not bad, and Doña Isabella suggested the baths of Murcia as ideal for his nervous condition. Besides, as a good omen, they bore the same name as his enterprise.

When the Cleveland silver panic broke out, the telegrams of the bankers took two days to reach Huelva, and as is the way of the Spanish post office, were relayed on to Murcia by mail. It was four days after their demands that the bankers' wires were in Don Francisco's hands. As they were in English, concentrated, full of financial slang, and cryptic, and he would not disturb Doña Isabella, it was only the succession of follow-up wires that made Don Francisco realize that some cover was needed on his operations. As a business man, used to bankers requiring additional deposits to cover advances, he was not unduly disturbed.

He thought it best to realize a small part of his position, wait for the market to recover, and then even his book. When his orders came to London the bankers got out their gazetteer, realized that the baths at Fortuna de Murcia were on a stage-coach route remote from any large town, and that Don Francisco did not realize the situation, since he had already been sold out, and had no longer a penny or a pillow-slip to his name. Nothing more was written or wired him, since it was money wasted. He thus spent another week blissfully curing his nervous disorders.

When the bailiffs arrived at Palos, every effort was made to get in touch with Don Francisco so that so great a man should receive courtesies beyond what the law allowed. Several friends pleaded for delay, including the military governor and his worthless nephew, now alcalde of Huelva. Don Antonio de Hoyos, the notary, was instructed to write. As a dear friend, he composed a diplomatic letter saying that there had been an accident in the smelter, and the technical aid of Don Francisco was urgently required for repairs. But the letter failed to reach him, as Don Francisco, confident that his instructions had straightened out everything, had already left Murcia, and was peregrinating back

slowly by way of Málaga, Granada, Cadiz, making a little sight-seeing tour. It was a pleasant pendant to a cure, he observed.

The family drove up gaily in the late evening to the old home in Palos, which had been boarded up when they left, so that nothing indicated a change. They rang for the servants, but there was no reply. A little servant girl on her way home stopped to watch them, on the doorstep opposite, amazed, since she knew all about what had happened. The family kept on ringing at the door.

Don Francisco produced the large latchkey out of the depths of his bags, entered, fumbled for the great oil lamp on the chandelier, found nothing. Matches were struck, and the foyer appeared, absolutely empty. Burglars? No servants? They ran from room to room. All the furnishings were gone. The servants were themselves the thieves—that was the answer.

“Get the Guard,” cried the señora, “and arrest the servants. They are the partners of the burglars, no doubt of it.”

“Where shall we stay in the meantime?” nervously queried Don Francisco in the intervals between waves of anger. “Who can we disturb at this hour of night? Don Antonio de Hoyos, think you?”

As they walked into the garden, baffled, they saw that outside their gates stunned neighbours, wide-eyed, were gathered, attracted by the arrival of their carriage. From every point of Palos they poured towards the house of their leading citizen, either staring at the family, or sobbing or jeering, a thousand of them under the light of the full moon in an intensely star-flecked night. Suddenly the notary pushed his way through, and with him came, coincidentally, a Civil Guard.

“Clear out of the garden, trespasser,” said this officious constable, with an Asturian accent, “and don’t try any tricks. The Ministry of the Interior knows your game. A special *bando* covers you, you precious thief.”

At this Doña Isabella fainted. Don Francisco looked inanimate, stupefied, in a world where nothing existed that a man could understand. There passed before his amazed eyes the vision of huddled monsters against a grey-black background that Goya made the signature of his darkest moments. The notary

took his arm, left the ladies to care for Doña Isabella, and amidst the wailing of the little Carmen's duenna, the screams of the heir's nurse, the infant Cristóbal's cries, walked in the lunar parts of the garden and, in spite of the wild sobs of Don Francisco, gave an ordered and sequential narrative, from which nothing was missed. The precision of an old chronicler was in his legally woven, organized mind. He began with the operations of Don Francisco, from the onset of the promotion, down to the seizure of two pesetas in the kitchen pot, the arrival of the British consul at Jerez with letters of request (rogation) from Scotland Yard for criminal testimony, and the quashing thereof, and his fruitless efforts to delay matters and even violate the law against the omnipotent bankers.

Don Francisco cried like an inconsolable five-year-old whose mother has been lost in the shuffle of a metropolitan crowd. His cries succeeded his sobs and were loud, tragic. No consolation moved him, nothing assuaged him in any slight way. His cries subsided, but his body shook; nervous staccato grunts filled the intervals of his shaking, and then a velvet-hot feeling overcame him, and he swooned into a jelly sea.

It was all over. The servants appeared, left him, pathetically, not even thinking of pay, but obviously full of that strange generosity of the poor towards the fallen quality. The church was no longer interested; the state was hostile. The chimneys of La Fortuna smoked for the bankers in London. Don Ermengildo, in diplomatic security, wrote from his new post at Washington, after a safe interval, and lamented being the innocent author of his sorrows, but blamed it all, sententiously, on the endless appetites of Don Francisco. A pathetic and beautiful letter to Caradoc Jones received the reply that that gentleman was in South Africa arranging for a business, and as for a loan his secretary opined that he, too, had suffered in the silver crash. Henryson, Pately, and Carrington replied that while they had not themselves plunged as heavily as Don Francisco, and were hence still going, they had been injured by the action of a president who had acted against all financial canons. But they had watched their position: they were not careless fools like Don Francisco. They were solvent but no longer rich. Their only contribution could be to pay for the steering of the protective committee, as

their duty as honest men was first to the clients to whom they had sold these shares. As to his implied charge that the firm's advice had undone him, let him look at the record. There was Henryson's private advice, not the firm's. Nor did Henryson advise him badly. The shares went up after he purchased them. That he did not sell out in time, or give them power of attorney to sell, was his own careless act. As to his remark that as voting trustees they had been equally optimistic, they were responsible for this to the preference shareholders, whose equity was primary, and not to an ordinary shareholder who could ask for reimbursement only after the preference shareholders were satisfied. Let him look to his engagement. Any further correspondence would be useless.

Misfortunes grew on the ruined estate of Don Francisco. He had borrowed on the shares, but they were not free collateral—they were in a voting trust. The bankers charged criminal fraud. It was shown that he could ratify loans made against the voting trust, so that the criminal charge was reluctantly suffered to drop. A shareholders' protective committee, stuffed with *pro-bono-publicos*, the unco guid and the rigidly righteous, clamoured, as is the habit of ruined speculative fauna, for the blood of their scapegoat. But as the prospectus representations were truthful, even scrupulously honest, and Don Francisco had not authorized the pledge of all the shares in the voting trust, beyond seven shillings a share, these charges, too, could not be pressed. The clamour of the ruined investors soon subsided, and the fools were sacrificed, as always, on the altar of *caveat emptor*.

Don Francisco was too weak, sick, mad to know how to answer a universe of excuses—a circle of self-justifications. He feebly re-read the terms of all the letters and agreements, and saw with retrospective clarity how, from the voting-trust agreement down to Henryson's private letter, everything had been arranged neatly to prepare a trap at each point, and also to provide an excuse for laying each trap, in the very same stipulations. He now suspected that the original telegram of Caradoc Jones had been sent in collusion. On reading it again he noticed what it did not say, and how no legal case rested on its contents. Jones's later letter, bidding for the shares, was a trick to have him agree to the silver plunge, by making him believe the profits assured.

The real story he could not suspect. The multiple frauds of Jones against the three, and of these against Jones, were later to ring in the law courts. The way in which the gentlemen of Angel Court, although technically hurt, finally became the masters of La Fortuna was later to be revealed by blackmailing journals.

The strain of maintaining the family finally proving too much for the very limited resources of Don Antonio de Hoyos, Don Francisco left the home of the notary, and, with the family, moved, a penniless loon, to Seville.

IV

THE DEATH OF CARMEN

THE second entry into Seville was made on foot. Don Antonio de Hoyos had loaned the family enough to live on for a fortnight, but could give them nothing more. Even donkey hire was outside their salvage budget. Their good valises, packed with good clothes, carried their all. The children were shifted from one to the other, so were the baggages, and under the blazing sun a stroke was possible at every moment. At Manzanilla they were helped on to a hay wagon, but three miles from Triana it turned the road, and, much rested, the beggar family traipsed on.

They passed the two bodegas where they had seen the musician and his boy, the musician who had so strangely resembled Don Francisco. They thought of him, this time, without horror, for so much had passed over them that they had lost all dread of portents and warnings. It seemed a natural part of the events that had led to their fall. God had sent an actor, in other clothes, to prefigure the decline of the Pinzóns, and that was all.

They trailed across the Triana bridge, avoided looking down the river to their former city home on the Paseo de las Delicias, and soon found themselves in the tourist-cherished but poor part of Seville—Santa Cruz, in which Don Francisco was born. At this point the wheel had turned full circle.

They slept in one room, fit for animals, in a lousy *fonda*, where all four were to be nourished, the two children on goat's milk and stale bread, for three pesetas, all in, in the then reckoning. There were fifty pesetas in capital, some good clothes, two stupefied souls, some distant but poor relatives, too long neglected, and a mechanical will to live. Add to this that all other motives in life were now superseded by a consuming love for the children.

They all slumbered for twenty hours. A collective exhaustion produced a collective sleep; they woke up nearly simultaneously.

The host of the *fonda* was dirty but human and gracious. As soon as they were up, his wife and he personally fed the children, mad with hunger, while the couple upstairs improvised their toilette, and came downstairs, ready to do something, God knows what. They ate an immense *paella valenciana*, and although the mussels were mouldy, the rice filthy, the saffron a chemical imitation, the octopus flesh tough, and the sausage that of mules, they somehow liked it. The host refreshed them, without supplement, with a good red Logroño wine, a tribute to their clothing.

They both walked out at five in the afternoon, when the sun was less fierce, into the Calle de las Sierpes, centre of shopping, with the leather awning darkening the whole street, to make sure that the sun did not get the shoppers before the tradesmen did. They walked slowly, half happy, indecisive, both passing the time, both wondering why they could think of nothing at all, hoping to avoid their wealthy friends, but somehow aching to encounter middle-class associates. It seemed strange, though, that they met nobody, either to disdain them or to show them primitive friendship. Their world was now that of the poor, who know nobody who is anybody, and whose life is simply a daily routine to escape the cemetery.

A week passed, and at last Don Francisco got a job as manager of a branch office of a scrap-metals firm, to whose proprietor he was known by reputation as the former magnate of the Huelva copper fields. The proprietor, Diego Oquendo, from Bilbao, was a dour Basque, but extremely fair. He took no advantage of the obvious helplessness of Don Francisco, and paid him as well as any other man of that station in Seville. As Señor Oquendo was frequently absent on visits to the main office in Bilbao, Don Francisco slowly reassumed some importance, but as viceroy in a small province, not as the crowned head of an ambitious state.

It was amazing, though, that for a little time bitterness went out of him, and he tried to make good in a pedestrian way. The blow of the loss of his fortune had worn out his resistance and left him fit only for routine thinking. A little house was let and furnished, very modestly, on credit payments. The pious family became more devout than ever. The faint smile with which the señora welcomed her lord at dinner every evening

marked too great a fatigue, too much of a strain on her reduced spiritual resources for her to show anything more than a dulled routine spirit. Don Francisco had changed notably: the fullness of his cheeks had fallen away and his youthful profile was restored, but with sadder, downward-tending eyes that advertised the defeated man. The señora retained all that she had; a bit of prosperity and none would know the difference. The drooping lines, though, weakening the ends of the mouth, were making their first suspicious appearance in both.

The colour of Palos was gone. From a rich Rubens painting, so full chromatically, the Pinzón y Guzman clan had become a greyed canvas like the peasants of Le Nain. Only the eternal laugh of Josefa, the peasant girl taken into service without pay, constantly brightened up the drab family. From her viewpoint they were well-to-do, and they enjoyed her profound respect and some envy.

Five years passed in this way. Time seemed to have arrested its flow; the busy little service of Josefa was immobilized, save that the soldiers who called on her had different faces every year. Only Carmen and Cristóbal were transformed.

Father and mother did not stir themselves to make inquiries into the fate of La Fortuna, except to know that it was slowly recovering a substantial prosperity under its English heads.

During the American War the hatred of Don Francisco for his English betrayers was sharply transferred to their English-speaking brethren beyond the seas. He read the atrocity tales of the Madrid press passionately, how the Yankees had blown up the *Maine* to have an excuse to steal the sugar plantations in Cuba and pick a quarrel with small Spain, and how the riffraff of the Bowery and Clark Street in Chicago were being drilled, in all their criminal colours to wreck crimes freely on the noblest race of men, the Spaniards. But when the Spanish power was shattered, and the terrible news of Santiago and the subsequent *derota* became known, he accepted the defeat as natural, since it was his own story merely repeated on a grand scale. His only sympathy was for old Sagasta, the Liberal prime minister, who, in the first efforts at reform, saw his life-work finished. It seemed natural, too, to Don Francisco, that the Yankees had spared the cruel and conservative Canovas del Castillo, and waited until he

had been assassinated to attack forward-looking Liberals. He had fixed ideas on Anglo-Saxon honour.

Money had been accumulating in the state savings bank, very slowly indeed, and the growing Cristóbal was first in studies in the parochial schools. Carmen was weak and coughed, but her wide, over-warm sick eyes meant little to the absorbed, discouraged father. The stasis was broken by another catastrophe.

Señor Oquendo had expected the war with America to last for years. He had little national vanity, but in his wildest moments he could not imagine the large, professional Spanish Army being defeated so easily by the Americans with only twenty-five thousand regulars, mostly specialized in police operations among the Indian tribes and along the Mexican frontier. Accordingly he bought his head off in scrap metals, since everyone knows that in war-time these advance more than any other commodity. The fall in values after the peace was drastic, and the loss of the colonies, too, made Seville less important. The superb old mansion of the Council of the Indies, overlords of the colonies (for the colonies were practically governed from Seville), was made into a museum, and Don Francisco a museum piece. The branch was closed.

Don Francisco took it philosophically. He sought other employment a bit casually, and found none, since there was a universal let-down in enterprise after the humiliating defeat, for pride is the oil of Spanish ambition.

In a few months Don Francisco had used up all their savings, then the loans of their newly made but rather casual friends, then the draft sent them by the kindly Diego Oquendo, himself badly bungled, and then there was nothing at all.

At the age of seven, little Cristóbal, who was small for his age, had to be taken out of the Church school. The house was given up, the family moved into two rooms, being sustained for several weeks by the sale of their furniture. The family lived in two dark, unventilated, small rooms. Carmen was steadily visiting the Sisters' dispensary for her wasting cough, rice became the staple food, and a new coolie household emerged.

The one asset that remained was the memory of former grandeur. Dormant during six years of mediocre life, these souvenirs flamed in the second collapse of their fortunes. It was the one

precious experience that gave their life a meaning over and above that of their equally miserable neighbours. Doña Isabella was not so voluble as her husband, for he had the memories of active management of a great business to draw on as well.

Cristóbal squatted on the mat and drank in the long epic. Father recited the family origins, his own father's first investment in a copper business with the proceeds of the sale of his wineshops in Seville, the connexion with Wales, the new markets, the growing factory. Pencil in hand, little Cristóbal traced the new sheds, as though they were rising again. He sketched the chimneys as Don Francisco, with refreshed enthusiasm, described how he had planned them, and brought down an engineer from Brussels to perfect his original ideas. For the first time Papa was more than Papa: he was a man of immense accomplishments and resource. Admiration for a builder is instinctive in lads—those manipulators of blocks and Meccano sets.

Don Francisco recited not merely the twenty years' struggle to build up the business, he detailed all the life and acquaintances that resulted from this achievement. And Cristóbal's mother came into her own. She recovered the fire of a *grande dame* as she catalogued their possessions. Cristóbal was swept into her graphic narrative: it became three-dimensional, had colours and odours; she forgot no flower bushes, he smelled them; she forgot no velvets, he caressed them; all this on the mat in the tenement dwelling. Carmen looked up, and cried often, for she was nearly five when the disaster broke on the family, and she had all the precision of a sick child in her memories of former comfort and abundance.

Stamping his foot, and pounding the table with his fist, the old master of the works appeared in the don, as he told the story of his collapse. He was minutely fair. He took immense blame on himself, his greed, his ambition. But all these, he showed again and again, had always been constructive. He had built up La Fortuna, he had planned to make Spain tenfold richer in mineral development. Those who had dragged him down, on the contrary, had nothing in their minds but plunder. He had begun to suspect that the bankers were really only agents for some disguised subsidiary companies of the three thieves, and that he was ruined by operations that in substance, if not in form, had

never existed. But he adjured the heir to his miseries not to act on any ideas he could not prove.

Cristóbal came nearer and nearer to the family. The volley of memories was shot into his heart and understanding. His endlessly kind father and mother were wronged angels. He visioned the men of London as he did the pictures of fiends, with black wings, such as he had seen in crude woodcuts in the catechism.

Carmen and he had something to talk about. She built up a fairy castle picture of the home in Palos, of her great duenna, of the fans she had waved in the Easter procession at Seville. Her sweet, sick imagination flavoured the meat of fact with the rich spices of child legend, all ardently believed in and contentiously vindicated. The believing brother and she sat in the front doorway of the slum house, playing yard games with the other scarecrow children. The whirling dance of rags, the oven heat, the square sunlight, the pervading odour of rancid olive oil, made Carmen more and more ill, as her little brother gently supported her on his arm, and they played courtier and great lady.

The autumn of 1900 was cold. The courtyard was covered by clouds, and the dark rooms were damp. One morning, after the weather had turned idyllic for four days, Carmen began spitting blood profusely, and then came a devastating hemorrhage. The doctor, a good old Sangrado, came and was frightened, as he was a senile, timid fellow and dreaded having to sign death certificates. Undernourished, without proper care, among barbarous doctors, Carmen slept on rent linen, draped badly over a second-hand sofa, whose horsehair and springs peered out of cuts, and with a smelly covering of dank leather. All night long her hacking cough, her constant hemorrhages, and pathetic cries rang in Cristóbal's ears, and blinded his eyes. When Father was exhausted, and even Mother, after superhuman hours of attention, finally gave way, the brother, with all the manliness of an eight-year-old, took his place as the natural aid of his sister. He held the hand of his courtyard companion and comrade of long tales, that her courage might be fortified by his steadiness.

He sneaked beside fruit stalls to steal oranges for her; he even did three hours of errands every afternoon for the apothecary so that he could earn a small bottle of cod-liver oil. All the

feeble arms of the poor were employed against the inflexible enemy, death. They lost.

On the night before All Saints' Day the streets were stirring, for the Hallowe'en was the night upon which wagon after wagon rumbled down the stone streets of Seville, crammed with flowers to be lavished next day on the graves—annual pilgrimage of all decent families. As the flowers for the dead passed by, in the deep night, at eleven o'clock, Carmen gave up the best of her blood, and her small heart, unsupplied, lay still.

Dofia Isabella understood, hurled herself on the doll-like corpse, screamed for one moment, then keened in a slowly rising and falling modulation, until the mind came back to its own, and she then kissed the body with a thousand wild, hopeless, pathetic kisses. Don Francisco passed from his helpless, inert state into a black and still blacker sentiment, until the life of Carmen was transferred into his veins, and he arose, a man who at last understood with an antique fire, where he had fallen, what there was to do. Cristóbal never moved. He looked at Carmen, mother, father, his little fist closed hard. The small paladin felt the presence of injustice, he held his own fist tighter and tighter to make his manly stand endure, then gave way and cried—like the child he was.

The next morning the neighbours consoled and did the housework, and for three days the little body on three broken chairs confronted the mourning home. The next morning a pauper box was brought to the parish church, the most economical and hurried Mass was said, and the box, carried on the shoulders of four working men, was deposited on the outskirts of the great cemetery, in a temporary allotment leased for two years only.

The next day Cristóbal wandered down to the doorway, into the courtyard, all along the streets, where his beloved sister and he had gone arm in arm and exchanged long confidences and stories. She haunted him at first violently. As time made demands on the young brain and as life pushed its claims over death, grief lost its urgency but remained suffused and came up for long after.

The new fires that burned in Don Francisco's brain had no fuel of circumstance to keep them going. For the moment they seemed extinguished, and the lassitude of six years reasserted

itself in all his habits. There was less and less money, then no money, then no food save from the people in the house. Then there were no further resources whatever, since their neighbours' poverty nearly rivalled their own.

At last a kindly peddler on the same landing offered to lend his beautiful old guitar to Don Francisco, as he observed Cristóbal had a voice that promised to be as angelic as that of a eunuch of the papal choir. If his father would accompany his singing on the guitar through the streets of Seville, they could at least survive. The shame and complete degradation of beggary drove Don Francisco to speculate on the advantages of suicide, but his intense piety made that an impossible solution.

It was true that his youthful skill on the guitar to serenade prospective wealthy brides behind the grilles of Seville was the only resource left with which to keep the family going. The memory of his double, seen seven years ago, kept pounding in his head, and Don Francisco wandered through Triana to see this man, but found no trace of him. The owners of the bodegas did not have the remotest recollection of the man. Don Francisco now thought it a mirage, the foreshadowing in Holy Week by heaven, or perhaps by Satan, of the fall of the house of Pinzón.

Don Francisco accepted his fate as something predestined. Cristóbal and he began their round of the public-houses of the city, preferably the richer ones, in which foreign tourists were found. Although they were competing with the *gitanos* of Triana, and their get-up had none of the romantic effect so prized by foreigners in Spain, the angelic face and voice of Cristóbal, the very singing boy of a Della Robbia plaque, together with the uncanny plectrum of the father, soon overcame the adventitious superiorities of the gypsies. The major and minor scales were converted into wheaten bread.

Father and son soon became far more adroit and, also, less honest. They noted that the endless tremolos and falsettos of the flamenco songs, though they attracted tourists at first, partly as an object of laughter, soon exhausted their interest. Foreigners were unaccustomed to the patterns and could not distinguish all the arabesque variations of the brilliant *malagueña*, the statelier *seguidilla*, and the multitude of other local forms of the *canción típica*. The Argentine tango, with its more lush style and simpler

melodic structure, its more universal dance possibilities, was fast becoming popular in Spain. Don Francisco borrowed the notes from a dealer returned from the pampas. He made an easy success, and from that point on specialized in the more standard European lyric style of the Mexicans, the earlier rumbas of the Antilles, the *biguines* of Martinique, all cast in the more simple mould of the old schottische. English and German visitors were fascinated, and a shower of centimos fell into the old straw hat of Don Francisco. The family ate better, a pronounced recovery of spirit was observed. Cristóbal curled up in the corner on the floor every evening and devoured historical romances. He rented the serial reproductions in newspaper print of all the *Episodios nacionales* of Pérez Galdós, the Walter Scott of Spain, but above all of one everlasting favourite, to determine his whole existence: *The Count of Monte Cristo* of the French Magician. The last he read lying on his belly on the floor, with the oil lamp before his shoulder, and pounding the stone floor as Edmond Dantès finished the three enemies—one! two! three! It gave him an appetite for all stories of the righteous avenger; then the hereditary avenger, whether righteous or not. He looked upon his father as Hannibal did on his. He wished for an altar to some maniac Carthaginian god before whom he could swear eternal vengeance on his father's foes. For now, Don Francisco, sunk in beggary, spoke constantly of the three Englishmen, all the more obsessed as he was utterly impotent to square accounts.

Cristóbal developed with the rapidity of a disciplined street Arab. He knew how to flatter the older men to get coppers. The mind early became a merchandise. The customers could have any songs they wanted, if they could pay. He danced before foreigners in their plush cafés, and his graciousness was surpassing for a boy nearing the awkward age. None of the gawkiness of a nine-year-old could be traced in the remarkable dignity of his movements. In his patched trousers and red sash he seemed Lord of the Universe by birthright, his face that of the rapt boy, his voice with the metal cantilena of a castrato, his steps that of a Richelieu introducing the saraband before the stately court of Louis XIII. It did not contrast too violently with his tatters, for in Spain grace and tatters are often one, and beggary cries no such odium as in northern countries.

Outside the Giralda tower there passed every day a keen priest, professor of scholastic philosophy in the seminary and an inseparable friend of the Cardinal Archbishop of Seville. His eye had picked out Cristóbal for some months past, but this hunter of talent for the priesthood, full of that statesmanship that compels one to feel inner authority and the completion of experience before making a decision, kept on observing the lad closely.

It seemed that he might be fit for the priesthood but in the meantime he could certainly be trained for the famed choir of the cathedral, and perhaps be made one of the six boys for the ritual dance before the high altar, sole survival in Christianity of the sacred dances, now perverted to Moslem dervishes and Buddhist neophytes and obscure mystical sects of Jews.

The priest spoke constantly to Cristóbal after he had elected him, but there was no response: no money, no audition. Fifty centimos were offered, after which negotiations became possible. The priest, Don Benito Suarez, a regular, told him of the wonderful youth Mozart, how he had learned the *Miserere* of Allegri by heart and written it all down from memory, after hearing it but once, and how the Pope had knighted him at the age of fourteen. He asked Cristóbal to visit him in the anteroom of the library of the archiepiscopal palace, but found a sharp resistance from the lad who insisted that all the doors be open.

"Why?" asked Don Benito. "What earthly reason have you, a favoured boy of mine, for demanding a public as against a private reception?" The youth replied to the utter disgust of the ecclesiastic by repeating all the obscene beliefs of the urchins of the quarter about older priests who want to see boys alone. He showed a wealth of information on the subject, both exact and imagined, that demonstrated for the thousandth time that however many sewers may irrigate a great city they are few compared with those running in the head of a smart slum boy.

Don Benito patiently explained that there were some men, strange as it seemed to a forward youngster, who wanted only the good of the Church, and that he would want to see Cristóbal's parents and obtain a good post for him in the cathedral.

The coronation ceremony was to take place next spring, and surely it would be an honour to sing for the boy king, called at

sixteen to govern without regency the realms of the Spains, Seville would be the centre of the land, and if Cristóbal began now. in six months his singing and dancing in the high church would be noted. Besides, Don Benito told the parents, "He will be educated by me, personally, free, and if God calls him to the priesthood . . ."

The bargain was struck. Don Francisco was to surrender the lad to the cathedral officials, and, in compensation for the lost earning power of the young street musician, the father was to receive a post of small dignity and equally small pay, that of accountant, or bursar, to the treasurer of the diocese. The guitar days were over and the wheel of opportunity turned once more. Doña Isabella sang the Magnificat at home, and glorified the Creator who had taken them out of woe, and into the double service of God.

Don Francisco was humiliated that he owed the slight recovery in his fortunes to the talents of a nine-year-old lad. The new passions that had stirred in him at the time of Carmen's death were now raging fiercely and betrayed their presence by an increasing pride, intractability, and nascent symptoms of delusions of grandeur. But no sign of his resentment at being dependent on his boy was manifested to Cristóbal. He worshipped his son, the carrier-on of his breed, with the same ardour with which in his cradle he had seen him as the heir of La Fortuna. Before the high altar of Seville he would yet be buried; his star would rise again so that it might set in that vast temple. His boy would not be in the front pews, as he had dreamed, but in the choir singing his requiem mass. He went to work in the diocese office with great enthusiasm and energy, as vital as when he built up his own business. Soon he rose to be the confidential manager of the worldly affairs of the Cardinal Archbishop, who, naturally, did not ignore his early history and raised his appointments to suit his former station, so far as was possible. The family dinner at night would have been happy indeed, except that the scar of Carmen's death was not healed, and it was long before Cristóbal came to the point where he did not miss her holding his hands down the dark staircase.

Cristóbal turned to music with zeal. He loved naturally to sing, and he discovered with joy that he was equally at home in

the learned aspects of the art. He studied Morales, the Spanish Bach, and the less austere, more showy style of Vittoria. At ten he was a master of church music, his powers of assimilation causing open-mouthed wonder to the organist, a student of the supreme Eslava.

The coronation of Alfonso XIII passed without a flicker of interest for Cristóbal. Music held him, and, with the sauce of music, the dry meat of Dominican scholasticism seemed full of taste. Like most youths trained in metropolitan cathedrals, he began to look to Rome. When the death of Leo XIII became known, he wrote an essay on that remarkable aristocrat, politician, and demagogue in which he fixed his career with deadly certainty. No such essay by a boy had ever been seen in the school. Don Benito was congratulated on his choice.

But at home he was for the first time to come into contact with the thoughts of his father, outside of love and reminiscence. Don Francisco, stewing in his own miseries, was still loyal to a class whose assets he no longer possessed but whose soul he had made his own. He resented sharply the sympathy with the working classes shown by Cristóbal in his paragraphs on the *Rerum novarum*, the pro-labour encyclical of Leo XIII.

"My boy," he said, "I have employed thousands of workers in my time, and have never seen them interested honestly in their labour. They think only of their pay. Scarce a real craftsman appears among them—perhaps not one in a hundred. They are only with you when your business is a success; they leave you as soon as you have difficulties. My son, they are basically *unfair*—they take all of the rewards and none of the risks."

Cristóbal was taken aback by this array of obvious sophistries, and his father began to shrink just a trifle in his hitherto unchallenged position.

"But, Father, you have been poor for ten years or more. I don't know anything about your wealth, except from the stories of Mamma and yourself. For me you have always been badly off. Why don't you put yourself on the side of the many who lack enough food, against the rich who have no need for all their substance?"

There was nothing remarkable in this; the unlettered beggars and bootblacks of Seville babble the same Populist ideas from

morning to night, and Cristóbal had assimilated them. Don Francisco sighed.

"The question is not that of poverty, at all. It is that of destiny. I am not a Mussulman, but I feel I have been accursed by Fate from my childhood. My sufferings are my own, personal. I have nothing to do with the *canaille*. They are a class gone wrong. I am an individual victim of three English criminals, the scum of the earth, but protected, therefore, by the laws of that vulture kingdom. I proved I could build a great enterprise. How you can dare compare me to workers is beyond me."

"You do not appreciate what a wonderful father you have," said Doña Isabella, holding the hand of her husband. "When you realize it, you will understand how wonderful his arguments are. You will grow up to be his image, you will know."

Cristóbal felt puzzled by the talk. His father had been a man who had accomplished much. Was he right? Here were two hundred thousand souls in Seville. Every one of them thought of himself as the sport of some special destiny. Yet all of these men together made up a city, got married, had homes, begot children, worked, lived together, believed pretty much the same things, as seen by an outsider (say a Negro savage), did pretty much the same things, had the same tastes. How could one best understand them? As his father did, one by one? Or as St. Thomas Aquinas had taught, as a Christian commonalty? Were both right? Was it a mixture, each divided, one part of every man different from all others, another part exactly like his fellows? With a child's determined love of analysis and hair-splitting hypotheses, he walked about the cathedral close, figuring out, for the first time, his fellow-men. Blind to all the beauties around him, he passed by the orange trees, and ended by thinking of men only.

This cerebration was much too much for an eleven-year-old head, and Cristóbal lay fallow for a while. After a week he came back to the questions and returned to the half-individual, half-social idea. Inspired by his musical studies, he created an idea of a counterpoint within which each soul changed its mode, when something new came in on the bass clef, the social staff. Then all the individual notes on the treble clef gave a cue to the further harmonized development of new notes on the bass clef. He was

amused by this musical dialectic of history and followed it with pertinacity. His Dominican teachers assured him that it was false doctrine. Glad to lose the forced burden of thinking, Cristóbal dropped his tinkling heresy, and went to rehearse the sacred dance with his five companions. Corpus Christi was coming. The city was mad with music, dance, processions, especially those of the confraternities with the hooded masks of the Inquisition, costumes, tourists. It was certainly fine to live in the centre of the world!

After Corpus Christi, for the first time since the crash of La Fortuna, the Pinzón family had the permission and funds to go on a holiday. They journeyed to the high mountain stations above Granada, as yet untenanted by visitors. In the Sierra Nevada, Cristóbal took on health. His youthful angelic look subtly passed out, and a fuller adolescent figure slowly took its place. Don Francisco sensed his former *éclat*, now that, as a gentleman, he did the proper thing in a torrid Andalusian summer. Doña Isabella, too, though less stuffy, did not forget her onetime great dignity, and in dowdy, suburban fashion flashed her fan open and shut with endless clicks. There were no sports, merely a leisurely promenading and talk, talk, talk. Chess and dominoes were played by father and son on the great wall looking over Granada. In dominoes the little skill favoured the boy, but a queen lead did not enable him to beat the fifty-two years of his father's patient working out of hypothetical situations. Cristóbal called his pawns paladins, and Don Francisco delighted to take his towers, for war seems a natural game, on a chessboard, above the old theatre of chivalry, the Alhambra.

When they were about to return to Seville, refreshed and reborn, in the gardens of the Generalife, in a grove of arbutus trees, and with the scent of jasmine everywhere, they encountered a Madrid banker. Don Juan Cruz, soon to be Marqués de Costilla, so great was his wealth. His special prerogative was the Church, of whose funds he had a considerable disposal. He was intimately acquainted, therefore, with the great if bureaucratic merits of Don Francisco, as bursar of the Seville diocese. He had financed an active business in the importation of Welsh anthracite into Bilbao, but with the *art-nouveau* apartments built by this crazy architect, Gaudí, in Barcelona, the central-heating installations

had brought about a much larger demand there. After amiable chatter, he offered Don Francisco the excellent salary of a thousand pesetas a month, as head administrator and power of attorney for Catalonia. He was also to receive five per cent. of the net profits. Don Francisco was welcome to appoint his own controllers for an audit. His fare and his family's were to be paid, and an apartment installed near the prospective offices in the Rambla de Cataluña.

"It's a great opportunity," urged Don Juan Cruz. "Catalonia is the coming province for money-making, and while they are cold, calculating, and hateful up there compared to us, life-loving warm Andalusians, one can do mighty well there. I have adapted myself to Madrid—you can live outside our province too. Don Francisco, your twenty years' experience with Cardiff and Swansea makes you the unique man. Welsh anthracite is a business related to your old interest. Your ingenuity should result in a future for you, perhaps rivalling La Fortuna." He added quickly, since he was solicitous of injured dignity, "Exclusively from the industrial point of view, I mean." He then drawled, "By the way, La Fortuna has been taken over by the Spanish Development Trust, Limited. The consortium have merged it with the Caradoc Jones interests in Wales. A banker named Henryson or something is backing the combine. Ever heard of them?"

This leading and sadistic question did not bring about the click response. Sure of his future place in Catalonia, Don Francisco smiled, for he thought of his new career as a springboard from which to pounce on his enemies.

"Oh, vaguely," he remarked bowing. "They merely ruined me."

Don Juan Cruz bowed, regretted the trick, and made his adieux.

When Doña Isabella was advised of the news, she wept, and cried out: "Why did not God spare our little one that she might see us again in His grace?" Cristóbal said little, but it now became clear to him that it was their poverty that had killed Carmen, and that it was his duty, as a brother, to bring to their destruction the three authors of that poverty.

V

THE EDUCATION OF CRISTÓBAL

ON a warm October evening, with the leaves of the plane trees, still green-brown, lighted up by recent raindrops, clinging in scattered patterns to their new home, a vast rainbow ornamented the spacious Plaza de Cataluña, centre of Barcelona. Its sweep was so high and wide that the gay, yellow-stone city seemed to have been fixed in a skipping-rope. There walked with a light step and a heavy portfolio Don Francisco Pinzón, merchant of Barcelona, and a man of some importance.

His steps were directed towards their flat in the Paseo de Gracia, a seven-roomed promenade in overstuffed ugliness, a nightmare of bric-à-brac. The Pinzón family resembled their onetime greatness as a faded photograph recalls reality.

Don Francisco had recovered just about half his assurance. His hair was greying rapidly. If he had little prospect of attaining wealth, he reflected, the Marqués de Costilla and his group treated him with high consideration. In the meantime he was well paid for dealing in Welsh anthracite, while his real business was the preparation of vengeance on the four thieves of London town and Swansea docks.

In his portfolio he carried the strangest scrapbook. He had subscribed for the last two years to credit-reporting agencies, drawn on the credit departments of banks and their British correspondents, subscribed to clipping services, too. Into the scrapbook was pasted the harvest of this insane husbandry. It was an olla-podrida of business and social items, excerpts from newspapers, financial reports, even the original engraved invitation to Pately's second wedding, even the receipt for Henryson's prescription for his valvular trouble of the heart, given by the stupendous Professor Doctor Hammer von Hass of Bad Nauheim. On the cover of that scrapbook, Cristóbal had drawn a striking picture of Edmond

Dantès, in the gesture of Perseus, holding up a hideous head with the legend CARRINGTON in red across the front, with the other three heads wallowing in a carmine pool at his feet.

Don Francisco reflected on two years of documentation. He had worked to re-establish relations with D. Caradoc Jones, now primarily interested in coal mines in England and South Wales. No response. That road to finding out the truth about La Fortuna was barred. Jones was avoiding him, though the export of coal to Barcelona would have been an excellent business. Indirect confirmation, that.

Barcelona was Don Francisco's opportunity. He looked on the populated streets with a possessive glare. When he had written from Seville, it was like a letter sent from a museum. The city of Seville was known to Spaniards for its gaiety, to Spanish-Americans by filial amnesia, and to Britons as the seat of the bitter-orange trade, from which the busy denizens of Dundee extracted marmalades. But in Barcelona he had a theatre for commercial activity. One might as well be in New York. Every fluctuation in prices abroad was immediately signalled telegraphically, and posted up in bank and Bourse. The newspapers were crammed with commercial data, the foreign banks stacked with stock-exchange and mining manuals, and, he rejoiced, their secretariat contained those for the fatal years 1892-3. Defeated for years in impotent laments, he concentrated with the zeal bestowed by habit on his present business. That real life gave a solid basis to his schemes of revenge.

Passing a picture store he was attracted by the celebrated painting of Ryepin, showing an ardent student of twenty reading serious books to antique Russian muzhiks. He liked it, framed it, hung it over Cristóbal's bed, and, now unashamed, asked his son to teach him English, since the old can learn from the young. Patiently Cristóbal and Doña Isabella taught him the language of his enemies, and with each verb he sucked in resolution.

Henryson, Pately, and Carrington had long ago forgotten, or practically forgotten, Don Francisco, but Jones still held a confused, pin-pricking memory of an inflated but kindly post-graduate Andalusian peasant whom he had so callously despoiled. But the three gentlemen of Angel Court had no suspicion of the relentless hatred borne for them by one who noted their every

action with the poison pen of the left-handed recording angel. It made the life of Don Francisco rich in the materials of hatred. In a sense, he enjoyed the suspension of active revenge, drowned in the exquisite pleasure of developing his fantasia. A sense of righteousness, too, counselled him not to strike until, to use the happy phrase of Lord Kelvin, taught him by Cristóbal, he could make a mechanical model of what had happened all the way through in the La Fortuna affair.

Don Francisco was no longer the provincial gentleman for whom these operations were as mysterious as the overshadowings of the Holy Ghost. He knew exactly where to look for connivance and fraud. He slowly transformed his son's career in his fiery Southern imagination. As Cristóbal grew up he saw in him the divinely appointed carrier-on of a beautiful vendetta. As Cristóbal had fancied himself the foe, sworn from childhood, in the demonic legend of Hannibal, father and son were intertwined on the vine of vengeance. They talked about it incessantly.

When his father slackened in business Cristóbal counselled: "Papa, show your mettle in business or you will not feel yourself worthy of the task we have set ourselves." Thus the crazy need to destroy the four rascals became a lever of commercial sanity instead of upsetting the practical side of life. One Sunday, as they were perambulating drowsily down the dreary, quiet Rambla Santa Monica, they passed a sailor's tattooing shop. At the end of the Rambla was the grandiose Columbus column. Cristóbal turned to his father and asked for ten pesetas with which to be tattooed.

"Nonsense, why do you wish to be marked for life?"

"Because my will might falter, but the image will hold my eye," returned the boy grandly.

"Will for what . . . image of what?"

"Let me have the ten pesetas."

Father and son entered the dark, dirty parlour, its floor patined with tobacco-plug juice. The "professor" gaily asked for twenty pesetas when he saw the quality enter, but deep as were the wells of vengeance in Don Francisco, the bargaining passions matched them, and Cristóbal listened to an old wives' wrangle conducted by two old cocks. In the end the price was ten pesetas.

The professor loved scrolls. He loved anchors and hearts. With difficulty he obeyed orders. He wanted the images to be on the forearm, then on the biceps, then over the heart. When all failed, in the small of the back. These Spanish disputes lasted two hours. He then demanded three pesetas for the time he had spent in educating them—otherwise no tattoo for ten pesetas. So he partly beat Don Francisco.

The tattooing was painful, and more than ever Don Francisco, as he heard Cristóbal's calf yelps from behind the curtain, regretted the unseemly nonsense. When the lad came out, he was alive with delight. On his right side under the shoulder-blade was a majuscule inscription in purple THE WORLD IS MINE, underneath it in red a little image of Edmond Dantès, in rags, bearded, on the rock, with hands outstretched; and under the rock the legend ONE TWO THREE FOUR. It was a triumph of innumerable details in postage-stamp space, for Cristóbal, anxious not to look *outré* before ladies, had insisted on the reduction of the image. The professor was proud, Don Francisco certain of his son's heritage of hate, but only ten pesetas were paid, to the accompaniment of the most varied keyboard of curses that a bargaining customer has ever heard.

When they came home they did not advise Doña Isabella. This was a male secret, one of the hidden treasures of the brotherhood. She was not at home—she never was in the late afternoon. For she was now a very happy woman. The twenty theatres of Barcelona changed their bills weekly, the matinees began at five in the afternoon, and there was just an hour between the siesta and the show—just enough time to dress and eat some cakes. She lived in a sea of musical comedies, all variants on the same wave pattern. She knew nearly every *zarzuela* and other *tonadillas* by heart. She was content. Her society consisted of Andalusians living in exile in that, to them, Northern city. As their accent was the mockery of Barcelona swells, a natural bond of unity brought them together. There were plenty of casual friendships, and as flat life was reasonably anonymous, no one could ever suspect in Don Francisco the former street singer of Seville.

The memory of Carmen began to fade gently, except when Doña Isabella, either in moments of physical weakness or emotional

stress, or on an anniversary, brought up the death scenes as a physiological necessity. For Don Francisco the child, dead of poverty, was the victim of his despoilers. For Cristóbal the memory of his dearly loved sister, now that he was an only child, became a strongly entrenched legend, partly clouded by a dream child, whose every move on earth seemed but a rehearsal for her angelic state. Her photograph, with the backdrop of the conventional Madonna, ascending, of Murillo, was on his dresser, and his father, presenting him with a heavy watch to fit his manly estate when he was fourteen, placed her picture on its inside, so that for many years, throughout all his study periods, he could never look at the time without that fixed expression of the doomed child quietly gazing on him.

His studies were intense. Sometimes they fatigued him to tears. He was growing rapidly, and, from being below the average of his age, he had suddenly shot up, tall, thin, excessively olive, his thin nose lengthening, his lips losing their boyhood fatness.

He wrote Latin essays, concise in language but florid in conception, and gained some little recognition on account of his natural flair for the windy but compelling rhetoric that fascinates those poor pedagogues who in little flats dream of the heritage of Cicero. In Spanish history he was trained by fanatical regionalists who (despite the strict ministerial prescriptions from Madrid) taught the point of view of Catalonia and Aragon, which he made his own, since by their *Comuneros* they had vindicated liberty in the dark days of Spanish absolutism.

The boys buzzed in the courtyard of the superior school, divided into two groups, the lazy and the enthusiastic, for of athletics there were none in those days. Two hardy souls kicked a football about; the other boys considered them ruffians. They were all caught in the parental schemes of a safe career, that is, a profession or government service. Their only physical activities centred in love.

During a morning recess Cristóbal was gaseously declaiming in the courtyard swarm to a small coterie of followers, "Spanish literature alone is mighty in philosophy. Look at the metaphysical mind of Calderón, with its weaving of refined dilemmas!"

A tall, blue-eyed foreign-looking lad challenged. "Chauvinistic nonsense! It is easy to gain applause by telling Spaniards

their literature alone has certain grand qualities. Every Spanish fool then appropriates to himself the merits of Calderón, for he too is a Spaniard. All men are the same: England has a Shakespeare, and in their schools they teach that he alone was the true philosopher-poet. Few indeed of them have heard of your Calderón."

The bombastic youths shook with laughter. Imagine a land that did not bow down before the genius of Calderón. A foreigner. Enjoying Spanish hospitality and not knowing his place. What was he there for, anyway? Cristóbal held up his hand to order silence. He advanced towards the blond boy and said stridently, "I admire you for what you say against chauvinism, but deny that it was a cheap demagoguery that made me praise Calderón. Surely it is permitted to a Spaniard honestly to admire his masterpieces. You, Señor, do not consider the work of Voltaire wholly bad, merely because he was a Frenchman. I must demand your apology for having denied my sincerity without any evidence for your statement, though I agree with your viewpoint."

This strong stage speech settled the matter: the Tories among the students were anxious to see the Frenchman apologize; the liberals to acknowledge the merit of a progressive outlook. The French youth refused to apologize.

"Apology to you is impossible, for either what I have said is true or false. If true, I cannot apologize; if false, it must be disproved."

Cristóbal was not hot-headed. He admired the honesty of his contradictor. And in two minutes they were fast friends. In two days they were chums. In a week they were inseparables. In another month they would be exchanging blood from their veins, with penny pocket-knives.

The stranger was the son of a Frenchman at Barcelona, a Picard from Amiens, François Chaminade. At first, their contacts were barred from complete avowals because François was nearly seventeen, and Cristóbal not quite fifteen, although as tall as his friend. The heavy thumping of sexual needs held him, and he was sure that this was an old story to François; he would look like a child if he brought it up. Besides which, he reflected, what is there to say? He knows it must fill my mind; he has been through it.

The two friends turned from thought to wild melodrama, and, strangely enough, were satisfied by the plays of Racine, which they thought sanguine, filled with violence, and not, as the literary historians state, classic and formal. Cristóbal soon descended a bit lower, and, like most Latin boys of fifteen, read awhile the solemn admonitions of Dr. Tissot against solitary vice, the classical treatise of Parent-Duchalet on *La Prostitution dans la ville de Paris*, the romances of Restif de la Bretonne on seduction, especially that scarlet classic of perversion *Le Paysan et la paysanne perversis*. From that point he went on to the sententious and priggish *Les Liaisons dangereuses* down to the *Mercure de France* translations of Havelock Ellis's recently published *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*. Cristóbal never went to confession, for there he would have had to avow his new type of reading. Besides, his belief was fading under the hammer blows of school.

Doña Isabella was no fool. Unlike her husband she had no revenge fixation to divert her wandering eye from Cristóbal's real needs. She prudently suggested to Papa that it would be wise to put him in the hands of some serious *débauché*, so to speak, and have him taste the purchased joys of professional love. After all, she observed (to cover her spiritual retreat), it would keep him off worse things. When Don Francisco objected, on the ground that he could not lower his standing with his son by such suggestions, Doña Isabella sanely dropped the whole business and went to another play.

Cristóbal did not follow, as yet, the bidding of his body, but rode into terrific scholastic brilliancy. Nothing was wanting to make the lad a master of all the Latin humanities, and his warm, liquid, brown glance destined him, in the eyes of his happy professors, to be a troubadour of love, a practician of the *gai savoir*. The skies of fair Provence and the Aragonese seat of the family of Luna, immortalized by Verdi in *Il Trovatore*, made love poetry the be-all and end-all of literary fame in those parts. He wrote three love sonnets, in the style of Daniel Arnaut, and was at once admitted to the literary courses of the University. The experts on love were the professors Antonio Herrera, hunchback; Pedro de Gonzalez, senile; and Ramón Puig, toothless at forty. They looked absurd to Cristóbal. Here were three professors of literature, one of them spouting Provençal sonnets, the second the

dirtyest epigrams of Martial, and the third the court poetry of Góngora. They proved to be more interesting than he speculated. The ancient De Gonzalez had a following that was not wholly intellectual among ladies of high society. The drivelling amorousness of this pack repelled Cristóbal: he turned to science.

His education became nearly all extramural. His professors almost to a man were rationalists, and belligerent rationalists at that. They considered it disgraceful to temporize with religion. Their leader was Turro, the director of the psychological laboratory of the municipality. He and a constellation around him held that they could prove absolutely that physiology alone could explain the movement of ideas and emotions through the nerves. They taught that the soul was a ridiculous concept of demented savages, trembling at their shadows and at dreams, and that the "mind" was the bastard child of the "soul," out of pale humanists. Reason and matter, by their fecund conjunction, explained everything. Cristóbal and François sat after hours, drinking in the wisdom of the intellect-intoxicated professors. These teachers were profuse in eloquence and much suspected by the government.

They had one human weakness—an idol. He had just become known to the rich and powerful, for he was in prison, charged with being an accomplice of Mateo Morral, who had thrown a bomb at King Alfonso on his wedding day. It was Francisco Ferrer y Guardia, libertarian and creator of the Modern School, the most celebrated name in Europe, in the educational arts. It was known that he was innocent, but the government delayed his release because of the wine riots in France, which looked like civil war right next door across the Pyrenees. They wanted no triumphant demonstrations on the Left.

The working class, on the other hand, did not as yet know how important was his work. They had another idol long ago dead, the Russian nobleman Bakunin. The professors knew little of the workers; the workers cared for action, rather than theory. Barcelona was becoming the proud city of strikes and direct action as well as terror. The city was unique in that the workers constituted over four-fifths of the people, and their frightful slums and barrack dwellings in the straggling suburbs dominated the mad, rococo dwellings of the rich.

One demagogue alone was doing well against the revolu-

tionary tide, and that was because he cunningly painted his craft a deep red hue—Alexander Lerroux, “King of the Paralelo,” who every night ridiculed the priests and the king to a laughing crowd.

The Paralelo attracted the youth of the entire province. A half-kilometre of shacks at the edge of town, abutting on one side on the celebrated Barrio of degradation, deadly crime, and flaunting prostitution; on the other it faced the tin-can dumps on the approaches to the hill of Montjuich. Its many clapboard cabins contained giant cafés for the very poor, badly lit, crowded with accordion orchestras and a madhouse clatter of hundreds of domino games, especially from six to eight, the shifting of the domino pieces being done with maximum noise. A thousand voices howled simultaneously, innumerable shoe shiners and peddlers shouted their solicitations; on every hand one heard the rattle of newspapers whose every political item was the subject of furious, loud debate.

In this madhouse the poorly paid instructors in the high school and University gathered for the exchange of free thoughts, drank their one glass of coffee at ten centimos, played chess. Here Cristóbal and François, arm in arm, heard the din of many-tongued counsel, the clever, worldly bourgeois atheism of Lerroux, the pure word of Ferrer, and, most insistent because dear to François, the flaming sword of the analyses of Bakunin, that arch-foe of God and the State, the dynamic revolutionist whose impatience and fire were precious to the ragged labourers of the port.

The six or seven mean little erotic side shows with their shameless barkers, the eight theatres, some respectable, all shabby beyond belief, but spacious and cheap, the gangsters’ and sailors’ dance halls, the cosmopolitan bars: all conspired to make the Paralelo the heaven of small-money youth.

It was “life” as distinguished from the rounded picture of man’s existence given in the high school. Thus Cristóbal lived on three planes: the Catholic well-off family on the Paseo de Gracia, the high school of science, reason, and the Latin humanities, and the Bowery-cum-revolution world of the Paralelo. These three contradictory lives went on fairly comfortably together. Cristóbal was too busy absorbing experiences to need to fuse them.

One day in the Holy Week vacation, Cristóbal and François went bathing near the shipping basin. To François he confided in overflowing language his amorphous dedications. As he pulled off his shirt, François observed his tattoo, and, a true Northerner, burst out laughing. "What does that signify?" he asked. "I suppose you are a great admirer of Dumas, but why the numbers one, two, three, four?" Cristóbal then explained the story, in which his life had been saturated. He dwelt dramatically on the wrong done. "And the end of all this injustice," said his rational friend, "is that your father lives on the Paseo de Gracia, and has servants and a thousand pesetas a month."

"Superficial," combated Cristóbal. "The injustice took no account of my father's capacity for recovery. It was aimed at his destruction—that is what I will, and must, avenge."

"You tell me you are inclining towards a social revolution, and here you wish to avenge one of the countless injustices done every day of the year by the great capitalists to the smaller sharks?"

"Nonsense," Cristóbal replied. "You might as well say to a murderer, 'I do not punish you, for there are a thousand murders yearly; what does it all matter?'"

"Would you punish a murderer?" François asked earnestly.

"Of course."

"Why? He is either insane, in which case he should be cured, or passionate, in which case he cannot answer. Or he may be a victim of a society that has perverted him, in which case society rather than he should feed the gallows—in this instance, the gallows of history."

"Would you let anyone proceed against you then?" asked Cristóbal, seeking light. "I mean, if a policeman attacked you, a revolutionist, what would you do?"

"Kill him," was the automatic answer.

"Why? He is subject to the same analysis as the murderer."

"No. He has an adventitious power behind him, the state, the mirror of God, the incarnation of oppression. On the one hand, you have all the victims of the system, and that includes the miserable rascals that plundered your father, since the system moulds them, and, on the other hand, you have its hangmen, governors, policemen, soldiers, priests. They may drift into its service for the

same reason, but then one cannot forgive, for if we do, we shall remain slaves and never be free to forgive everyone else."

These strange ideas were poured out in such ordered form that, though they were as nothing compared to the filial duty of Cristóbal, they reduced his zeal, already attenuated by his new scientific interests. François saw that these new ideas hurt; he put his next observations more carefully. "If your father has been kind to you, love him. Do as little as you can to hurt him. It is impossible for him to understand the new ideas of liberation. But do not dedicate your being to this feud. If you are to seek vengeance, seek it with the same fury against a system that produces such scum as those that befouled your father. Be like Caligula who wished all Rome one neck. Cut off, along with fellow-liberators, at one blow, the tyranny of a million cheats, robbers, assassins, not that of four mean rotters."

The simple phrases, stock in trade of revolutionists, were new and fresh to the impassioned Catholic lad. They seemed logical, but years of habit are not easily effaced.

"I shall be happy to think over what you say," Cristóbal stammered. "I shall be honest enough to change my mind and tell you so. I shall be honest enough to have you think me a black reactionary and tell you I cannot agree. Count on me."

But he stayed away from his chum for a while. Such searching analysis and examination were no go. He went over the street singing, and as he drank wine at a little bar, the ruby glass reminded him of priestly ornaments in Seville cathedral, and he swayed with the insistent rhythms of the sacred dances. He remembered how he had raised his voice for a deceased pontiff at the Mass for Leo XIII. He owed his love of music and of sensual movement to the Church, he owed his being to his father. In a rush of emotion he wandered home, and pleasantly supped with his own. It was so synthesized, so comfortable, so warming, so opposed to the corrosive analysis of the French rationalist. But the talk of the Paralelo was too entrancing, and eventually every crepuscular purple hour was spent there. The family chatter was faded by comparison with the hot ideas, where red tongues shuttled endlessly, recording the thought, as a pendulum the clockworks. He looked for François. He was gone, he was never at school.

As the café talk settled in his understanding, he became obsessed

with the new destiny opening for mankind: Atheism, Revolution, Science. The words of the pundits of the Paralelo were by repetition acquiring the authority of axioms. His father's weary gibberish about some old wrong done him showed what were the results of devoting a life to "business." He felt superior to all that.

With François gone, Cristóbal found fugitive friend after friend. His friends came in a series of stages, each more loved as his speech grew bolder and bolder.

Alfonso XIII was the focus of all curses. He bore one name: "the crowned imbecile." Pius X, especially after his recent encyclical against the modernists, was the target of all wit: "the sainted dullard." Cristóbal turned to the brilliant modern writers. Anatole France replaced classic Spanish literature. He became ashamed of his boyhood obsessions, the *Episodios nacionales*, *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Imagine a man like Pérez Galdós making an *épopée* out of the struggles of people betrayed by Bourbon deceivers. Imagine a Dumas making capital out of a maniac who sought only to avenge himself; a dead concept in a social world.

But what had become of François? He called at his home and found that his father had been transferred from a Barcelona business to Liverpool. Cristóbal was of so little importance in his life that he had not even troubled to notify him of their departure. So passed the first purely fugitive phase of Cristóbal. François could live without him; their constant talks were not necessary to his existence. It was hard to realize that the lives of intimate friends do not centre in friendships, and that he had given himself too much. A cool breeze went through the Calle Santa Ana; as he meditated, a cool breeze went through his equally narrow head, the knowledge of human loneliness, the uncertainty of men. He looked tragic, his shoes grew dusty, he did not have them shined, last degradation of a Spanish gentleman.

But he continued to go to the Paralelo to seek life. It was without purpose. He read the papers. He was not of the current of men. He walked in the University library and fumbled books, but they had no object. There was no one to understand him completely. Why go on?

In browsing about the animated books, the black swans of French cynicism swam into view. In a compact anthology of

worldliness, he conned the cold wisdom of Chamfort and Rivarol, the hackneyed but shrewd maxims of La Rochefoucauld (especially the aphorisms on friendship), and the amused psychological studies of the limits of amity and exchange of understanding by Paulhan. All of them differed in degrees of generosity or malice, but all insisted on a realistic understanding of the limits of identification in two persons, on the difference between the basic stuff of individual interest and the mere embroidery of friendship.

He assimilated this ultra-sane wisdom with greater care than any previous learning. It was adapted to the abundant physical powers of youth. Its health and rejection of morbidity made it pleasing. From now on he could control not merely ideas but the obsessions of the heart, at least as regards men.

The dry light of French thinking, having illuminated his days, was soon forgotten. He followed the laws of boys' minds: the last enthusiasm is the one that counts. His cynicism produced ambition. He was highest in studies, in the maturity of thinking ahead of those four years his senior, and skilled, too, in the well-copied phrases of disenchantment.

He now got on easily at home, sitting at the large table with the vestment of grand indifference. Don Francisco was delighted with him, for he saw a promising scholar, and forgave an excess of boyhood heresies. The large low-lying chandelier, the red-fringed tablecloth, with the yellow light falling on it in a circle in the centre, the large fruit-basket, the everlasting coffeepot, and the three humped bodies, their elbows on the table, in earnest and casual and amused speech, this was the family. The bed might be the symbol of parenthood, but the dining-room table, under a centre light, is its bastion against the foes that strike from without. Don Francisco tenderly held the hands of his lady. He thought much of vengeance, but much more of her, and for a moment the ancient unity was rediscovered to them, with their son. The panic of 1907 in America had made business difficult. Father was glad to come home, where all was secure, at least for the evening meal.

Cristóbal stayed at home because he was tired of the Paralelo and because his studies took up hours nightly. A secondary sympathy came about between mother and son. Doña Isabella, contrasted the dull reiterations of her husband with the fresh out-

look on life of her son. A son is a lover; the autumnal affections are directed to him.

Cristóbal gave the home the vivacity his mother required. Her speech was more and more released, her older culture revived, the subjects of discussion became more fitting to a lady of leisure. Cristóbal discovered a new interest in his mother because her lingo was bookish, and Don Francisco, yawning at their palavers, made for bed early.

For the moment, a complete underrating of Don Francisco became part of an attitude of shocking unfairness. Every chance remark of the old fellow was countered and reduced. Every criticism of Cristóbal was resented by his natural ally, who ordered her husband to understand his important son.

This tension too was a fashion; it passed. The solidarity of males recalled to the son the anomaly of always sustaining the distaff side, and he came back to the role of his father, and his endless efforts on behalf of his boy. He was hungry for pabulum outside his family, and understood that the long-awaited love could not be that of a mother, but of a girl of his own age, but, of course, one deeply serious.

In the meantime his mother's talks had filled him with a love of things English, as his father's lifelong tales had filled him with hatred of rich Englishmen. Her one outside interest was the reading of English literature and history; her one snob survival, conversation in English with her son. The one-fourth of her that was British was constantly reasserting itself, and, as it was the more exceptional part, it was the more produced.

In going over her books one day Cristóbal discovered that all of her science was incorporated in two dusty tomes, handed down from Admiral Soames: Lingard's *History of England* and a manual of English literature by Thomas Arnold, brother of Matthew and convert to Rome. The books were quaint. Lingard explained England as having been in a golden age of education, philanthropy, prosperity, and near-socialism, until the monstrous Reformation enthroned greed, in the shape of land enclosures, tyranny in the royal authority, class education, and so the vagabonds of Elizabeth's time replaced the smiling yeomanry of Henry VII.

In Arnold's manual, Nicholas Sanders and the martyred Robert Southwell were the most significant Tudor writers. Dryden's

poetry developed its true quality after his conversion to Catholicism, and Pope's wit came from his faith. The great thinker of the eighteenth century was not David Hume but a Father Berington, of the nineteenth, not Darwin but Cardinal Newman.

His mother's freshest of talk had these two dusty sources and no other. But in one thing her tastes were trained, and she helped him in his studies. They sat night after night in the dining-room, as she read with a clear diction the metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century, the Habingtons, Crashaws, Vaughans, strewn with conceits, and either Catholics or Arminians, at the least. The incisive imagery and limpid speech of Dryden was another favourite of her evening readings. Cristóbal soon had an internal knowledge of English, a fluency and a pliancy of expression rare enough even in the darlings of Balliol.

He discounted his mother's religious bias, but her point of view on England, like a primary-school textbook pattern, was engraved for life. It took him out of the Latin humanities as the summit of culture, broadened him, and equipped him for European experience. She had made a precious contribution to his career.

He accordingly rose in class, both in European history and in comparative literature and spouted at length on the English social history and literary accomplishment, in so far as they threw light on things Spanish. The delighted and generous professors spoke of a purse to send him to Oxford, to be the carrier of the two civilizations, as Santayana was to do later. But they were poor and it lapsed.

A new fashion gripped him as a result. The intelligentsia of Spain were thrilled by a new Anglo-Spanish synthesis of authority, liberty and function as expounded by the first journalist of Spain, the Anglophile Ramiro de Maeztu. Cristóbal's English bias made him an easy victim of this sapient gibberish; he fluttered guild socialism, that spotted daughter of anarchism. He soon recovered and sought his own system. A manly instinct told him to reject the café syntheses of De Maeztu.

Where in all the world, then, was there a pure affirmation, one that *must* seize the future? One that would liberate man, bring him to his full estate? He kept on reading in mad fashion. The University librarian counselled him to quit, to save his eyes, to fill his stomach. At eight in the morning the monstrous bookworm

showed up. The deflected light fell on him as he bored through books. He felt that in paper and ink would be found the concealed wisdom. The old haunting fable of the sibylline books surely held him fast.

The English lessons from his mother bore poisonous fruit. He soon became immersed in the individualist thinking of Edmund Burke, in the celebrated *Vindication of Natural Society*, that solvent of all institutions. That it was ironical he refused to believe: that was a sycophant excuse of the later degenerate Burke, when he sought wealth and gentility. He went on to William Godwin, forerunner of anarchy, and to the poems of Robert Burns:

*A fig for those by law protected—
Liberty's a glorious feast,
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.*

And the *défi* of free love:

*The Church and State can go to Hell,
And I'll go to my Anna.*

Nor did he miss the bitter lines of Dryden:

*By education most have been misled,
We so believe, because we so were bred.
The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man.*

Spanish literature, he reflected, was, by comparison, that of slaves. England showed the way. From Locke and Defoe, champion of the solitary man and the isolated mind, down to Herbert Spencer, castigator of the state, it was a catena of freedom, a filiation of Man versus Authority. It produced terrible rascals, because its other face was imperialism, but he matched a Carrington with a Shelley and concluded, on balance, the English were good fellows.

The endless talks in the Paralelo and the insatiable reading in the University library produced their expected result. In Barcelona it was easy. The one answer to man's needs was the red flag of anarchy, the black International.

Anarchy! Man, free, without authority, destroyer of the three

curses, religion, state, property, annihilator of that foe of free love, the family; extirpator of the obverse of the family, the whore. He paced the city, immensely gratified, much larger. Under the steaming sun of a Barcelona summer, in the fierce glare of the Spanish sun, the white light splashing clear-cut vermilion hills, grape-dark sea, rich sky, endless flower markets with a hundred colours and odours, a mad argumentative sea of voices, and everywhere the rags of beggars, the collapsed cheeks of the poor—this lavish parade of beauty, noise, and horror, hammered at his eyes, filled his nose, boiled his brain. He was alive with hopes and ideals, and he embraced the anarchist philosophy with frenzy. In this beautiful land, only Liberty was needed to turn men into glorious beings, with the same colour and growth as their exotic plants.

It was the Pentecost holiday. He had a few days to himself, and school could be forgotten. He watched the tropical butterflies and the fat bumblebees in the public gardens, and climbed the hill around the great city that he might look upon the prison of men, the forest of brick and stone they had built themselves against air and sun and grass, the stupid playground in which they all get together to play *against* each other. Still, the setting was beautiful. Shelley was an anarchist who had to nurse his courage on grimmer materials:

*Hell is a city much like London,
A populous and smoky city,
There are all sorts of people undone,
There is little or no fun done,
Small justice shown, and still less pity.*

Surely, he thought, the libertarians in Spain must have produced lines equally free and stimulating! Surely the stout poets of the *Comuneros* of Aragon, the heroes that fought with Padilla at Toledo, the companions of Riego in the Cadiz risings, the boys of the barracks of San Gil, that defied all Spain, had ballads, lyrics, even doggerel that rivalled the English. He had been perverted, mis-educated by the miscreants who slavishly taught a stereotyped culture. He had the temptation of all rebels; what was foreign was romantic; his own country was always wrong.

At sixteen these noble speculations are a prelude to love. He prepared himself unknowingly for love. The gospel of liberty gave

him a largeness of sentiment shown in the sweep of his stride. He affected the flowing Windsor tie and black, broad-brimmed, artist hat. In other words, he was signed "Revolutionist." He, of course, was soon specially marked on the police cards, and when he called for his *cédula personal*, the official noted, in red ink on his card, "*suspect*." It was sent to the political police, and he was noted, and sometimes followed by lazy but dogged agents.

The anarchists were disdainful of police spies. Cristóbal scarcely suspected their evidence. He knew the state was served by gimlet-eyed Hawkshaws, *provocateurs*, double agents, and so on to the other staples of the penny dreadfuls, translated from the New York swarm of weekly thrillers. He did not credit that this *was* real. Every newspaper stall in Spain had pictures of *el célebre* Nick Carter, so that he ignored his shadow, the fat Pedro Rical, five-feet-two tall, anxious to bag the six-foot rebel, the Red Quinbus Flestrin.

He followed Cristóbal down the crowded streets. He lost him in the lonely streets. But he knew where he would be every morning. He received formal orders to get something on him. But his steaming fat slowed down his ambitions in June, and he noted three memo books with details (useless) of the life of the terror. Night and day he protected Alfonso, his monarch, from Cristóbal, with scrawls on notebooks.

Cristóbal's health was overflowing. Like all emancipators he was enormously pleased with his beneficence. He had a Gargantuan appetite. His face firmed, his glance was straight. He passed the posters of bullfights, with their long-nosed, yellow-red-dressed *señoritas*, with powerful disdain. Pedro Rical noted this. He swept into the University halls, an Anarchist Boabdil, and attended the lectures with high condescension. Steeped in the new educational ideas of Ferrer, based on unlimited freedom, he despised the whole system of a University as being opposed to self-discovery, to auto-education. The caterpillar systems of lectures, note-taking, wearisome question and answer, set quizzes—all were perfect machines for keeping learning going at the speed of the lowest intelligence.

He visioned a free grouping of scholars, based on their own identification of their special interests, on determining their own rates of learning. For all of this libertarian excitement, the basic

earthly solidity of Cristóbal showed itself in his high scholarship within the rules of the game. He would not allow anyone to say that he, Cristóbal Pinzón, was a critic because he was not a success.

The University year was drawing to a close in an atmosphere of excitement. There was talk that Premier Maura was lying when he swore that a small policing force of six thousand soldiers would suffice to conquer Morocco, and it was rumoured that the king had been hissed in the Madrid barracks and that there was mutiny among troops departing from the Atocha station in the capital. There was more buzzing about than had been seen since the civil war of 1875. The farewell speech for the class year was delivered by a dull chap, Don Francisco Sebastian Pizarro, who covered the faculty with flowers, the king with kisses, the state with veneration, his own hide with oil.

Cristóbal, after they adjourned into the yard, got up before the mob of unsympathetic young men (ambitious for good posts), and delivered himself of the following:

Fellow Students and Members of the Faculty, I pass by the official orator of the year without notice. It is important in criticizing to have an object worthy of the effort ("Shame!" from the best boys). We live in a blessed climate, on a rich soil. The North American, Thoreau, fought out the battle of his individual soul in snow, we can do so in sunshine. They have unfolded to us parchment after parchment of their tradition: let us use them piled up, as a springboard from which to leap into a new Cosmos!

They have soaked us in the purple world of Imperial Rome, we, her heirs in Hither Spain. The Latin humanities, the juridical survivals of Roman power, the slaveholder syllogisms of crooked Aristotle (cries of "The greatest mind there ever was!")—they are all abhorrent to free men.

Who discovered the individual conscience in Europe? Our fellow-Latin, Petrarch.

Who exploited his discovery? The coal-bed, steam-engined sons of the North. What happened? Population followed Science and Liberty, and power passed from the Sunshine States to the Fog States.

But our South is purified by the very absence of Power! We have no burden of Empire, we have no armies of factory hands

massed under owners. We can lead mankind to a Renaissance of Freedom, as we led them to a Renaissance of art and letters in the *quattrocento*!

Spain can lead the van, if we students are true to our ideals. ("Our poses, you mean.") Here the state does nothing to render it less hateful. It educates little. It has no policies of hygiene, of social welfare, nothing. It is simple in its corruption, naked in its horror. Great military, bureaucratic, ecclesiastical thieves. Its real nature is so clear, that here it must first perish.

Then the other peoples whose vicious tyrants do something to appease their subjects, will learn quickly from us the immeasurable boon of freedom. Glory in Spain, fellow-students, the Spain that will free mankind. (Cries of "Rot" "Big words" "Stop it" "Who asked you for all this?")

To the surprise of the wit-laden *arriviste* students, four professors of the highest rank, curious to hear their charges, listened sympathetically. They were the leading naturalist of Spain, Odon de Buen, member of the Spanish Senate; the head of the school of medicine, Martínez Vargas; the biologist, Francisco Llura, most learned of Catalans; and the historian of Spain, the fair-minded Emilio Estevenaz.

They were all little men, and they rose high and applauded with the kobold zeal of the small. Four pleased pairs of eyes and four quickly moving little beards were fixed on the forward student, and their lost dignity as deans and professors disturbed them not at all. Martínez Vargas, as first in rank, spoke to Cristóbal, surrounded by new-found admirers and sycophants. He was very simple: "Come to my study at once. Acting is for theatres."

Cristóbal entered the study of the dean of the school of medicine. It had the conventional skull for an ashtray, the eternal picture of Rembrandt's *Lesson in Anatomy*, the faithful doctor beside the dying child, with the mother weeping and the father sadly erect, of Sir Luke Fildes, prints of Pieter de Hooch showing a red-nosed doctor examining the urine of an overpleased *woman*, the Hippocratic oath, with a red rubric for the section promising never to commit an abortion, the inevitable seventeenth-century print showing charlatans syringing a horse's buttocks. There were caricatures of the faculty of medicine in Paris, with their blouses bloody and their pince-nez

askew. In the centre were woodcuts of Pasteur, Dr. Louis, founder of the statistical method of medicine, the cytologist Von Baer, and, surrounded by laurels, Semmelweiss, prince of medicine. There was a homunculus as well, and a Formalin smell, and a picture of the nerves by Dr. Bell.

Martinez Vargas said quickly, "My three colleagues and myself applauded your sentiments, which we share. But the curse of Spain is the facility of its brilliant men in exalted phrases, general noble sentiments, and the reiteration of ideals. Francisco Ferrer is doing a concrete work in education, the prelude to any improvement in the state of the people. If you wish to do anything serious, you cannot do better than help the work of our publication department, which is perfectly legal, as well. As you know, Comrade Ferrer's modern schools are prohibited by edict, but actually they function, under other names, throughout north-east Spain. Comrade Ferrer is again with us, having brought the greetings of our president, Anatole France, of the Modern Educational League. The publications department is at Carrer de las Cortes Catalanas 596. We have one hundred thousand books waiting distribution. Every liberal in Europe is co-operating. For example, Ernst Haeckel has just approved our translation of his new pamphlet *Sandalion: An Answer to the Charges of the Jesuits on My Alleged Falsifications of Embryology*. We consider this most important to diffuse, since it has been hinted by the Jesuit priests in Germany, especially the learned Erich Wasmann, that the keystone proof of biological evolution (the law that, roughly, the embryo recapitulates the history of the species from protozoa to mammal) is based on artistically simplified reproductions of the embryo at various stages. This is their last trench." He rubbed his hands gleefully. "Once we beat them on this we bring down religion, for man is proved an animal."

"It seems to have survived a hundred refutations from Copernicus to the Higher Criticism," objected Cristóbal.

"This time they shall not escape us, though."

It was agreed that Cristóbal was to diffuse the translation of Haeckel, the work of Llura on *Superorganic Evolution* and the *Natural History* of Odon de Buen to the secret, camouflaged Modern Ferrer Schools among the workers' syndicates in Greater Barcelona. For a week Cristóbal devoted all his spare time to this task. The

secretary of the bookshop had the same given name, Cristóbal Litran, and was extremely sympathetic. They all worked, in the intense heat, in a smell of paste and pamphlet dust, eating sandwiches of garlic sausage on heavy bread, drinking water, for most of the Ferrer disciples were faithful nature-theorists and vegetarians.

After nine days of the work, Cristóbal, one windy afternoon, was carrying ten pamphlets to the workers' centre in the Calle Baylen. He was accompanied by Señora Soledad Villafranca, the beloved companion of Ferrer, and animator of the group whenever her worshipper was abroad on his many organizing and research trips. The bullet-bodied Pedro Rical followed the two with routine attention, until they made their adieus. The wind then scattered the pamphlets of Cristóbal, on one of which he had inscribed in pencil, "For the Workers' School, 96 Calle Baylen."

Rical picked it up and beamed. It was an illegal activity. He held Cristóbal, who shook off the runt with grandeur. But little Rical held on to his arm, though dragged along like a bear cub. He whistled for aid; two gendarmes rushed up and conducted the son of Palos to the commissariat of police.

When the offending pamphlet was shown, the police officer was inclined to let matters drop, as he was a victim of high blood pressure, quite old, stupid with wine, exhausted with fanning himself, and a really devoted enemy of work in any shape. But when he perused the plates of the pamphlet, and saw a humped-up picture of a six-month embryo, in grey tones, with a curved proboscis like the elephant child of Kipling, he blew up and swore it was an animal caricature of His Majesty. "Look at the nose," he cried out. "Look at the jaw, the arrangement of chin and upper lip. It's unmistakable. An anarchist Goya. We'll show him!"

"Read the text," interjected Cristóbal.

"Who cares for your text? Everyone knows you have a secret symbolic language. Stinking agent of the Freemasons! We know you, pig, son of a pig."

They took him before the brigadier—a middle-sized Valencian dark as black olives, and with the air of a proud chamberpot. He said solemnly, "What is the charge? Have you observed the proper procedure, gentlemen?"

Cristóbal rejoiced. At least here was a man determined to respect the civil code. He was soon disillusioned when the police

officer stuttered, "We haven't sweated him yet, Your Honour." This then was the proper procedure referred to.

Cristóbal was taken into the room. He was given the Manger; that is, thrown on a stone floor where there was some fetid hay strewn, and asked to reveal the addresses of all the Modern Schools. He held out. He was given the Genuflection, and held on his knees but pivoted on his toes for three hours. His bones cracked but not his will. He was given the Crucifixion by the osteopathic activities of a sergeant, and stretched on a cross by a Brobdingnagian prison guard. When all these failed, there entered the secretary of the General Surety at Barcelona, the doctor of philosophy and doctor of civil law, the recondite Don Alonso Commillas. He began with a carefully prepared discourse.

"I have just been over your police card, Don Cristóbal." He hesitated. "Your family origins are excellent; if the name of Guzman is that of the great family, they are even distinguished. Your father and mother are well considered—splendid Catholics, and charitable. You have been educated by the generosity of the Church at Seville, and by that of the King at Barcelona. I don't know what rubbish has filled your mind, and I don't care. You know very well where you belong. You will release to us the addresses of the schools of this Ferrer, who is not long for this world. If not, you may discover the *hidalgo* in me stripping his cape, and the uniform of the servant of the state appear."

"Go to hell."

"I expected as much," quietly observed Don Alonso. "Now to work. You low, degraded swine, if you were a stupid labourer, a cheap little shopkeeper, I could forgive you. But of you I must make an example. A disgrace to the training of your parents, to the care of your teachers, ungrateful to all those who have aided you. What could be lower? It is a pleasure for me to torture you—a moral joy. Strip the bastard."

Cristóbal's shirt was torn off. There in the shoulder blade was the little image of Edmond Dantès.

"The World Is Mine," snickered Don Alonso. "What a charming ambition! Carabineers," he yelled to men whose ordinary duties concern only smugglers, "ornament his flesh with a few bayonet touches."

Under the little inscription four stabs were pierced: one, two,

three, four. Cristóbal went back with each thrust, and just about held upright. There came up behind him the capturer of Cristóbal, Pedro Rical. He spat into the face of his prey.

"Get out of here!" said Don Alonso. "Can't you see I'm entertaining a gentleman? Look at his watch," he said, after examining it to see if it contained any hidden documents. "By the way, who is this little girl?"

"My dead sister," Cristóbal was foolish enough to say.

"Good that she didn't become a whore. At that, she might have begun early." As Cristóbal made for him, trying to undo his arms, Don Alonso cracked his face, and he fell to the ground. "Her eyes seem wide open" went on the elegant don. "Perhaps they have room for some juice." He passed the picture on to a tobacco-chewing gendarme, who, as commanded, spat right on it. "That settles the family for to-day. Now keep this hero on his feet for three days and nights, and if he sags or bends, remind him with a bayonet how much nicer it is to be erect. You like manhood, I am sure, Don Cristóbal. Oh, by the way, don't think I lack all humanity. If your bladder gets weak, the boys have instructions to let you do your business." He walked out, leaving Cristóbal swaying on his feet, with crossed bayonets in front of him.

Three maddening nights and days. No food or drink, standing swaying, drooping sometimes, punctuated by stabs, and, at the end of it all, no confession. Cristóbal was finished. He was dragged into the antechamber, handcuffed, and, confronted by Don Alonso, he saw his sorrowing father and mother.

"I regret that you have an atheist, rebel, and antipathetic son, dear Señora and Señor. I rarely give advice, but the cynical ease with which he ventured to tell us of your bankruptcy and subsequent beggary, and the account of his little sister, so base that I cannot repeat it, have filled me with horror. You must do something to protect your proud name against this enemy in the bosom of the family."

He expected Cristóbal to contradict in fury but for once the youth had learned not to do the expected. He smiled painfully at his parents, who instantly understood the real reason.

"If your son is tried," Don Alonso counselled, "he will get at least thirty days in the Cárcel Celular, and a fine of, say, a hundred pesetas. If you would choose to give the sum to, say, the Little

Sisters of the Poor, I will take care of the contribution and see that it is prayerfully received. I really think that so charitable an action would serve, in the eyes of the government, to extinguish the offences of a heady youth. At the same time I must keep the record of his character on the police card. It shall read as follows.

Arrested July first, 1909, subversive pamphlets. Insults to the King, resisting an officer, insulting his parents, calumnies on an infant dead sister, apparently unbalanced but dangerous, is understood to have passed forged passports. Formerly street singer and beggar.

Of course, I may use your influence to cancel this card. But the costs of drawing up my representations will be large."

"Give him nothing," said Cristóbal firmly. "He will take the money and keep the card. Pay him for the release—that we can check up on."

"Whichever you please," Don Alonso returned lazily, and upon the completed palm-greasing, the family walked out. There was restored to Cristóbal his watch with the tobacco-stained face of Carmen.

Cristóbal nursed his wounds for a few days, slept steadily (for it was some time before he could stand), and in a week was as solid as ever. In a fortnight he was radiant and strong. The first part of the education of Cristóbal was finished.

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VI

THE RED VIRGIN OF GERONA

CONCHITA MORALES was seventeen, tall, with tremendous shoulders, loose-limbed, the frame of an English country-girl. She stood out at once from her fellow-countrywomen, whose anatomy called aloud for them to sit down. She came from Gerona, the Catalan Toledo, city of scattered towers, of terraced fields, of broken stone walls, huddled antique mansions along stair streets, vast churches with the long-lingering odours of stale incense. The stones of its maze of cobbled upward-straggling lanes had been stained with the copious blood of its heroic citizenry—man, woman, child—before whom the finest soldiers of Napoleon fell back in awe. In this musty but noble city Conchita sat in the market-place with her mother—the two massed human appendages of four strings of garlic or, when luck smiled, of a dozen oranges. She chattered with the truculent housewives and, as Spaniards adore back-talk and insolence generally, made a little living for the family. Her father—a basket-weaver and cane-chair mender—had died when she was two. From that time on, the morning market was Conchita's home.

In the late afternoon she stole to the concealed rationalist school, behind the granary of the artillery barracks, to listen to a disciple of Ferrer spread to that obscure town the thought of Darwin, the wit of Renan, the anguished cry of Bakunin.

Bakunin fired her as her dead hero. He was like the sainted Francis of Assisi, the gallant nobleman turned lover of all mankind. Ferrer filled her soul as the living hero, the teacher who like Abelard led the wondering youth, boy and girl, to the heights of free philosophy. At first she commingled this worship of Francisco Ferrer with the hope of becoming his Héloïse, and, however, unlikely this attainment, it opened her nostrils, and she walked on the Alameda alongside the river, with the whole congregation of her

townsfolk, from six to seven in the evening. Upon her was the look of one chosen. All the silly geese of girls were hanging on to the sleeves of the garrison, and their endless clatter, expression of physical wants, went past; her thoughts were her own.

When her mother got employment with the retired alcalde of Gerona, a widower, as his housekeeper, Conchita was free to go. That very night she left for Barcelona, sixty miles away.

She noticed nothing of the unfamiliar city as she got out of the Estación de Francia. She only wanted to live near the Ferrer school. The dawn came, and she made inquiries. It was rumoured that the teacher was in Madrid in conference with Cossio, the educational reformer. Others said he was at London; others at his home at Mongat, near town.

She always supported disappointment easily, and so spent the day loitering along the arboured Ramblas to the Plaza de Cataluña. There in the Pelayo she wandered into a bookshop full of the varied output of the revolutionary movement. All that she had hungered for in remote Gerona was here spread out. She rummaged the fascinating shelves, and although she had but one peseta and two oranges (and these were small) she picked pamphlets as lovers pick daisies.

Into the shop walked a boy of seventeen, or perhaps more, masterful but pleasant. They looked at each other at first, with reasonable suspicion, due to the ever-present phobia of the police spy. Something released their smiles simultaneously, and the phobias vanished. They talked in a nervous hurry, introduced themselves. He offered to buy her pamphlets. She rejected the offer with strenuous egalitarian words, he was proud of her refusal, and they began walking up the Paseo de Gracia, a lifelong friendship telescoped into ten minutes. Conchita's sturdiness brought up in his moon-struck eyes the women of Walt Whitman's odes—athletic, free of mind, the beauty of their faces, the mirror of their health, their independence, their reason. What was woman in them remained more powerfully rooted than ever; what was lady was plucked out of them, that overripe fruit neglected on the ground.

They walked past the old cathedral, past the Audiencia, and in a beautifully slow stroll through the dark streets hung with washing near to the people's church, Santa Maria del Mar. They failed to

notice these survivals of man's age-long labour and hopes. All of this was soon to be swept away; it represented to them a false outlook—*ergo*, 'tis ugly. They builded purer, brighter temples of the mind. They talked with measured force about ideas, ideas, ideas. When they parted, she told him nothing about having no money, food or home. They were engrossed in a world beyond our time. It did not occur to him to ask where she lived. They were to meet the next morning in the syndicalist bookshop. Everyone was talking of a new French thinker, Georges Sorel. It was the first light since Bakunin, since Marx. So they said, at least. To-morrow they would read him on the General Strike. When they left he was happy. She was tired and not too exalted, wearied immensely by the strain of a long walk and longer discussions on an empty stomach, and the rush of a heedless, eloquent, healthy young man.

They thought that their interest in each other was in the comparison of ideas only. For the quality of their beliefs made any other idea look vulgar; it would have reduced their aspirations to the level of all others. But they seemed to need to talk over so many things, and so much, and with nobody else. And their lives were rich.

They loved to visit the fisher quarter, separated from the rest of Barcelona by the wide railway yards. Here was one of those strange settlements set apart from neighbouring influences, and retaining for centuries a crude autonomy. Trastevere in Rome has inhabitants who boast of their antique Roman stock, whereas other inhabitants of the city, they hold, are a motley of Goth and Greek. The outlying fishing town of Scheveningen in Holland, part of The Hague, despises the luxury Coney-Island resort of the ultra-rich, in the same town. Its denizens prescribe intermarriage between its hereditary clans. These and countless other settlements in Europe and Asia demonstrate how man makes his own social web, and how he imposes limits on the spread of the culture of others, despite their contiguity.

The fishermen's quarter of Barcelona had its own dreams and traditions. It was fervently religious and had stood aloof from the revolutionary industrial workers of the slum *barrios*. Like the lazy fisher town within Naples, inured to submission because of its pride in its one revolt under Masaniello, the fishers talked incessantly of how they had resisted the Bourbons, led by the Duke of Berwick,

during the War of the Spanish Succession. From that time on the record was blank.

The long rambles of Conchita and her boy were but harbingers of love, but they affected still not to note such things, as at the moment they had business in hand. What engaged their tongues was the degradation of the fisher folk, the danger that they might be employed along with the *Lumpenproletariat*, by the powers that be, against the industrial workers. They discussed the means of their redemption. The Red messiahs were looking for another Simon Bar-Jonah, to be a fisher of men.

Conchita was immersed in ethnology, and in what the Latins so justly called "human geography." It was the rightful tradition of their group, for the greatest geographer of the age, Elisée Reclus, was its most vitriolic anarchist. Prince Kropotkin, the explorer, was the anarchist Saint Paul. The English devotees of the ways and rites of men, Tylor and Spencer, were both militant individualists. In a town as saturated with ceremonial, tradition, legend, fable, ritual, as Gerona, these subjects pique the imagination, and Conchita analysed earnestly all these accidents, from the wedding ring to the band of silk and fringe worn by little boys in first communion.

There was not a syndicalist bookshop in Barcelona that had not a full stock of pamphlets, pointing out the savage origins of all the most cherished symbols, acts, and traditions of civilized man, and deducing, therefore, that only by a complete break with these survivals could a new, free humanity arise.

The fisher quarter in which the old salts recounted a thousand legends of the sea (even to the sirens) with childlike mixture of legends and lies, gave Conchita a rounded feeling of the nature of her fellow-man, although it slightly bored the very theoretical and ever so slightly priggish Cristóbal. The two companions sat in the little wineshop with the fishers, and spoke to them, Conchita earnestly and Cristóbal like a teacher. But the faith of their fathers proved too thick a barrier for them to comprehend the thoughts of the rebel missionaries. They had no resentment against the "agitators," merely a brute lack of understanding. The incertitudes of the sea were such that they preferred Saint Elmo to the red flag.

After every twilight walk, after each successive failure in

spreading the gospel, the hungry Conchita at last accepted bread and wine from Cristóbal, but carefully noted the amounts paid.

"As a free woman, my dear friend, I must repay all this, exactly as a boy chum."

"Bread and wine are good symbols."

"Cristóbal, the choir boy of Seville still lives in you."

"And always will. We can use old symbols for a new dispensation."

"Reason needs no symbols; love speaks directly and without subterfuge. Cristóbal, I always tremble at the fetishes of our faith, the red flag, the *Internationale*, the *Marseillaise*, the goddess of reason in Notre Dame, the pictures of Bakunin. Our ideals require no mementoes; otherwise, we shall soon have our catechism of pious answers, our rosary of responses."

"Would you kiss me if you loved me? Would you give me a keepsake, or is that, for you, a link with the dark past?"

"I would kiss madly any man I loved, I would shower him with keepsakes! Sweet contradiction? No."

"May I cancel your debts for our sacramental bread and wine?"

"Not until there is a body to commemorate. Forgive me, Cristóbal, if I distrust you; I see myself sacrificed; I see you somehow surviving. I feel I am doomed, I believe so passionately, I must be consumed in the service of our cause. You will always outrun your cause, you will never be lost in it."

They went back. It was the third night of their acquaintance. At first their talks were in the student routine, citing books. The feminist literature of Olive Schreiner, Ellen Key, the Ibsen plays, the Havelock Ellis studies were being popularized in Spain, and every girl in free circles remained fixed in her independence and her belief in free love. Whatever the drives of desire, neither Conchita nor her companion was anxious to venture on that subject, since she dreaded the fixed idea of all conformists—that free women accepted these ideas merely to justify with words what libertine women did without apologies. Cristóbal came upon the subject without wanting to. He asked Conchita to let him accompany her home, and not have her part from him near the Ritz Hotel, as she did every evening. She admitted to sleeping in the parks, when the watchmen relaxed their vigilance, or in the neglected plots near Montjuich.

"And when it rains?" asked Cristóbal.

"Then I either get soaking wet or hide in a doorway. But it hasn't rained yet."

"And your clothes, how do they keep so neat?"

"I work for a laundress two hours a day. That's all she requires, poor woman, but she hopes despite her poverty to give me a half-day's work in exchange for one meal and a bed."

"But all this must discourage you."

"Were you destroyed by the slums in Seville? Or street singing?"

They both felt that she could not go to a park after this discussion, so upon Conchita's suggestion, they made for the laundress's little shop, near by. Her employer was sitting in front of her place, with a giant pleated apron over her most ample skirt, talking at the top of her voice with a dozen other housewives, stretched out on the street, to counter the thickest heat of the year. Conchita asked her, if she could sleep there. Yes, if Conchita had no objection to the floor. But Conchita preferred an earthy bed to a wooden one, in the hottest of nights.

The night was thick, humid; the moon squatted, over-ripe, dirty yellow; the streets were crowded everywhere with listless men and women and overcome babies. The oven city was practically unlighted, as there was a strike of lamplighters in progress. Threading through the dark streets, with their multitude of voices, and slow-moving human floats, the two found themselves holding hands as by a need.

Cristóbal deprecated Conchita's reticence in not discussing free love, because of the distortions of the "filthy bourgeois mind," since, he contended, to fear the errors of our enemies is to become the unwilling subject of the basest of men and women. The reason and manliness of his judgment won her over, and they talked much of love, of free love, and they talked of others but they built a love for themselves.

They approached the park. It was three in the morning when they sat down with the million park dwellers, that awful night. Conchita's eyes gave way, she slept, her head bent backward on his lap, looking full into his face, as he bent over, but her eyes soon shut.

As the dawn came up, she woke, looked straight at her watching

lover, raised her head, and they kissed firmly. "Do you need me?" he asked. "Yes, I need you. I have cried out to lovers in my dreams but they fled in the dawn. Last night I did not dream, and now I see you beside me in the morning light." The face of her lover was warm with compassion, and he held her with a new fervour. The morning damp made her tremble. They clasped each other closer and closer. Their hearts were constant, their minds engaged.

In the morning they went away from each other. Later in the day, Conchita bolted from the laundress, and Cristóbal flew from his fellow-students without a moment's loss and without courtesy. They knew he was in love. The prig was shattered and the man was born. The purity of their love rejoiced him. There was a nobility in free love; it would not be used as the avenue of passion, since liberty is a road that can lead you anywhere, and he elected dedication, and not licence.

The school holiday began on the Saturday. Cristóbal eagerly suggested that Conchita accompany him to Seville, there to be shown the Santa Cruz quarter where his father had been born, Carmen had died, and he had served his priestly apprenticeship. Conchita smiled at the survivals of the picturesque in the enthusiastic boy. She ridiculed the picture-poster tradition of Andalusia and smothered under a load of jewelled, happy, rationalist reproaches the rich glowing embers of folk music, dance, and legend of the Andalusian exile. He hung on her every word; she could never be wrong.

No, they would spend their holiday, the *fiesta* of midsummer, in their own Catalonia, that theatre in which the play of their life was to be mounted, with that people whose welfare was their own.

On Saturday the picnic began. The short trip to Tarragona and Sitges in a third-class carriage found two lovers fused in happiness, making merry, exchanging jokes about Conchita being Tarragona vinegar, a sorry liquid, and the superb Cristóbal, Tarragona liqueur, and their anticipated child, Tarragona sauce, a green medley of the two. Their laughter kept the carriage gay; the benches, all open, make every third-class carriage in Spain a natural community, a travelling village tavern. They received convivial offerings of wine and sausages and bread from the snickering, mature peasants scattered over the wooden benches, always entertained by youth in

love. The carriage was crowded with bedclothes, babies, children with running eyesores, live poultry, hares, the noise of sucked bottles of wine, the click-click refrain of twenty penknives cutting loaves, the pervasive perfume of garlic and cheap oil. But it was garnished with the sauce of human kindness and merriment.

At the next station Cristóbal deliberately, even ostentatiously, bought a penknife from one of that crew of cutlery peddlers, girt at the waist with knives, that infest Spanish trains at every long stop, and broke superstition by offering it to his beloved. The peasants shook their heads. They passed the vermilion coast, watched the promontories push into the sea, pursed their lips as they passed through the innumerable tunnels, instead of taking the God-given opportunities to kiss, and smiled with delight as they watched the disappointed faces of old men and dowagers, who were waiting to chaff them and whose occasions never came.

They tried to cheat expectation. At the same time their exchange of fond and satisfied glances at their simple roguery was a steady give-away, and the older people took their meed of satisfaction in noting sagely that even the brightest children must always reveal their game.

Conchita sang a tune of her own country, like the *goigs* of Easter Eve, but with a local dirgelike line that offended the more sunny travellers from Castellón and Valencia. The *goigs* ceased on account of hunger. At the next station they bought *tostados* from the multi-pitched vendors, and regretted that they were not going on to Tortosa, lost town at the mouth of the Ebro, where the *tostados* and *madeleines* were the first in the realm. As they passed Sitges its fussy little white villas attracted their official contempt, but the sweet bay and the clean meridional charm of the beach kept them happy in anticipation of the day they would spend there on the way back from the sight-seeing splurge of Tarragona.

Tarragona station saw the exit of a thousand soldiers, the embarking of a thousand more. What was the Spanish Army created for? To supply railway-passenger traffic figures? To train them to move, suggested Cristóbal, as they moved from Cuba, the Philippines, Mexico, Peru, and the four quarters of the earth.

"As they have never fled from the poor and helpless," remarked Conchita.

"Of course not, they require some victories."

They moved away from the dusty red station beyond a veritable city of wine casks to make for the upper city, once a citadel of the Roman Empire, and alleged by untrustworthy, vainglorious tradition to have counted its two million souls when the imperial capital itself could scarce muster its million. The Tarragona people, rotten with Roman remains, surrounding viaducts like the Pont du Gard, the greatest Cyclopean walls in Europe, and a medley of assorted cathedrals, monasteries, distilleries, and studded palaces, regarded the sons of Barcelona as jabbering jackanapes, and laughed like low animals at the visitors from that Frenchified town.

The streets were crowded with Carthusian monks, sent away from darling Gaul by the tyrant, Emile Combes. The bearded saints were chattering in French, madly angered with their exile. They talked to the French-speaking visitors, but Conchita and Cristóbal taunted them with their late defeat in the home of the eldest daughter of the Church, and wished them equally hard luck eventually in Spain. "My children," replied an old French monk, "the Wandering Jews have been kept going by the curse of the Crucifixion, but at each move they have exchanged a profit out of gold. We shall hammer out our secular exile on the staves of liqueur casks." His melancholy objectivity amused them; his sanctimonious greed was funny.

The pair walked on arm in arm, catching up recurring responses, built up of comments on everything that passed, added to glosses on everything they had read, and fortified constantly by the loving agreement of the enchanted partner. They walked beside the Cyclopean walls, and as the giant stones grew and grew above them, they fancied themselves as little coloured animals, proper to the grass fields underneath those walls, and they became merry because they were so little.

They lay down in the dry grass, brown offering to the potent sun, in the immense heat, facing the azure-copper sky. Its storm warning made them long for a delicious hour before the tropic fury of the clouds would drive them to shelter. The Pelasgian wall behind them grew stupendously as they lay on their backs and looked up at the cosmic masonry. Their bodies were released from the earth, and their long shadows grew against the wall as the afternoon gained. It was the moment of the Brocken; they saw their wraiths expand, they saw themselves a thousandfold

larger, yet the more insubstantial as they gained. They closed towards each other, and a shower of kisses were exchanged by the reclined originals of those immense patterns. The more they looked at their shadows so grandly projected, and the more they saw the spectrum shades distilled through the shapes, the more closely they embraced, the more steadily they feared the shadows as a prefiguring that there was no substance to them; that they would pass into memories, recollections, dreams with each other, but that their love would never be embodied: somewhere it would fail to live. The screeching of a bird overtook their fancies, and they arose, nervous but relieved.

Cristóbal embraced Conchita with a power she had never before known or imagined; their confidence was reborn, and they walked rapidly out of the vale of Brocken images by the dusty road leading to the lower town. She tried to hold herself by her Spartan spirit; she could call nothing out of herself but the beloved of a boy.

There was no more talk, criticism, wit; there was left only the feeling that at last she felt the passion of all the other women that have ever lived before and would live in time to come. Their steps quickened, and as they rounded the corner of the lane, and the mortal walls retreated from view, they laughed at their release, and the day was again blessed. They truly forgot the prefigured world, so quickly did love, the old magician, build for them a new one.

They fled into a roadside bar as the rain broke. They took their sandwiches out of their paper satchel, and carefully, beatifically, and unitedly munched. They soon became as routine in their thoughts as in their job of eating, and routine evoked the eternal subject of anarchism and its great beauties. They had taken along three copies of the *Assiette au beurre* in which the most incisive artists and cartoonists of Europe deployed all their talents in the service of the hate they felt for money and the State. The black-squared images of Valloton ridiculing the police, the savage woodcuts of Galanis against sexual jealousy, the mordant sketches of Abel Faivre against the professional mandarins, the red-panted, white-moustached, shouting generals of Jossot, the attacks on social rank and dignities of the Russian Caran d'Ache, not to mention the genre pencil sketches of Steinlen, restored their balance and increased their appetite because it fortified their indignation.

An old street-musician rested in the bar-room during the rain and sang to the accompaniment of an equally old mandolin. In both voice and instrument, the chords were twangy. Cristóbal was moved to recount once more to Conchita his boyhood story, but he carefully omitted the fact that he had abandoned his flamencos to tickle the ears of tourists with suave Argentine tangos. He gave the old musician a peseta for the loan of his mandolin and then plucked away and intoned the continuous falsetto trill of the sons of Málaga. The rain passed as he sang, a crowd of little boys gathered, then a stray beggar, then soldiers, then civil guards, lastly local merchants and some gentry, until Conchita, rapt in the tones of her lover, found herself in the centre of a gaping crowd whose first fancy to ridicule the Southern chant was soon overcome. As he sat down for wine in the intervals of his singing, Cristóbal whispered to Conchita that the crowd had gathered by a natural law. Those who had least of earth's goods came first to listen to beautiful song; those who had most, came last to hear, for the chink of coins produced overtones too rich for them to hear anything else. The urchins stepped forward to hear the confidences. It was time to sing again.

Cristóbal then chanted the revolutionary lyrics of the men of Cadiz, during the Peninsular War, for a free constitution. These songs had moved Byron who cried their beauties in *Childe Harold*. They were not lost on the sons of Tarragona. A shower of "big dogs" and "little dogs," as the copper coins are styled, fell into the area about Cristóbal's chair. He sagely accepted, gave half to the aged musician, and retained the other half for the cause.

"Málaga and Cadiz are sisters in revolution," ventured Cristóbal, "because they sing. Scotland and Ireland have revolted more than England because of their greater treasury of folk song, and Russia is at the head of us all now, and for the same reason."

"And France, how do you account for their zeal, with so little music?"

"The *Marseillaise*," swindled Cristóbal. They laughed.

At ten at night they took the lumbering train for Sitges. It covered the short distance in two hours. They came out of the fetid, filthy carriage, tired, seedy, slow. A few minutes' walk towards the Mediterranean, and the freshness of the crescent beach cleared away the heritage of the trip. The moon was watery (the

storm from Tarragona might come up the coast), but hope was permitted. It was warm even for that time of the year. The tideless surf boiled gently, its small noises coming from rubber waves over pebbles.

Whatever fugitive and furtive hopes Cristóbal had disappeared when she suggested they sleep on the beach under a large *toldeo* of Basque cloth, perched on poles, like a Jewish wedding canopy. She answered his unspoken question. "Cristóbal, beloved, I, too, am in love with you. I live now for little else, although only a few days ago I came to Barcelona to devote myself to the Revolution. You have taken up all the room my head holds for ideas, and my body and yours don't differ one bit in their needs. I don't want to begin now. I am frightened to begin. I do not say it shall be too long; I, too, cannot afford to wait. Let us rest, dear. I cannot say more now." A quick rush of arguments came to the lips of Cristóbal, the ready formed words of free lovers for all occasions. But he did not use them.

He kissed her gently on her forehead, for the parental kiss is the sign of passion's defeat. He looked at her with much love, watched her slowly, and then, a tired young man, fell asleep. An equally tired girl soon slept beside him. The light-green dawn did not awake them, and it was now nine o'clock when the glare of the sun finally broke through the sluices under their eyelashes.

At Sitges beach they bathed in the morning. The hills beyond gave their scarlet and crimson glances; the cobalt-blue water with its translucent surface gave the lovers the sensation of a crystal paradise. Cristóbal was pleased with his proud chest; it was no longer limited by the stretched skin of adolescent growth. When he contrasted himself with the sickly yellow skins, distorted noses, and creepy build of the non-athletic scions of notaries on the same beach, he was not tempted to despise himself.

Conchita with her large English build, anatomically at sixes and sevens, looked like a strange irruption of the Goths, come once again to contest the supremacy of the land of giant pelvises and portentous hips. Cristóbal noted her jutting imperfections, but her bearing and the *élan* of her intelligence and her fineness of soul carried away this bout of observation. He thought again of their happy marriage. At the same time, it would have been better if she had typified the conventional beauty of the Spanish race. But she

was a *rubia*, with sandy hair, and that was distinguished. He reflected that English poets must have raved about girls built like Conchita. The idea was lovely, and he thought of their many lyrics, Elizabethan and Caroline, to their Cynthias and Phyllises. It suited his love: ah! Conchita was the source of all that was good in life.

The next week was spent by the lovers in going from one *barrio* to another, as the people gave their local *verbenas* or street festivals, there to dance to the music of their *sardanas* and to hear those strangely mellow horns to which Catalonian songs echo. There are evocations of the colour in Bizet's *Arlésienne* suite, especially in the farandole. The haunting melodic patterns of the *sardana* link all the people of Provençal speech from the Rhone to the Ebro, their minor key is at the service of a heroic, thoughtful, sunny people.

The old giant dolls were trotted out. Thirty-foot Moor and crusader re-enacted the eight-hundred-year-old war with wooden lances, in the streets of Barcelona suburbs. It filled Conchita with delight. She no longer disdained the traditional joys of simple folk, for love had transmuted her tastes, and now she only wished to make the joys of the people more deep, enduring, supplemented with better food, decorated with better homes. The sweet revolutionist was replacing the proud rebel girl. She waited for her meeting with Ferrer, for him to confirm with his natural authority the beauty of her new ideas.

Ferrer was expected to return to the city soon for a conference. The Red city waited enthralled for the great moment of his arrival. Revolt was in the air. The crisis of 1907 had spread from America to Spain, with the ease reserved for pests, fashions, and capitalist crises. The people were in a misery abnormal even for Spain. The parliamentary disguises that had endured from the time of the subtle Canovas del Castillo were ripped aside, for the situation no longer permitted this luxury. The royal theatre of Spain from now on had no curtain—asbestos or otherwise.

On July 26, at four in the morning, the workers' commissars passed through the slums and suburbs of Barcelona, and proclaimed the General Strike against the Moroccan War. The tramways still ran until nine o'clock, but only in order to bring the demonstrators into town.

The Ramblas were crowded as early as seven on a radiant morn-

ing. From the Rambla Santa Monica to the Plaza de Cataluña, every tree saw a thousand men. The bird and animal merchants retired, the paper stalls sold only the anarchist organ *Solidaridad obrera*. The kiosks served as a background to the tricorne patent-leather hats and the canary-yellow belts of the Civil Guard. The flower girls sold only camellias, both red and pink. Out of the Calle San Pablo on the west of the Ramblas, out of the Calle Fernando VII on the east, the proletarian "mob" swarmed into the centre, with but two aspects: the mechanics and skilled workmen in their Sunday best, the unshaven crowd of unskilled, casual labourers with shirts, their shirt bands without collars, buttoned, or in four-peseta dungarees, their total goods.

Everywhere was posted the *bando* of the military governor prohibiting organized demonstrations. Not one of these *bandos* was printed in the language of the Catalans, dialect of the people, but in an ostentatiously aggressive and highfalutin Castilian. At twelve the strike was complete, and the German General Brandeis, adventurer, ordered the soldiers to fire on the harbour workers. The crowd screamed, "Don't fire, brothers. We strike to save you from death in Morocco." The first and second regiments of dragoons, élite of the Army, retired, and left the crowd to mill in the streets.

Cristóbal and Conchita had made their rendezvous for ten o'clock in the Pelayo, at the syndicalist headquarters. They came separately and were pushed into different streets by the gendarmes. They wandered everywhere in the permitted areas in the hope that they might meet. At one point they were within ten yards of each other at the Gambrinus *brasserie*, in the *ronda* of the University. Like Evangeline and Gabriel in the Louisiana night, they passed each other, borne along on crowds, to lose each other forever.

The soldiery arrived, drove the students out of the University grounds, as the term was over, and yelled that they could fight with their eyeglasses, books, and microscopes—otherwise they were dead men. Everything went on the side of authority; there was nothing that amorphous crowd could do that had not been foreseen by the *vigilancia*. The crowd carried the seeds of destiny, but it was scattered for the moment. Whatever the workers and students thought of was of no avail. They decided to break up into little groups and come in by alley-ways, but the universal informers had them scattered on each block. Cristóbal led a group of seven into a cellar

to re-emerge on the Plaza de Cataluña and break through, but he was well beaten as they ascended from the basement, and carried off to the military headquarters, unconscious. The cavalry began attacking on the pavements, and the crepitation of muskets was heard in the distance. There were excited rumours in the jellied mass that Weyler was ordering killing without mercy, without notice. In the afternoon the mob melted away, and the authorities flattered themselves all was well.

Conchita could not get home, as the city was divided into closed areas. She could not get to Cristóbal's home, as the Paseo de Gracia especially was closed against the populace to protect the ultra-rich in the mile of luxury flats. She went mad with the impossibility of seeing him, of knowing what had happened.

The next morning, it was known that the strike had gained the province. There was no telegraphic communication, the wires were cut, the railway bridges had been blown up, and the neighbouring towns of Sabadell and Granollers had proclaimed the Commune and seized the *ayuntamientos*, as did the Paris workers in 1871. It was no longer a strike, it was revolution. By six in the morning all the rifle stores were broken into, and arms were in the hands of the people. At eight the richest ecclesiastical edifice in Barcelona, the monastery of the Æsculapian Fathers, was burned to the ground. By ten, six great churches were in flames, and the mob, with their newly acquired hunting rifles, turned back the firemen.

The temperature was 103 in the shade, the humidity over 80; the fire of burning churches and convents lit up the furnace city with flames that doubled the work of the sun. Conchita passed the cheering crowds around the burning churches, and suggested that the universality of them and the slow arrival of the firemen indicated the work of *provocateurs*. They all laughed at her, and said it was a beautiful sight to see the end of that sorry business. As telephone wires too were cut, the military governor could not ask for reinforcements, and he decided to control only the centre of the city, and, if necessary, to bombard it from Montjuich.

Conchita joined a great crowd of women and young girls singing the Riego hymn, in a strident soprano chorus, and marching down to the Hotel Falcón. They were determined to act as

shields against the fury of the military on their husbands, sons, brothers.

Suddenly out of the mass of women, a tall blonde girl was seen mounting the Teatro Liceo. She smashed the papier-maché crown and cried out triumphantly, "Viva la anarquia! Viva la libertad!" She escaped through the protecting crowd, roaring with joy. Suddenly there was a stir further down. The crowd cried, "Viva Francisco Ferrer," and a little man, bald, with a perfectly groomed small beard, came forward; the liberator of children, the guide to free learning. He spoke, alone, and apart from the crowd, to the captain of the Civil Guard, who listened (strangely enough), for he felt the awe of the people for this great man. His father had been a village schoolmaster near Huesca. He did not come of the hereditary caste of the Guard.

"I do not address you as comrade," said Ferrer, "though as a man you are that. I have come into Barcelona to-day to see a friend. I am taken aback by the demonstration, but my heart is with these people. I ask you only to observe the terms of the *bando*. So long as there are no organized demonstrations the people of Barcelona walk as they do every nightfall, in shoals, in tens of thousands, exchanging words. We attack nothing here, we are not organized. Anarchism disdains the strait jackets of imposed discipline. Read your *bando*, Captain, and let this people be." He turned to the crowd and said in a low voice, "Do not resist or struggle. There are police spies everywhere, they seek to lead you into traps, so as to redden the streets with the blood of the sons of freedom. Do not obey them, but saunter, saunter *in mass*." The last words were given in a high treble pitch and moved the laughing *vivats* of the people. The captain of the Guard posted his men and let the unarmed crowd in the Ramblas circulate, since the *bando* had been very cunningly drawn in its restrictions, due to the sabotage of the clerk of the *generalidad*, a secret comrade. The captain was a strict legalist, and if the *generalidad* were lax, let them bear the brunt of explaining to the minister of the *gobernación* at Madrid.

The crowd flowed down to the older city. A great, orderly, continuous swarm passed the cathedral steps, slowly filtering through the narrow streets and talking with warm animation, but in no way giving the impression of an organized procession. But

by that time there were forty-nine churches and convents burning, and the cathedral was surrounded by military and by innumerable detectives. Inside were huddled refugee priests, and four grandees who felt unsure of their palaces, but were confident that the cathedral would be defended to the last stone.

Suddenly a detective cried out, "The girl, the girl!" and rushed past the demonstrators. "The girl," he screamed, "who tore down the crown at the Teatro Liceo." The crowd closed around him and barred his approach. She was forced back to the cathedral steps. The crooked stairs outside Barcelona's cathedral were crowded with spectators or, rather, sympathizers, and behind them, lining the three portals, were sixty carabineers, called from the customs house to defend the other tollgate of mankind. Their rifles were aimed steadily, and their fingers moved in staccato nervousness around each trigger.

Inside the cathedral in a Cimmerian darkness, their rosaries counted over and over again in a chorus of frenzied mumbling, the priests consorted, scarcely believing in the protection of sixty rifles against the horned atheists outside.

Some of the younger priests were insolently cowardly, some were stalwart, one or two saintly, and the older ones mixed trepidation with occasional glints of common sense. Here they were, two-score or more, who, like the clods that infested the seminary at Besançon and poisoned the life of Julien Sorel, had had but one object in existence: physical safety, a sure job, a routine life, a predigested learning, and a horror of the slavery of Papa to the plough. Here were two-score of lovers of certainties, challenged by a new vitality from without, from the myriads of workers whose daily existence was a series of hazards against loaded dice. They mumbled, chattered, trembled, muttered, whispered, and here and there spoke fair, but they did not think. The Archbishop in his palace across the lane did that for them, and he was just now in conference with the Captain General as to the necessary amount of bloodshed in his flock required to keep the ark of the Lamb of God from its foes. Relief would soon come from other garrisons, and the ecclesiastical rats would emerge from their cheese-holes. But the waiting was long, and their nerves were frayed.

The girl was pushed back to the line of carabineers. The detective waved his umbrella, and shouted, "Hold that terrorist!"

But the protective shouting of the crowd drowned his demand. The soldiers asked her business, heard no reply, saw that she was unarmed and eager to enter. The corporal, a man of fifty, took a fatherly attitude, and rapped at the door for a priest to take charge of the lonely girl. The door opened to the butts of rifles, and an incredibly pimped acolyte was sent to do that which no priest dared. The frightened face was white, and the youngster almost blanched his acne as he timidly admitted Conchita Morales.

She walked into that absolute darkness. In the confessional box near by, alone, sat a parish priest from the Montserrat district, on a visit to Barcelona and caught in a burning church, from which he had fled to the cathedral. He had hidden from his brethren, whose polished, city manners he disliked, and he carried a pistol in his fringed sash. He had the lean and hungry look of Cassius, the flapping robes of Don Basilio, a lank jaw with a criss-cross black beard. He saw the girl enter, and awaited the conversation to note if she were a peril. The door failed to close. The carabineers crossed rifles but waited to know what the priests would do for Conchita. The crowd outside yelled steadily to know what was happening inside to their heroine. The mixed suspense, the outside clamour, was too much for the parish priest. With a crazy lunge forward he quickly unloosed the pistol from his sash and aimed directly at Conchita. The shot went right into her heart. There was no noise, and her body fell before the painting of Catherine of Siena.

The desecration of the cathedral moved the priests who still remembered their faith. The sanctuary of the Lord was profaned. They could not forget the martyrdom of the sainted Thomas à Becket, but their instinct was to remove the body to the outside and to purify later on. The assassin looked immensely pleased with himself. He had defended his own, and his relieved fright took refuge in a broadly etched smirk. The lank jaws took on fatness when fed with blood.

The cannibal priests were few, the babble of the horrified ones increased, and the dean cried to the carabineers to remove the body from the house of God; but they held the gate. The situation required a man of decision. It brought forward the over-elegant, parietic Duke of Hermosaculpa, who took upon himself as grandee the tasks that others dreaded. In his sixty-

year-old arms he took up the corpse of Conchita and advanced to the door. As he appeared at the portal the crowd's shoutings unnerved him, and in frenzy he hurled the dead heroine through the gate.

There the carabineers were facing the crowd, sincerely telling them that all was well and to disperse quietly. As the body came through the door and lay at the foot of the captain so eloquently reassuring, a great wail rose from the folk, and the keening of the women overlaid even the immense wailing. The captain looked down, understood, and ordered a volley shot above the heads of the people. The steps were cleared, the green line of the defenders marched with precision down to the plaza, the little square was cleared, and the afternoon sun illuminated a gloomy Gothic front, sixty uniforms of opal, and the corpse of a woman humped on the stairs.

An hour intervened before the tumbril rolled into the plaza, and the body of Conchita was taken up, to be carted like the carcasses of beasts from the abattoir, only to lie in the obscene darkness of the cellar of the police presidency.

At nine in the evening the prefect of police, the secretary of the *ayuntamiento*, and the medical authority of the city, having completed a good day's work, and having, on the whole, dispersed the workers of Barcelona, found time to descend into the cellar and there examine the corpse. They reported that the deceased had sought to lead a mob of thieves and divers criminals into the cathedral, there to pillage the sacred articles and offer them for sale; that upon her crying to the anarchist plunderers to burn, rob and kill, an unknown but heroic priest took time by the forelock and by an act of legitimate defence prevented far greater evils. The act was signed and sent solemnly to the archives, there to be a source for theses of future doctors of philosophy.

In the pocket of her old beige blouse they found thin reprints of Bakunin's *God and the State* and Paul Lafargue's *The Right to Be Lazy*. In addition they found her *cédula personal* giving the name of Conchita Morales and her home as Gerona.

It was necessary, according to the regulations, to return the body to Gerona. It would take two days until the railway line was restored. The problem was how to return the body without the workers at the railway freight yards knowing that this was

the heroic girl who had torn down the hated crown of the Bourbons from the balcony of the Teatro Liceo. To prevent a recurrence of popular demonstrations was supremely important, as there had never been a social uprising as serious, and the next might prove fatal.

The best thing, they decided, was to wait for three days, send the body in a plain goods case, heavily weighted, to the police of Gerona, confidential, without any indication of contents, and to have the box escorted by two guards, who would carry a sealed, undirected letter to the local authorities, urging a discreet burial. The Catholic training of the officials, even in Barcelona, prevented their disposing of the corpse in any easier manner. It was decided to ship the box by the luxury express to Paris as soon as it resumed service. It left at nine in the morning. On account of the heat the body was carefully frozen, so that its corruption might not reveal the contents to the workmen who handled the box.

The corpse was lifted into the large box, purposely much too long and broad, to bear no relation to a body. There the pale face lay taut, the death mask of the ancient Iberian pattern, like that of the women of Numantia who had died one and all rather than face the dishonour of Roman conquest. The red stream that flowed near her heart was coagulated, a brown valley between her firm virgin breasts, contrasted in their enduring fullness with that quickly drawn face. The crate was closed and nailed down, and the police hoped that another victim was catalogued and gone.

Cristóbal was released with hundreds of others, for want of space to imprison them. All night long he, with a heavy bandage around his head, wandered about seeking his Conchita. He spoke to several comrades gathered in the Pelayo near the smashed bookshop, but none had seen her. Finally one student came back, and, when asked the news by his companions in revolution, said that a tall blonde girl had been shot down in the cathedral. He knew nothing further as the carabineers had cleared the square. Another student ran after Cristóbal and told him that in all probability the heroine of the day was his beloved. Cristóbal rushed back to the laundress, half believing yet holding on to the forlorn remnant of common sense which called for the confirmation of chance testimony before letting go of his nerves. The nearer he

raced to the laundress for refutation, the more completely he believed. He suddenly fainted, and when revived found himself in the centre of a small but helpful group who gave him smelling salts. He questioned wildly, and was told that a clerk at the police presidency, one of the innumerable counter-spies of the anarchists, had definite proof that the body taken from the cathedral was that of Conchita Morales.

Cristóbal took the news now as though it had been known to him for ever so long, and so was enabled to bear himself better. He walked with a normal carriage, his stare fixed steadily on nothing at all. He passed by a Socialist bookshop, looked dazedly at its pamphlets, and cursed the day when Pablo Iglesias and Paul Lafargue had introduced Marxism into Spain. Had they not split the revolutionary movement, anarchism, by this time unchallenged mistress of the working class, would have been triumphant, and Conchita and he, their roots deep in the mother earth of freedom, the happiest pair of lovers that had ever been. But this silly scholar's ghost soon left him, and a terrible fury coursed in his arteries.

He could feel the blood being carried to that heart he now carried for his own body and for the service of Conchita, for hers lay torn by a bullet. The ichor of theories in his vessels slowly distilled as he rushed towards his home and was transmuted into the rich blood of revenge. Conchita had shown the way; he must follow her, he must avenge her—nothing else could justify the travail of her now extinct soul.

The workers on the Madrid-Saragossa-Alicante Railway knew the contents of the box so carefully lifted on to the train, bound ostensibly for the French frontier at Cerbère. They knew that it was to be taken off at Gerona, and the presence of the escort, two exceptionally unpleasant Civil Guards, made it certain that the body of Conchita Morales was hidden in that immense crate.

The men who lifted the case on to the train were obviously connected with the police. Spontaneously, the freight handlers constituted themselves a guard of honour. The train pulled out of the Estación de Francia, and quickly made way past the fantastic, bizarre architecture of Gaudí and the innumerable coal and lumber yards into the undulating lands immediately outside the city.

As soon as the train had cleared the district, a signal was passed on to the driver. The train went at an extremely slow pace, upon which the Civil Guards, unprepared, were attacked and calmly shoved off the open car. They gesticulated helplessly, and made a ridiculous sight, as they had unloosed their belts, and with it their arms, save for the revolver holster over their back pockets. These had been carefully extracted before their enforced departure.

The train then became the property of the workers. Mournful, thin men opened the box, and quietly lifted the body of Conchita, placed it on the crate on the open wagon, and carried it the sixty miles to Gerona, in the heroic journey to her birthplace.

As the train passed the thousand farmhouses and wayside stations of that much-travelled route, the train purposely slowed down to the pace of a cortège, and was met by the salutes of the peasantry and the railway employees. At Empalme, the name of so many stations in Spain, the junction trains called out their crew, and the *Internationale* was sung in slow chorus, although the easily loosed, emotional men found it hard to go through its many stanzas, for most sobbed terribly. The train with its improvised red flags, given by signalmen, steamed towards Caldas de Malavella, the Vichy of Catalonia, where the station was crammed with rich people, coming there for the baths, in which they hoped to find surcease from the evils of over-eating and of high living generally.

The beautifully draped body, covered with red banners, hastily improvised, however sketchily, moved even the well-to-do spectators at the spa. They saluted, and their women sobbed. Another half-hour and the train moved past even larger groups, as the station-masters at Empalme and Caldas de Malavella had telegraphed ahead to summon the countryside to tribute.

The longer the journey, the more numerous the adorers of the daughter of Gerona. The passengers in the luxury and first-class carriages wondered at the slow progress of the train and began fingering watches. Would they make proper connexions for Paris and Basel at the frontier? They were soon advised that the train carried a more precious cargo than their dreams of gain. The train stopped four times between Caldas de Malavella and Gerona. At each halt the older women came up, kissed the hand of the dead, and pressed many-coloured flowers into the lifeless

palm. The flowers so gathered, together with the rich variety of ribbons, were decked about Conchita, and, like the earth itself as the season advances, a field carpeted with red camellias was her resting place, but a field moving on an open car. The train men intoned songs slowly, and the progress of Siegfried to the Rhine was an artificial anguish of too highly wrought orchestration compared with the joined voices of the workers as they improvised their accompanying hum and song, in praise of the dead. For she had been killed by no Hagen, but by the entire pantheon of evil.

At last the station of Gerona came into view, and above it that romantically beautiful city with massed towers, set among the stone-strewn mountains. There were fifteen thousand at the station in a city that with all its children could count barely twenty thousand souls. A guard of honour had been formed of sixteen young men and women who had known Conchita well, and who had been her companions in the little kerosene-lit rationalist school dedicated to Francisco Ferrer.

Her mother sat among them, stunned, uncomprehending, wholly forgetful of her religion and traditions, at one with the splendid symphony of grief that filled old Gerona. The mounted guard had been sent out by the civil governor of the province; the military governor had the sense to forbear from action.

As the body came into sight a vast noise arose, in which the old wailed and the young cried out. In the old it was one more fact in the endless and (to them) unchangeable, evil history of the world. To the young it was the last of the barbarous manifestations of tyranny and superstition. The mixed choir of hatred and despair fused into one tribute as the body was lifted on to the plumed hearse, and the improvised brass band played the hackneyed notes of Chopin and Handel. All through the side streets past the filthy, ill-smelling tenements the procession filed by, every ugly home a witness to her who had sought to change all this.

By the covered bazaars across the latticed bridge, over the river, almost dry in its bed, with scattered rags, by the Rambla whose promenades she had so proudly regarded as one apart, by the Lycée that had formed her mind in the hours when she did not sit in the market place, the slow, silent, crowded streets bespoke the civic agony of a small city devoted to honest work. The

blazing sun lit up the trench of earth: Conchita Morales slept at home.

In Barcelona only one mourned her for longer than a few days. The city had a multitude of new sensations, and even the greatest passions in cities are so distracted that every eagle becomes a magpie. The anarchists were turned to new tasks; the laundress, after honest housewifely blubbering, had a new employee. Only Cristóbal remained to mourn the lost promise of his life.

He soon heard, as did all the young revolutionary students, of the procession of the train, of the funeral at Gerona, and at first he thought of going to her home and killing himself upon her grave.

This resolution, at first honest, came to be a pleasing fantasy of sacrifice, and the more it was repeated, the more it pleased him as a gesture. A few days later he chanced to look at a life of General Boulanger, on a secondhand book-stall, and read of how he had committed suicide on the tomb of his mistress at Brussels. The gesture was robbed of its value, since a buffoon general was also capable of it.

Cristóbal mourned her less showily. He went back to work.

VII

THE OATH OF MONTJUICH

IN September the University reopened. It was buzzing with excitement. The jails of Montjuich and Atarazan were crowded with followers of Bakunin and Ferrer. The arrests had gone on for weeks. The great leader was in prison. At the end of August Francisco Ferrer was immured in the dark fort of Montjuich. José Villafranca, brother of Soledad, the worshipped companion of Ferrer, was in prison at Teruel, as well as Cristóbal's namesake and friend, Cristóbal Litran, director of the bookshop. The government announced that they were determined to root up free thought, and confiscate the money of the Modern Schools. For Ferrer was rich; he had inherited a fortune from an enormously rich Frenchwoman for his work. Cristóbal had never known this. It fortified him, for it showed that wealth was no barrier to a life of sacrifice for anarchist ideals.

All Liberal Europe resented the imprisonment of Ferrer. The students eagerly bought Paris newspapers, printing the appeals of Anatole France to the conscience of mankind to rescue the thinker from the true sons of the Inquisition. The Paris workers threatened to destroy the Spanish embassy if one hair of his head were touched. Everywhere, especially in Brussels where Ferrer had taught, the life of Alfonso XIII was menaced by innumerable resolutions. In the meantime, the conservative newspapers of Europe all promised that Ferrer would have a "fair trial" or at least a "reasonably fair trial." They suggested that the July insurrection was the work of gangsters and pillagers from the port of Gracia. As some criminals undoubtedly had mingled with the rebels, the Conservatives smacked their lips with occasional anecdotes of plunder, as justifying the terroristic campaign of the Captain General of Catalonia.

In a few days it was known that the government proposed

to act. Barcelona again boiled and bubbled. Twelve captains of the Army were chosen as the judges of the hordes of victims. "The Bloody Twelve Apostles of Judas Iscariot," as the crowd termed them, were the theme of all talks.

The wave of strikes was passing over, but not the struggle of the Catalans to be free of the central authority at Madrid. Even merchants and capitalists lent some aid to the strivings for national liberation. Here the anarchists, with their pet theories of independent communes, fitted in snugly with the needs of the nationalist party. The political revolt of a united people replaced social strife. The government thought it best to hurry, as by their cruelty they had aroused a danger greater than the one they had suppressed. By October the frenzied people of Barcelona was prepared for open revolution.

Francisco Ferrer, the star victim, had been outside the current of revolution. He was more and more convinced that the older forms of society could be ended only after youth had been emancipated by his schemes of self-education. Thus, by learning from babyhood how to co-operate freely without compulsion, they would be fitted for an anarchist society in which compulsion was to be replaced by the joy of mutual aid. Man was perverted; he had to be remade from childhood up, before renovated society could work.

All the passionate heritage of the "natural goodness of man" of Godwin and Shelley, the theory of "natural punishments" of Herbert Spencer, had departed from a land with stupid medieval academies like Eton and Harrow, to find a fairer home among the fig trees of the Mediterranean. The government was aware that Ferrer was no immediate danger, that he had been so pre-occupied with his educational plans that he had had nothing to do with planning the July revolution. But the hierarchy recognized an enemy far more terrible than the immediate authors of revolt. They urged that he had an interest in the destruction of Church schools. He must therefore have been the captain that had ordered them burned.

On the eighth of October the prosecutor, Captain Jesús Maria Rafaelés, announced the trial for the next day, and for the first time during the case allowed the defender, the artillery captain, Francisco Galcerán, a few hours in which to examine the dossier

of charges, and to prepare his reply to thousands of pages of accusations, an underbrush of innuendoes and perjuries. The Army court, as ordered, found Ferrer guilty, but assured the press that he would not be executed until Madrid had been consulted, and that the journalists would be advised before the last act took place.

On October twelfth, Tuesday night, Cristóbal's family gave a birthday party for the seventeenth anniversary of their hope. It was now the Day of the Race, an official holiday, and the city was gay with cheery citizens, since everyone was certain they would not dare kill Don Francisco Ferrer in the face of protests from every part of the globe. Seventeen is a far more serious age in Spain than in the North, for even a king takes over full power at sixteen. To the birthday dinner were invited twelve students, six boys and six girls, and these were to dine and dance after Father and Mother conveniently left. The duenna system was gone in Barcelona.

The dining-room table was extended to the full, all the leaves were carried in by the invited company, a great-horned tin gramophone was borrowed from the music-store, and wheezy records of tangos were played. The table itself, with twelve red-plush chairs, hired from the caterers, and one throne chair at the head, looked like a banquet given by the Council of the Indies or the Archbishop to his coadjutors. Cristóbal took the head of the table. He never left it to dance between courses, as he was troubled by the contrast between the gay company present and the empty chair, at the other end, that should have been for Conchita.

The young Conde de Esmeralda (nominally a Liberal) said jokingly under his toothbrush moustache, "Your parents, God the Father, and the Mother of God, having left us, oh, Red Messiah, where is your Paraclete?" To which Cristóbal answered with ritual fire, "Conchita Morales, in a grave at Gerona." No one replied. They all had heard of her, but as none of their cameo emotions endured a week, they felt uncomfortable at any sign of fidelity. They danced again.

When the birthday party was over, Cristóbal followed the Conde de Esmeralda down to the police post in the Caspe. He watched outside, and through the opened door saw the careless

rascal. Cristóbal had all along suspected this gilded sprout, the favourite of his mother.

He saw two guards leave at once for his home in the Paseo de Gracia. His preventive arrest might have been ordered. He came near the house, and saw them lingering outside. "I shall never see another birthday," he thought. "To-morrow I'll fight alongside the other boys, and they will get me." It was two in the morning, and he walked down to the Plaza de Cataluña, to the old town eventually.

The streets were full of crudely armoured cars—rambling De Dion-Boutons, Léon Bollées, and Panhard-Levassors, the dinosaurs of automobiles. The avenues were alive with soldiers with fixed bayonets. The animation of Barcelona is always intense at two in the morning, but the café terraces for a wonder were deserted, and thousands of cavalrymen were about, the officers carrying their swords over their shoulders, ready for action. Even in an oft-occupied city like Barcelona, this was extraordinary.

Cristóbal crossed the plaza, past serried ranks of Civil Guards into the Calle Santa Ana, where he went to a little hotel. There he instructed them to awake him at nine in the morning with a large bowl of black coffee, for he could no longer hold out, and he knew that he would not be refreshed with only six hours' sleep.

The thirteenth of October dawned, the red glow of that dawn foretelling the sanguine day. By ten o'clock the working-class quarters were full of volunteer riflemen. For once the government did not waste its time in *bandos*, but acted without laws, decrees, or any other paper forms. By the time Cristóbal descended, the streets were barred; he could not get out of the Calle Santa Ana into the Rambla. He returned to the little hotel, and, like the boy he was, chuckled at the discomfiture of his respectable parents wondering at his fate. At eleven the *valet de chambre* came in, his face pitifully fallen, and crying. The rumour was about Barcelona that that morning in the trench of Santa Eulalia at Montjuich a firing squad of infantrymen had, in defiance of the solemn engagement of the Army, murdered Don Francisco Ferrer. They had killed the noblest man in that dread fortress whose dark mass intervened between Barcelona and the sun. The censorship was

absolute. Cristóbal received a physical blow. Injustice has no limits, effrontery no end.

When he recovered, he saw that the occupation was relaxed. The censorship was absolute, but the city was under strict military control; the *francs-tireurs* from the windows had been captured, and order restored. Individual citizens were allowed about their business if they carried proper papers. No groups were allowed, not even two women together. It was high noon. Horrified at the fate of the soul of Spain, Cristóbal walked out of the hotel with nearly paralytic steps, past the crude *mitrailleuses*, and the long files of men in blue, brown, green—the infinite corps of social order.

The story was known all over Barcelona within two hours. There was no further need to conceal the assassination, and semi-official advices were posted throughout the city. Suddenly a song was heard from every street. The "Hymn to Ferrer," composed the night before by a blind singer in a harbour tavern, and spread through the city as fast as the waves of sound. It inspired hopeless street-fighting in a few *barrios*, and some improvised barricades gave the appearance of civil war. But the government had well calculated the effect of its unwonted murder. The populace was stunned with grief. So far from their dread sorrow spurring them on to avenge their fallen one, so great was their reverence for that kind heart, that it seemed as though some giant force of sheer evil was stalking the earth, to extinguish the children of the light. So thought the people of Barcelona.

So thought the rest of the nations. From every corner civilized men of diverse beliefs hurled reproaches at the barbarous state. In 1909 it was firmly believed that no one in Western Europe could suffer death for social or religious opinion. There had been no other execution since 1820, even in Spain. In England, Joseph McCabe led the proud dirges of the rationalists, and the former Franciscan professor of theology withered the poisoned fruit trees, carefully planted by the hired apologists of oppression. In Paris the first united front ever witnessed, between anarchists, socialists, and ironical liberals like Anatole France, culminated in an attack on the Spanish embassy in its frozen, grey-stone mausoleum opposite the formal Parc Monceau. In New York young idealists formed the Ferrer School in the

Harlem ghetto, and endowed Ferrer colonies for children. Not since the days of Mazzini had a name meant so much to the pooled generosity of nations. Yet in Barcelona the censors concealed the knowledge of this universal sympathy from the mourning citizenry.

The Barcelona men knew but little in the few days after the uprising was suppressed, but their hearts taught them the true import of what had just passed. French newspapers were smuggled across the Pyrenees by the same mountain smugglers who carried over tobacco and laces. They were translated and read in thousands of poor homes, in the mean gathering-places. Cristóbal read them to the students, not too conversant with English, French, Italian.

Ferrer dead was the living prophet of Spain. It was not so much the quality of his teachings that had endeared Francisco Ferrer to the people, but the very Passion of Christ, now lived again in another cause.

Hundreds of thousands wore black across their lapels and coat arms. Cristóbal bought a cordovan-leather belt, on the inside of which were fired in red letters the last words of Ferrer:

HIJOS MIOS, APUNTAD BIEN, NO TENEIS LA CULPA.
SOY INNOCENTE. VIVA LA ESCUELA MODERNA!
(My children, aim well, you are not to blame. I am innocent.

Long live the Modern School!)

For a fortnight Cristóbal wandered daily after mechanical attendance at his classes, especially in the late afternoon. In other lands, the Modern School was just another pedagogue's phrase; here it was vibrant with the emotion of freedom and a new, glorious life. He strode up and down the Paralelo looking up towards the dread mass of Montjuich, which grew more and more opaque, the better to hide that which had passed within its accursed moat. The harbour was crowded with the ships of lands overseas. Their sailors shook their fists impotently at the hideous hill on which a champion had fallen. Cristóbal saw them as he walked along the quay beside the bleak customs house, and passed the monument of Columbus, he who had suffered so much derision for seeking new worlds. He turned to look at Montjuich, more grim and solid than ever, and framed vain resolutions,

without any substance, to be worthy of his Columbus namesake, and level it to the ground. He would do it in some wild way, not yet defined in his fevered, revenge-soaked brain.

Time and again he went back to the University. It had reopened after an interval of disorder, but what was taught had no longer any vitality.

Cristóbal dramatized himself as the transfigured aristocrat, like Bakunin, like the Russian Dekabrists, the true avenger of the workers since he took up not only the burdens common to all men, but renounced privileges into the bargain. But a shrewd suspicion that the Pinzón origin had a touch of the Apocrypha reduced his inflated pretensions, and an inward honesty at last took the place of the thousand postured, imaginary speeches and attitudes with which he had wasted his days.

Upon the third of November the public was again allowed to parade through the open land near the Montjuich fort. Cristóbal advanced to the base of the *enceinte*, there to look closely on the death-trench of Francisco Ferrer. He looked upon the city of Barcelona and saw the immense bulk of the Tibidabo north of the town, and beyond that he fancied he saw the great granite mountain of Montserrat, resting place of the Holy Grail, to which the simple steps of Parsifal had turned, and where the youth, pure in heart, met his great satisfaction, his overwhelming peace.

Why had the picture of the pure young man not come to him before? It had haunted the imagination of the folk. The handsome young prince alone is fit to take the spell off the sleeping beauty in the woods, it is youth that re-arises with the seasons, the Syrian women sang of Tammuz, the young god that released all that was dark. Youth as liberator, youth as fulfilment: where better than in the land of Montserrat, home of the Grail and of Galahad? There swam before his eyes the painting of Millais on the chapel wall of Eton College. There the Pre-Raphaelite boy looks forward with a clear eye to a life of purity and devotion. This picture was before them—the sons of the first gentry in Europe—in their daily prayers.

He was as pure as Galahad, too, for the love of Conchita Morales had escaped the flesh through the bullet of the priest. It was not their wedding that had been consecrated before the altar but a deadly divorce. Upon this very hill, where the greatest crime

of the age had been accomplished, the pilgrim must take his vow to reach a higher mountain, a purer eminence.

His head swam with that divine invocation to intellectual beauty in the "Prayer on the Acropolis" of Ernest Renan. He had come from the chorus of the six at Seville cathedral; Ernest Renan had come out of the choir of Treguier under the linen skies of Brittany, and renounced, also, the perfume of the Church for the native flowers of reason.

Youth! The Dark Ages in Spain have thrown down their blood-stained gauntlet. Spirit of Francisco Ferrer, let me answer them now.

THE OATH OF MONTJUICH

I swear by the truths revealed through science, by the light to our feet given by the philosophers, by the spirit of the people who work, by the passion of the scholars from which they take no bread, that from this day on the teachings of our Ferrer will be spread by me to all the ends of the earth; that Liberty, which no men hear now through the deafness imposed by the priests and the rich, shall come into their ears with a musical persuasion so lovely that its harmonies shall infect their minds and their souls be stirred to action.

I swear that I shall serve youth to make for themselves forges, workshops, homes, books better than those of their fathers, whose ancestral wisdom shall be passed on, purged of their fears.

I call on my fellow-students to witness that I seek no laurels, but that the palm leaves shall be placed in my hands that I may wave them only before the stricken and the beaten, that they may again take courage and rise to the full estate of men. I ask, O intellectual spirit, that what I learn shall not satisfy vain curiosity, nor the idle passion of man for the ornaments of the mind, but be cherished by me only in so far as it aids me to serve my fellows in useful ways.

Preserve me, O ideals of Liberty, from the corroding vice of cynicism, from the steadying hand of a warning sanity. Let me be steadfast among the mockeries of the successful, let me stay far away from the nice balances of the cautious. Let me drink of the divine frenzy of fools with the greater pleasure, that it serve the cause of Truth.

Keep me from serving first the promptings of the body's needs, so that they may take their happy place after I have served the beauties of the mind and heart.

I swear to avenge you, Francisco Ferrer, teacher and anarchist, and you, Conchita Morales, beloved and anarchist. Let no one plead he killed you by orders or by frenzy, cursed be the servant of orders. Let their destiny be fulfilled in their punishment! Let no one shame us for our brutal needs: vengeance has brought low all the enemies of the people. Great is its beauty, for it has unloosed all life. *I swear that I shall prove worthy in my own person of this high resolve.*

Cristóbal rose from the ground, and the automatic cadences of his prayer kept pursuing each other through the dusk as he clambered down to the Paralelo. He walked with briskness towards his home. It seemed strange that for the first time in nearly a month the streets seemed filled with good people and the shop windows were pleasing to the eye. His oath had cleansed him of captiousness, had released him from that topical obsession with minute criticism that is the badge of forward-looking but irritated men. The lights of the Plaza de Cataluña were gay, nostalgic, warm, romantic. The wayfarers seemed to have had their sorrows lightened.

He would come back to the family. Instead of challenging it from point to point, he would rather seek to remould his own character first. He kissed his father and mother profusely and with warmth. They were touched, for they had been sorrowed at his remoteness from their everyday interests.

Don Francisco had not quarrelled with him since the Ferrer tragedy, and felt his new love to be the reward of common sense and good management. Doña Isabella attributed it to her zealous and exceptionally numerous intercessions before the Immaculate Conception niche of the Madonna.

The evening was spent at home with his parents. There was an air of quiet content about. Don Francisco stayed away from his circle, Doña Isabella from her cronies, and Cristóbal from his rebel friends and his long musings. When coffee and liqueurs were served in the salon, the maid announced a visitor, no other than the octogenarian Don Antonio de Hoyos, notary of Palos.

He had not written, for he felt certain that the Pinzóns would

be overcome with joy by this surprise, as indeed they were. It really was difficult for the old man to disengage himself from the lavish embraces of Don Francisco, and the filial smacks on his ageing cheeks of the Doña Isabella. Cristóbal solemnly kissed the hands of the old man, who patted the bent form of the tall son, and kept on screaming with a high-pitched delight to see what a wonderful man he had grown up to be . . . "and such a yellow baby, too."

Fifteen years had passed. He had corresponded with the punctilious Don Francisco who had repaid him several times over for his kind support of the family when they were at the bottom of their fortunes. He had been invited, he explained, to the christening of a great-great-grandson, but his remote descendants had invited so many from nearer Barcelona that they had no room left for the fertile source of all these generations. The Pinzóns took him into their spare bedroom, where a downy feather bed was to warm his aged bones.

"Think of it," he cackled. "I created them all in my old bed at Palos, and nary a bed for the old man now. My wife is dead now. I did not write you." As the condolences began, he cut them short. "Our days were over, in a way of speaking, so what difference, my friends? Yes, I am healthy about such matters. A eunuch, an old man, a priest, if faithful to his vows, what difference? Improve the appetite, that's what I say." Cristóbal needed no secret of longevity; it was revealed, a supernal obtuseness. Yet Don Antonio de Hoyos was the most generous of men, the most loyal of friends.

"By the by," he cheerily commented, "they murdered this Ferrer here last month. Swinish business, that. Thought we were more advanced. Well, Spain was rotten when I was young, rottener still now. Bad effect of Don Antonio de Hoyos. Well, well, one rotten apple in a barrel. When I die, the source of infection is gone."

He munched countless sandwiches, sipped coffee, and kept talking with a frantic cheery garrulousness. He recited the history of all the families of Huelva, Palos, and the Rio Tinto lands, including remote connexions of the Pinzóns, with the precision and dryness of a parish register. And then he came to the great news.

"What I have to tell you will make you sneeze! Your trusted old friend Jones has sued his three brokers in London for part control of La Fortuna. What a stench! Don Francisco, you must know all about it, surely."

"No, no, go on." The three Pinzóns all bent over.

"Well, Jones shows up in their high courts before a man in a glued wig. The three brokers paid for my trip to London, as I have all the titles of La Fortuna still in my register. What a place! Well, on to my story. I never had seen Jones. Sandy-haired, sandy-faced, sandy-eyed. I expected him to run through an hour-glass. The other three look pretty much like they did when I saw them, only one wears a monocle. This Pately: he married some money, and they say he no longer pays for the upkeep on his first wife's grave."

"What happened in the trial?" Don Francisco asked.

"Oh, the trial? To be sure, yes. Well, Jones shows a paper dated September, 1892, before your Cristóbal was born, in which he is to send you recommendations of them, and give them his co-operation, for which he was to get one-third of the company. He told the judges that without his help, the deal could never have been done. So who walks in but a duck in white whiskers, like a shaving-stick. He speaks English, but it is Don Ermenegildo! They hired him to come from Rome, where he's still an under-under-something in our papal embassy. He testifies for Jones."

"I had worked that much out by myself," commented Don Francisco, white in the face, and tapping a pencil on his knees.

"Well, what is more to the point was that they had prepared another agreement, also in that month, whereby the brokers were to sell you the idea of a voting trust. They were to arrange for Jones to act as agent for the trust. So, in other words, when they borrowed on shares, Jones did just the opposite. He sold the same quantity of shares they bought, so that they never really lost any money at all. But the trust appeared to lose it, and only your shares were wiped out when they had to pay the bankers back for the money advanced. Then with the profits Jones made as agent they bought back La Fortuna. God, this is all a bore! Let's talk about something less dead. My great-grandson here——"

"Just a moment," said Don Francisco, a bit sternly. "The bankers got a debenture on the company—what happened to that?"

"Oh, that, it's like a sausage skin that has different stuffing all the time, but it's always the same old skin. The debenture was for £170,000. The four bought it back from the bankers with the profits they made doing the opposite of what you did. But they kept it in the bank's name. Although it was transferred, it was endorsed in blank."

"That's why the record shows no sign of anything ever having happened, Papa," interjected Cristóbal, who was full of the business. "But what happened to the preference shares? They no longer have a market, yet the business has prospered, and they should be worth a good deal."

"You youngsters certainly can wear out an old fellow like me. That's what I was coming to. The company was run to the ground for a year after they secretly got hold of the debentures. So they got the preference shares down to a penny, as the company looked headed for the rocks. They formed a syndicate to buy these in, slowly, and they got practically all by skilful buying. Then when they had to divide, they tried to dish Jones out of his third, as it was in these shares that the profits lay. They pleaded the agreement had a time limit in it. Jones pleaded that the time limit was conditional on his not offering to pay, and that he had done so. Let's forget it. What headaches I got in London from the fogs and the translator! It was terrible."

La Fortuna was now worth £3,000,000.

Don Francisco was shaken, but his duties as host were paramount. He responded gaily to the thousand senile jokes of Don Antonio. There was much singing of *seguidillas*. And so all to bed.

A minute later the unhappy father came into his son's room, and began a long recapitulation of the story of La Fortuna, so admirably chronicled that it showed that every waking hour of his life had been haunted by the lost millions. He urged his son with frenzy to forget his "paper ideas," to carry on the family vendetta to a finish, and to bring misery on three English families, and, above all, one Welsh one.

"Their children, at least, are innocent, Papa."

"No. Was Carmen guilty? Who destroys a man destroys a family." He was not the Barcelona business man, but the provincial of Palos, gone back sixteen years even in his very accents.

Strangely enough, his adjuration to the Hannibal of the Pinzóns was listened to more warmly than for many years. The oath of Montjuich contained the praise of vengeance, and his father's injustice could be included in the great bazaar of wrongs to be redressed. He went to bed, exhausted by a month of misery, and was at last wholly refreshed and recovered.

His powerful sleep was interrupted by a dream in which an antique theatre like that of Dionysus at Athens was crowded with a grotesque audience of the innumerable costumes of all the countries, ages, and conditions of the children of men, but without bodies. The multitude of clothes, from bowler hats and check suits to Roman togas and Russian peasant blouses and bloomers, applauded by shaking sleeves or agitating fringes on their hems. As he arose, black as a Negro, brandishing a Toledo sword, Francisco Ferrer stood back of him, smiling, approving. Then the scene shifted to Christ on the Passover night, and Elijah came in after a twenty-years' absence. He looked like Don Antonio de Hoyos, tasted the chalice, twelve young guests laughed, and all cried, "To Jones . . ."

VIII

DISILLUSION

THE bullets that killed Ferrer killed an age. Spain became lead-grey with discouragement. Even the older people wearied of the decades of sham battles between Liberals and Conservatives. They sought refuge in the irenical skill of Canalejas, sage reconciler of the surface disputes of the richer class. They accepted his leadership with relief but no enthusiasm. A real *fin de siècle* carry-over, ten years later than in other lands, passed over the once impassioned citizenry. The sequent years were easy in money matters, uneasy inwardly, but they gave a gloss of self-satisfaction.

The temporary triumph of a colourless government, however much it may have assisted other Spaniards, brought no premiums to the house of Pinzón. The business of Welsh anthracite took sudden and ever harder bumps. Throughout Europe the promise of 1905 was stifled—in Russia by reaction, in France by prosperity, in England by the new demagogic system of Lloyd George. Whatever his sincerity, Lloyd George's outward show was brave, and his budget thunders scared the South Wales mine-owners, who increased their prices to cover the increased taxes they feared. But since inwardly every intelligent capitalist felt that a Lloyd George could not really mean business, Don Francisco shaved his profit margins to compete. With the militancy of the miners' union in South Wales and the subsequent formation of the triple alliance of coal and land and sea transport among British workers, Don Francisco's deliveries were infrequent, his prices erratic, and Polish mine-owners in Dombrowa, Russians in the Donetz, and even Pennsylvania exporters took away his last customers. The family income was near zero, the savings were nearly exhausted, and for the third time Francisco Pinzón was down. They had but one servant, an apprentice slavey from Aragon.

Spending money for Cristóbal was reduced, at first in infinitesimal doses, but afterwards in quickened successive prescriptions, so that the joys of study remained the only solace for the diffused benevolence of his last two years at college.

He needed money. His dress was shabby, he could no longer buy books and pamphlets like a *grand seigneur*, he blacked his own boots, he shaved himself (in Spain the next door to the poor-house), he pressed his trousers at night in the kitchen. Doña Isabella, by now stewed in successive defeats, helped in the cuisine.

Cristóbal came home almost every spare hour. Even the Paralelo cafés were too dear. With a sharpness and bitterness that surprised him he discovered the importance of his studies. He had never before suspected money was so important. As a beggar boy, he reflected, he had been fearfully corrupt and mendicant, in deforming his songs to get bread, but then there was nothing else he could do. But one day when he passed a fearfully *richissime* haberdasher's shop on the Rambla de Cataluña and hungered after the striking cravats just imported from Edouard et Butler, Place Vendôme, Paris, he started and asked himself whether the roots of the beggar boy of Seville were not firmly imbedded in a poisonous soil of covetousness.

The oath of Montjuich soon appeared either mere inflation or else as a direction of the heart about which a poor and helpless boy could do nothing. He would visit the hill where he had taken his solemn vow. It fortified that which badly needed support. He wanted money. He missed it more and more.

One day a mother and two children, in the extreme of misery, solicited a coin. He could not give alms, and was so irritated that he was harsh. This was new. At first he consoled himself with justificatory balm. He recalled all the revolutionist diatribes against charity, as a dodge, a snare, an illusion, a petty-cash payment by the powerful to avoid detection and vengeance by their victims. But the old lady sunk in misery was worthy of human aid, of human love. For the first time he had been cruel: his texture was becoming rough. He felt ashamed. He walked with a sick-air, uncertain.

The descent to poverty took two years, from seventeen to nineteen. As long as there was ample spending money he had been generous in heart and mind, as well as in purse. He was

frightened at the idea that the revolutionary impulse he had entertained was simply his mistress, exactly as other rich young men spent their surplus on ladies of the chorus.

All the monsters he had conjured away in the oath of Montjuich came back and leered at their fallen protagonist. As in the multiple horrors of Breughel and Jerome Bosch, in his dreams tongues spat out at him from the seats of pants, skeletons defecated green ordure on a book with the gilded title *Cristóbal Covetous*. He would shake himself and see before him, declaiming at an even pace in the class-room, the colourless professor of ethics, official damper of the soul, by order of the King. The professor washed out all ideals with the potent bleaches of a mechanical and realistic attitude to such ideals.

Cristóbal was assigned the task of the third-year essay on the moral philosophies of Lévy-Bruhl, then pontiff of the Sorbonne, and of the overlord of anthropology, Émile Durkheim. He was steeped in their speculations. They denied the existence of any morality except that of a social group which was imposed by custom in each society for the specific purpose of survival, or in rare cases retained in rites; a vestige of past needs.

He was even more entranced by the downright position of the English casuist, G. E. Moore of Cambridge, who held that "good" is an indefinable, simple concept, like "yellow." It was an adjective that could not be reduced to other terms. The sages, from Plato to Bentham and Herbert Spencer, were all mistaken. If it was indefinable, then the idealists were wrong. The utilitarians who sought the good in the useful were wrong. The biologists who sought it in survival were deceived. Moore decided after all that what seemed "worth-while" (not "good") were the æsthetic perceptions and personal affections!

Just what the doctor ordered. What Cristóbal really lacked was money, the key to æsthetic enjoyments, and love, for he was lonely.

The French maxim-makers and aphorists had been correct, after all. Moral characterization was a work of art, not a God-given criterion. There was nothing to strive for, no passion that any man could say was warranted by anything other than his tastes and the interests dictated by those tastes. How did anyone know the workers were worth struggling for? How did anyone

know they were "robbed"? The discouraged youth with chameleon quickness took on the reflection of the grey skies of despair.

Cristóbal sought to recover in the brazen affirmation of the needs of youth that which his pocket-book could not buy for him. One could recover by cruelty in a few years what a lifetime of struggle for the poor could never give.

He became dreadfully bumptious and steadily less attractive. He was harder in ideas that he defended with acrimony rather than with exaltation; not at all kind, less generous, even where money was not involved. At last at eighteen, loosed from all loyalties, he followed in the wake of boys he had despised and became a client of licensed houses of prostitution. His attitude towards women changed easily; he became boulderish.

Don Francisco could sense what was going on. He did not like it. He was obsessed with impending bankruptcy, and wavered between making his son a doctor of philosophy at Paris, or, since it would be difficult to raise the funds, finding a brilliant business opening for him. In this way Cristóbal could make his way, and be the better equipped to carry on the secular feud. But he urged nothing on Cristóbal, for he was prudent enough to know that youth is more responsive to good management than to homilies.

His mother, far more obtuse, liked his new character. He resembled much more closely the sons of her friends. One might soon be able to talk to him of an arranged marriage without encountering large words. Perhaps he would understand how valuable the Church is for careers, and stop babbling about the "truth." As to his lack of sweetness and generosity, bravo! In later life they would keep him out of the twin orbits of poverty and disenchantment.

She looked forward to a son with a good digestion and an intelligent but distant attitude towards others' sorrows. In short, like many a good Christian, she implicitly condemned the folly of Jesus, and opted hard for the viewpoint of Pontius Pilate, that solid and cautious politician.

Cristóbal was now assigned to the laboratory of Professor Turro, and there met the most curious of young men, Carlos Schultz. Cristóbal was washing some test tubes when a mon-

strous voice thundered, "You damned fool, don't you know your table is number five? *Dummkopf*, haven't you the brains to know your superior and ask him for instructions?" Cristóbal hurled the test tube at the son of noise, and cut him across the forehead. The cut was not deep. The victim nearly blubbered but looked respectfully at the man who had resisted him. He was an obese young man, with platinum hair and a high-blood-pressure face at twenty. He walked mechanistically, had a close-cropped head, eyeglass frames in nickel with large earpieces, always shouted, spoke Spanish with a grammatical exactness that was irritating, always corrected natives on their accent, in short, behaved like the celebrated Professor Knackfuss that Hansi had made the beloved butt of French nurseries.

At first Cristóbal could not credit the man before him. He nearly walked with the goose step of the Prussian *Leibregiment*.

The injured German went forward and shouted, "I demand your instant apology or I will inform the direction."

Cristóbal bowed and said, "It is my habit to cut bullies on the forehead. However, your training, I note, makes it impossible for you to ask anyone for anything except in this tone. Hence I tender apologies."

The German, flushed with a halfpenny triumph, insisted on further concessions.

"You have insulted my nation in insulting my training. I insist as a German on immediate withdrawal of those remarks."

Cristóbal, now heartily amused, said, "Oh, the devil, then take your apologies," and the German, bowing, said, "I am satisfied." They parted, but before going the German bowed again and said, "Karl Schultz, *jetzt* Carlos, Dortmund."

Cristóbal bowed and said, "Cristóbal Hernando Salvador Wilfrid Pinzón, Palos."

As they left, the German saluted also by lifting the back of his hat when his back was turned. This was hard to reciprocate.

He was in every sense the white-haired boy of the laboratory. Meticulous, thorough and imaginative, he left far behind the prouder amateur spirits of Barcelona. He had only been in Spain six months. Apart from German vocalization, his fluency in the language was such that one would have thought the demon of the Tower of Babel was in him and taught him the tongues of

men without difficulty. He occupied every minute in experiments, or in summaries of his researches, or in beautifully drawn diagrams. When all else failed, he seemed to be writing verses in an unknown script. When he appeared next day Cristóbal addressed him in the friendliest manner, and Carlos Schultz, friendless in Barcelona, was pleased to have company.

He was very rich. His father had the monopoly of cast-iron pipe importations from the Ruhr into Spain and Portugal. As most of the engineers in mine and mill in the peninsula were Germans, he had a superb business. Carlos was to remain in Barcelona for only three months more, and was doing his university work there by permission of the technical-school authorities in Berlin. His father wanted him to perfect himself in Spanish before he became a "one-year volunteer" in the German Army. He loved Spain, it was romantic. He loved the South, no one could be more full of "Dost thou know the land where the orange tree blooms?" and all the dreams of the azure Middle Sea that impelled Goethe and Heine and Nietzsche to lyric outbursts. Yet he had reserves. Of course, hygiene and education were defective, in Spain.

Apart from his training, Carlos Schultz was not conspicuously German, in a negative sense. He did not disparage the French, for a wonder, and never once mentioned that they were *all* decadent. He had a weather eye askance for England. Its star was setting to make place for the rising German planet. For him the issue was so obviously decided that he could afford to be generous.

After these nonsensical national commentaries he immediately set about to impose his world philosophy on Cristóbal. Such mighty, immediate zeal took the hitherto unchallenged Cristóbal by shock. He listened open-mouthed to the Rhineland student, a dynamo fed by beer and sentimentalism.

Cristóbal suggested they walk but Carlos preferred beer halls. They divided their time between Oro del Rin, Gambrinus, and the Heidelberg beer emporiums. They all had the tact to have put up wreathed oil paintings of Wilhelm II in a place of honour, and no Spanish pictures whatever. The arms of Franconia, Allemania, and Suabia decorated each pillar. Beer was served in immense seidels. Above the already overfleshed consumers were pictures of bovine-eyed, large-cheeked, blonde-braided, and blonde-waterfall-

haired ladies, with large breasts covered by some indefinite voile floating about here, there, nowhere. Also the inevitable castles on the St. Goar segment of the Rhine.

"I don't like to walk in the town," said Carlos. "That is, I like walking but only on a *Studentenbummel*. That you get in your free wandering year. That's why we Germans are so broad-minded. We go as free hearers from college to college one year. But there's no use bummeling in Spain. Whenever you get to the top of a mountain there's no restaurant there." He was serious. "Then again," he added with real despair, "Latin countries are terrible in another respect. The first time I was in Paris I asked for the lavatory, and they showed me a hole in the ground. I thought, this is not a people of culture. It was narrow-minded but natural. We have a philosopher who declares that the stages of culture can be determined by the toilet conveniences. I think that's far-fetched, don't you?" Cristóbal did not even smile. "But it stops my bummeling. Everywhere in the country when I want to sit down, I can't. It's disgusting. In Germany even among our peasantry . . ."

"Surely," interrupted Cristóbal, "your mind can think of other things than toilet seats."

"Why?" cheerily observed Carlos. "Man is a machine. That is no longer a fashionable idea in Germany, but I think so. That's why I like your Professor Turro. He is a real materialist, and it is a scandal that only in France he is known and honoured. He has ended the mind. I watch the guests come into restaurants, and I get a fantasy, but with what gusto! I can see them digesting as they eat, and making blood and waste. So I laugh because I do the same. So I say to myself, man is a sponge whose flesh soaks up blood and exudes sweat. He is a sponge climbing up his own fecal pole. That's what worms are lower down. There you can see it—that's all we are but more complex."

"But it is all very filthy," was the trite commentary of crushed Cristóbal.

"You are narrow-minded and afraid of your body, that's why you have such large ideas. You are afraid to be an animal. Not me. In America they have a Mr. Fletcher who's converting professors like Chittenden and Lusk."

"The great Chittenden!"

"Don't use words like 'great.' They convey no meaning. I am a scientist, I like meaning. Well, Fletcher shows we eat ten times what we need—that is why our waste is so horrible. If we masticated properly we should eliminate once a week."

"Stop!" said the outraged romantic. "Let's talk about something else."

"All right," cheerily went on Carlos, "I will, you coward. By the way, do you like servant girls? That is our family weakness. My uncles all got into trouble with servant girls. Fritz and Heinrich had to educate their illegitimate children . . ."

"For heaven's sake, can't you think of something else?"

"What else? We are all animals. Eat, drink, sleep, stay with women—what else?"

"Science, reason, art, ornament, exercise, romantic love, avarice, ambition—there are a thousand things to delight in. Even an animal like a dog loves to play."

"Oh, I agree with you. I only think of now. We are in a *bummel*-age, no? Later on I shall be old enough for a romance. Then, later, I shall settle down and make money. Everything in its time, you know."

"Everything at once, and let me drink to the full," cried Cristóbal.

"You're crazy," said Carlos. "Besides which you will fail. One must be organized."

The terrible boy, walking Cristóbal home, grew *schwärmerisch* about the beauty of the sunset in fluent phrases copied from Goethe. Cristóbal was not impressed. The Carlos Schultzes never leave a changed setting behind them; they fit in piece by piece into the vulgar mosaic of society. That night he wondered if a materialist viewpoint, such as he was getting, would lead him to such a mixture of sentimentalism and the animal as he had just heard.

The next day Professor Turro's laboratory was crowded with students. The rather easily acquired mechanical results of his experiments were considered by them as the tomb of religion and philosophy alike. The sharp Latin noses poked at the graphs, the grey eyes vied with the black of Valencia and the blue of Vizcaya in laughing at the miserable reactionary Germans with their vitalism like that of Driesch, the salon-mystic French with

their Bergson, the evasive English with their pompous James Wards, as Turro demolished the lot. Cristóbal regarded Barcelona as the centre of the world and was proud to accept the long tradition of La Mettrie and Holbach and to consider man a machine. Carlos Schultz took notes with care. He opined a contradiction or two.

Without the Andalusian wishing it, the influence of Carlos overflowed on Cristóbal's sceptical nature. One night he went with Carlos to a small house of prostitution for, as the German apostle preached, "Don't go alone. It resembles solitary vice." Cristóbal did not know how to resist him.

When in the sexual embrace with a stout peasant girl from the uplands, who had the exciting powers that come from fresh milk and cheese, he abstracted himself from his own actions. Pedantically, amused, he watched the predetermined play of muscles on the face of his purchased partner. In short, a most unpleasant young man revenged himself on himself for the lost beauties in his now purposeless life. When Cristóbal mentioned his perceptions to Carlos, his friend said curtly: "I always do it. When I shall be in love, that will be romantic, I shall melt in the arms of my girl. But this way, I watch."

From mechanism to a purely hedonistic view of life was but a step. The crowning occasion was a book, recently published, that had corrupted the youth of Russia, and was read agape throughout Europe by boys and girls alike.

The terrible victory of tsarist Russia under Stolypin in 1907 and the disappearance of the once dominant Red parties caused as much despair at the time as the disappearance of the mass Marxist parties was to cause in Germany a generation later.

In that marasma of defeat, the ex-revolutionary Artzibashev published, in *Sanine*, the novel that was to weaken the fibre of radical youth for some time to come. It taught the certain defeat of the reformer, the certain joys of personal indulgence, which thus alone had any importance.

Every devotion to ideas was treason to fun. The advice of Mephisto to Faust was alone valid. Seek wine, women, and song, the trinity of Luther.

Carlos quoted from Goethe the hackneyed thought "Grey, my friend, is all theory, green the sense of living." This stand-by

of German calendar manufacturers was saluted as a new gospel by men over fifty who sought to recapture a life "wasted" in the service of the people. Even Lenin in his Swiss refuge had to battle these cockroaches creeping over the souls of beaten men.

Carlos and Cristóbal went out with the other impetuous young people of the University, including some girls, and applied Artzibashev's teachings on principle. They measured their own wantonness against the perfect pleasures of Sanine as three generations before the advocates' clerks of Paris had measured their egoisms against Julien Sorel in *The Red and the Black*.

They soon tired of all this nonsense, and, as the graduation ceremonies neared, the Lotharios crammed.

Then came the shattering news, Carlos Schultz had killed himself. The story he had told Cristóbal was false. He was madly in love with a Jewish girl in Dortmund, with the priestly name of Sarah Levy. Carlos had left Germany at the command of his father, who, as a fanatical Jew-hater, dreaded the misalliance. Sarah Levy was extremely poor. Her father pressed clothing for the equally poor. Not even the all-purifying soap of Jewish gold could wash away the stain of this marriage.

Carlos had urged his father for months to let him go back and marry. Finally one night, it appeared by report, his father grossly insulted the girl, hurling every filthy image he could think of so as to break her empire over Carlos. He thought, with the insistence of a powerful salesman and advertiser, that by associating her indelibly with the foul images he had evoked he would kill the love affair. That night Carlos hanged himself in his bedroom.

The police rummaged his room and found hundreds of banal, sentimental lyrics the lovesick boy had written to his Sarah. No one could have the faintest idea of what she was like; she crystallized a multitude of images from the trove of German lyric poetry. His "psychological diary," as he headed it, was found, and was full of bumptious amusement at the hard-shell exterior he had imposed on the believing Cristóbal. At the same time he had nauseating sentimental accounts of his relations with courtesans, especially on a visit to Paris, that Babylon dream of German intellectuals.

The death of Carlos shocked Cristóbal. He had come to

love the quaint boy, the only companion with whom he had imagined there was complete understanding, if not agreement. But if it shocked Cristóbal, it also cleansed him of the pretence of vice. He was never to pretend a cynicism he did not feel, and he was always to master those who indulged this vain pretence. It kept him free of the cant of evil; it simplified his nature. He was thoroughly ashamed of himself for his recent burst of swinish self-indulgence, whose place in life he had so stupidly overrated. It puzzled him that a boy like Carlos would die for love, and yet visit houses of ill fame and smack his lips. Had Carlos a living love, that would have been impossible. And then a sweat came over him. He had a living love, Conchita Morales. No love could be deeper, steadier.

He did not reflect on how much her influence must have weakened, for him to act as he had. He swung back violently for some little time to anarchist ideals, the sensitive needle on his compass moving with that uncertain ship, and pointing again to Conchita as the magnetic pole of his errant course.

He walked into the laboratory of Professor Turro, who, he found out, though non-political was sympathetic to Ferrer ideals in education and, on the whole, favourable to the extreme Left. He spoke with the saddened philosopher, who had placed high hopes in Carlos Schultz. Above the metal zinc, above the tray of beakers, was a picture of the late student with a black border, and the inscription: WE MOURN OUR LOSS. Underneath was a subscription of a thousand pesetas, from the stricken, pompous father, "for the laboratory he so much loved." The professor urged upon Cristóbal the value of high human ideals as the only solvent of tragedy. Coming as the counsel did from the most rigorous materialist in Spain, it sank deep.

Yet Cristóbal needed money. The necessity for luxury, comfort, power, scope, gnawed at his vitals. He fluctuated constantly between the oath of Montjuich and Conchita and a life in which he felt the meanness of existence without range. His wants were multiplying fiercely. His love of ties, hats, shoes, theatres, concerts, fine food, wine, were supplemented by still dearer superimpositions. He hungered for the paintings of Monet, Sisley, Pissarro, shown in the gallery windows, and the miniature scores of Eulenberg, so that he could regain his musical

enthusiasms and attend chamber-music concerts with assisted ears. These tastes became the more urgent as he now enforced himself to an honourable chastity, as he put it, on behalf of his *wife*, Conchita.

He was now caught in his permanent self. The man was never to change basically thereafter. The passions of vengeance still flamed. The anarchist influence was never to die, though often to sleep. The love of scope and power was growing. The affection for women was never to be wholly degraded. The love of books, art, music, was to remain, but never to transcend the needs for power and vengeance.. At eighteen the man was as full grown as his beard, his silky eye-lashes, his frame, his height of six feet, his large, open musical ear.

The summer vacation brought a new adventure.

IX

SEDUCTION

ON a sultry August morning, his father told Cristóbal that he had important business for several weeks with his old friend, Diego Oquendo, at Bilbao, and that he would like the family to come with him to nearby San Sebastián for a few days. "No," yelled Cristóbal, "the royal swine will be there, and I would want o kill him, if I saw him."

"The court does not arrive until the end of August."

Cristóbal consented without enthusiasm, but in a way he was glad to be away from Barcelona, where every street in the centre recalled Conchita more than was endurable.

They left for San Sebastián by the weary trip across treeless Aragon, monotonous Logroño, until the forest-drunk foothills of the Pyrenees appeared. They threaded fairy groves, chasms, passes in which the cities of evergreens created cloud clusters in equally thick formation above them, and the rain-soaked, tenement-crowded Basque villages appeared. The hills opened their jaws, ate the train, which seemed lost, and then Canaan appeared in all its sweetness before them—the plain of Tolosa, with its countless paddocks of lucerne, then the thin valley of the Urumea, and finally Zürich in Spain, the Biedermeier capital that assaulted the beauty of twin peaks in the sea, San Sebastián. Twenty hours of desert, forest, mountain, sea, imposed themselves on the wondering three, and the face of Conchita followed the scenery but did not eclipse it. The dresses of Biarritz, on the other hand, held their own against nature. Doña Isabella fattened hourly.

They took a three-room suite in the Hotel Continental, one of the cosmopolitan caravanserais wherein even the most sensitive of travellers could not tell in which land he was sojourning. It overlooked the Concha, the curved bay, the perfect crescent beach, enclosed between two castled mountains, with a minuscule

island between, closing up the toy entrance. The smell of the kelp was intense, the air freighted with damp. The long asphalted avenue, its clipped plane trees like a child's drawing of palace gardens, and the gayest string of lights outside the Champs-Élysées in Europe, were so well organized, that Cristóbal resented their pompous content. He suggested a walk down to the town. They strolled along the gardened streets, where the season's band was wearily thumping out the *Walzertraum* of Oscar Straus, the *Gladiator's March*, and every species of blown and blasted mediocrity in music. For all that, he withheld his sneers. The old town's narrow streets with no pavements, its threescore pleasant taverns, its workers' and fishers' restaurants, pleasant old plazas, high-balconied palaces—all exhaled a home-like charm that contradicted the formal air of the chequerboard city of the tourists. That night, exhausted by twenty hours of train ride, three hours of promenade, and the sea air, Cristóbal slept, and slept without dreams.

But what troubled him was the expense. It even disturbed his portentous slumber. How did Father manage this, if he were honest? He decided to open the question at breakfast.

Breakfast was a succession of surprises. San Sebastián in its incrustated *mondain* snobbery was careful, at least in its luxury hotels, to suggest nothing Spanish. They waited in vain for oranges, *buñuelos*, and large cups of coffee. They were greeted by a large citron-coloured plant, with powdered sugar, and told that this was *pamplemousse*, known for two hundred years to the wealthy French planters of Martinique, but now called grape fruit and very popular in America. They tried it but gave it up, laughing. "There's nothing you can't sell mankind, even this acid horror, if you make it *à la mode*," said Don Francisco. "Her Majesty is very partial to it," was the comment of the head waiter.

"Is there any other novelty you have?" queried the hungry don. They brought a basin of cream, more sugar, and a strange collection of gritty particles, brown and tough. "These are an American delicacy, made from wheat kernels. They are all the tone now." The family faltered again. When they finally insisted on a Spanish breakfast the turned-up noses of the captain and head waiter, and the smiling whispering to the major-domo,

told them that they were regarded as provincials, and no match for the elegant folk of Madrid, creatures of a court so Castilian that it ate wheat kernels.

The comic interlude relieved the burgherly family, and in the best of good humour Cristóbal asked his father where the money came from.

"From the anarchists," laughed the old man.

"Be serious."

"But I am. I will explain later. Let us go along the beach, and you will talk to me of what you want to bring about. When I was young I listened to the republican speeches of Salmeron and Castelar, and even read the essays of Pi y Margall in defence of Democracy. I remember going over them secretly. My old father would have caned me had he known. Papas are much softer now," he smiled agreeably, "and they are ready to hear their sons."

Cristóbal began with his infatuated theory of the General Strike. "Labour produces all wealth," he explained. "If it refuses to work, it smashes all power, since all power depends on exploiting it. When the governing class can do nothing, eat nothing, it no longer governs. It is helpless, and if the strike is universal and prolonged, it is the bloodless path of revolution."

Don Francisco yawned ever so slightly, but said he was glad there was to be no bloodshed. "We have just had the first general strike in history in Barcelona," he explained, "and that arose because of the high development of Syndicalism in Catalonia, first state in the world in this respect."

"It did not win."

"No, it needed the whole of Spain." And then the Niagara of theories came forth, Don Francisco listening with sharp ears and glinting eyes. Cristóbal explained that in Paris Sorel was weaving his theories of the General Strike as a spur to action, but as a myth in fact. At that time in Italy the twenty-seven-year-old Mussolini was drinking in the gorgeous concepts that he was one day to distort in the service of Fascism, reverse with skill, and place at the service of the masters.

Cristóbal explained Syndicalism as a corporation of the workers. He then told of its progress, especially in America. In the copper mines of Montana, in the lumber forests of Oregon, tens of thou-

sands of wobblies hung on the latest news from Barcelona. The anarchists understood Syndicalism, the General Strike, and all forms of direct action that excluded politics, voting, and other illusions given by the masters in the opium-pipe of the ballot, to narcotize the workers. The theories of Marx, counselling the use of the State, were as whiskered as their founder.

When he was through his father said, "Do you mind listening to a relic of the Middle Ages? I can merely note the observations of a business man. Barcelona is a series of guerrilla struggles between Labour and the State. I know, as an importer using dock labour, that my business is a series of intervals between strikes. Yet for all this disorder, the supply of cheap, skilled labour is so great that the capitalists of all Europe, English, French, German, return to the Red City and saturate it with fresh capital after each crop of disorders. Profits have grown along with discontent. For every Red flag, my son, a thousand pesetas have flown into the bank. For every parade of the workers a fashion show was held at the Ritz. Everyone predicted disaster; ultimately the Bourse spoke otherwise. The inspired anarchist workers never reflected that this cash reply to their hopes proved the futility of their methods."

"Rightly," urged Cristóbal. "For it merely shows the insolence of the rich, who dance as they did the night before the Bastille."

"That's why both sides take up positions to a finish," explained the mercantile father. Then, amused, the full stature of an industrialist again assumed, Don Francisco Pinzón y Guzman inveighed against the workers who interrupted his Welsh anthracite imports. But he mentioned the money he collected from Lloyd's in London on strike insurance, on an old, cheap, five-year policy he had taken out at ridiculous rates in 1907 when everything looked peaceable. "Your wobblies in America," he chuckled, "do not know one secret of Europe. The boss charges the worker in his profit bill for their own revolutionary costs. That is why the eternal threat of the end of his game also pays him a profit. It must be so, for so long as any business continues it must absorb all costs, even the cost of its enemies."

The mystery of Don Francisco's new money was explained; Cristóbal felt like an innocent whelp. While he had boastfully

thought of himself as alone in the current of his times, and that his father, turning about in an eddy, was behind in the stream, the old gentleman had not only outswum him, he had reached his goal.

Don Francisco knew young men. The superb bathing beach, sports, then new in Spain, tennis and golf introduced through the snobbery of court circles to flatter the English Queen; gymnastic clubs exercising on the beach all day long, rowing, and a host of other activities consumed the time of the wealthy men's heirs. It was something new to see dozens of long-bodied, thin-ribbed, grotesque-nosed, dark-skinned Spanish youths, about twenty years old on the average, obeying mechanically the clipped basso phrases of blond, square-headed, square-bodied Swedish instructors, "civilizing" this once great people. In commercial Barcelona, Spain seemed in the van of humanity; in snob San Sebastián it was obviously far behind in the procession of fads.

He began to soften. Cristóbal thought bitterly of Conchita's fate, powerfully of her lost love, but every day at seven was up for the day's fun, and had the exaltation of exercise before the day's absence of labour began. Within two months his body was like the male mannequins of Lanvin-Sport, "bronzed," and his biceps were disgracefully overdeveloped. Fishing, sailing, hiking usurped the thought and ideals that had held lonely empire in university halls. When the Queen of Spain passed by in her victoria, the ardent denizens of the baccarat tables at the Casino came out to cheer, Doña Isabella with them, and even Cristóbal "sympathized" with her for having to marry the hæmophilic king.

When the divine right itself came by, surrounded by the Royal Guards, mounted, Cristóbal delivered a ceremonial spit, at the risk of arrest, but he was not ready to "kill the royal swine," as he had promised. Not only was athletic life too easy, pleasant, but also the company of two French boys was a refrigerating influence that cancelled even the great heat.

These two boys, Robert Bouthonnière of Toulouse, laureate of the University of Bordeaux, brilliant but mean-looking, and his soap-faced cousin from the North, André Mortain of Lille, were both cadets of factory-owning families. Robert laughed coldly at the theories of Cristóbal, and André analysed them from

angles that Cristóbal had never suspected. They had a set of critical theories about the values of their fathers but were determined to remain in the family setting.

Cristóbal could not understand men without passion. He recalled his reading of delicate and cynical French thinkers, but they had refinement; these boys rejected taste which they said was a "disguise for our defeat in 1871." According to these expounders, the object of science and art was to discover reality. There was nothing in the realm of facts that gave us any hint as to values. Either you saw things (then where could you see right and wrong?) or you believed in something above things, in which case why not believe in a God or any other profitable phantom? But André, who came from the North, went further than his objective cousin. Facts showed, he observed, that men of power, will, originality, triumph, since they are not hampered by anything that impedes the realization of their hopes. They only pretend to use ethics, if the fools round them believe in it; it is a useful tool of success.

A German thinker, Nietzsche, showed that democratic and socialistic ideas were the naïve defences of the underworld men against quality men, hence unfitted to an artistic universe. To a lad from Spain, however, these speculations of true *arrivistes* fell on sterile soil, but they arrested the growth of the poppy plants of anarchism. For the opening of the University, there returned a mighty Cristóbal, subjected for the first time to a host of new sensations—worldly, foreign, athletic. It took nearly a month, though, for him to recover his past enthusiasms, an ominous delay when one recalled the nature of these enthusiasms. The worm of corruption was trying to make his home in the generous house of the anarchist; he had deposited his larvae, but as yet good health rejected its efforts.

During the trip home Don Francisco was silent, except when Cristóbal began to hum. "I've not heard you sing from the heart these two months, Cristóbal. I've not forgotten the street-singing days in Seville, even if you have." It was his only reminder of the wrongs of the past ventured in that long vacation.

The scholastic term began in humdrum style. It was as grey as the winter, the rainiest in many years. But the spring of 1911 was an endless stream of sunshine; the flowers were premature

and perfect. The cherry trees shook off their ripe fruit in the third week of April, and were luscious and sweet. The trees along the Ramblas glistened with light, primaverai, unconvincing raindrops.

Cristóbal promenaded through the dappled light, his brow topped melancholy, his intensely reflecting, soft, black hair carefully curled down to the neck, his woman-breathing nostrils savouring the overladen perfumes of the señoritas. He thought himself a highly finished portrait, in a place of honour, smiling ironically at the spectators passing by in the galleries, a motley crowd with workaday souls. He was not really as superior as all that: those were fugitive impressions.

The walk to the University was carpeted with roses, so it seemed, and never, really, had there been such an abundance of yellow roses on the flower stalls. The older kindness came back to Cristóbal; the season made impossible less friendly feelings.

He was commissioned to write the valedictory oration for the baccalaureate class. His dogged enthusiasms had put him first in scholarship, and even in individual subjects he was distinguished in all, supreme in many.

He had written the class poem in the style of *Ercilla*. It was diversely commented; some thought it frigid. He bumped the professors with the amateur play, and was violently dramatic with characters as tragically developed as those of *Corneille*. It pleased the ranters of the class, but the others held it to be over-written. At last, he obtained general acclaim with the imaginary reply of a *Spartacus* to the ponderous and rounded assaults of a type like *Cicero*. He shamed the parvenu eloquence of his straw opponent. His prize graduation essay was a refutation of *Gaston Boissier's* subtle, apologetic psychograph of *Cicero*. The withering son of *Barcelona* was ready to slay the polished classicist of *Nîmes*. Along the Mediterranean such controversies still engage the minds of men.

In these tremendous bouts of writing, the mists of the last two years vanished and a sobered lad prepared the thanks of the students for the long years of devotion given them by the faculty. He spent from April to July on his valedictory. *Don Francisco* prepared a reception at the house, despite his straitened affairs. He invited the head of the *Crédit Agennais* at *Barcelona* and

chief of their entire Spanish division, Monsieur Adolphe Lanson, from whose coffers his credits came. He also invited him to the University ceremonies, the better to judge his boy, and to extend to his heir the same credit in life that he extended in commerce to the father.

Monsieur Lanson was seventy, little, with sharp lines on his ferret face, and obviously a brilliant trick in all respects. He listened with amusement to the long-winded, naïve story of his Andalusian friend, about his troubles with a rebellious son.

"Don Francisco," he said, "you managed him so easily in that trip to San Sebastián, with a little aid from me we shall manage him for life. You do not know how to seduce a clever boy. It can be done by only one means—giving him the impression that you also serve his philosophy. You do not know, Don Francisco, but as a youth I was a mad Red. I hated Napoleon III, whom I still think a detestable swindler. I have discovered that to have been a 'Red' in youth is an asset all your life." At the word "asset" Don Francisco was all attention and redoubled the ardour of his invitation.

The ceremonies were held on the twenty-first of July in the great hall of the long, yellow-faced main building. First came the deans of faculties in the most resplendent of their many robes, usually that of the Sorbonne, still mother of Latins. Then followed the Captain General of Catalonia, hated by most of the students but a reminder to them of the authority that would face them forever after. Then followed the Bishop of Tarragona, with fugitive smiles and nervous gestures, at which two or three modernist Catholic students interjected "*Viva Loisy!*" to honour the excommunicated modernist, glory of the Catholic University of Paris. As the bishop had issued a pastoral letter defending the papal encyclical *Pascendi* against the modernists, they howled again, "*Abajo Pascendi,*" but met with no echo.

Finally there came the surprise of the day. The prime minister of Spain, Canalejas, was present. So was his old opponent, the despised Maura, assassin of Ferrer. There sat the consul of Portugal, recently proclaimed a Republic. He was the friend (it was rumoured) of the first president of the sister state, the poet Teófilo Braga. For the consul there was democratic cheering, but Maura was not hissed. No one could afford to imperil his diploma.

Four trumpeters announced the ceremonies. The Civil Guard played with shiny, large brass and wood-wind instruments the national hymn, a Catalanian hymn, the Portuguese national hymn, in honour of the consul, and a medley of three student songs. Canalejas was first to speak. He urged prudence and the middle way; Maura urged fidelity to all that men had accomplished in the past; the Portuguese consul a mellifluous idealism; and, for the faculty, Professor Turro, the need for objective thinking. Then the Captain General shouted out a rolling discourse, the melody of authority with the bass accompaniment of club and bayonet.

A students' choir sang a gamut of Catalan *goigs* and entertaining, fast, Asturian choruses. The mixed voices of boys from sixteen to twenty made a hoarse contrast to the exquisite plaintive accompaniment of horns, the reedy tones of the flutes, the brown song of the oboe.

The dean then called on the honour student, Don Cristóbal Salvador Pinzón, originating from Palos, bourgeois by class, and laureate in both letters and sciences. Cristóbal walked easily up to the platform. He was for a moment haunted by the contrast with the lonely oath of Montjuich, then cleared the way, and began in an aggressive tone, too highly pitched.

"To my Professors: I address you only, for you alone have moulded our minds. I ignore those present on the platform who represent forces opposed to knowledge."

The Captain General arose but Canalejas beckoned him down. The Bishop of Tarragona was nervous; he was quieted by the smile of Turro.

"There is no need for the military authority here to interrupt my words; he knows simpler ways to stifle the protests of men.

"We have met to review the education we have received from our devoted faculty. They have communicated to us two bodies of learning: one, that which is common to all causes and all men; the second, a special teaching so arranged that we may not hurt ourselves in later life by unduly following the promptings of our conscience and our native perceptions. One must admire the balance they have attained. They have sedulously sought to keep us from the torture of the martyr's crown. We thank

them for their constant solicitude. We might otherwise be guilty of mad generosity.

"Their humane shepherding of their flock has not blinded their sheep. Even our simple minds have comprehended their hidden enthusiasms, those deflected ideals that not even the most carefully wrought disguises can wholly eradicate from view.

"Three paths are open to us. One is that of teaching the people of Spain a free destiny. That leads us to the fate of Ferrer. The second is that of passing on the beauties of the middle way. That leads to another professorship. The third is that of commerce and finance and industry, for whose end such elements of knowledge as serve such ends have been selected beautifully, and with a fine parsimony other useless elements such as ideals thrown away.

"Yet these men of the world are caught in a difficulty. To pass idle hours they need books, plays. To improve their incomes they need science. But there is a danger. All these can be turned against them. *That is our only consolation.*

"Fellow students, I urge upon you a career that shall be politic, managed, accommodating, subtle, touched with a charming cynicism, inflexible in *arrivisme*. Had our professors prepared us for other careers, I should be ashamed of these words. On the hill of Montjuich, in the warm moment of mourning for our lost leader, I prayed for the intellectual spirit to shield me from the corroding influence of cynicism. To-day I waver.

"We have been led to pleasanter paths by the priests of the intellect. In our country, opportunity is reserved to those that support crown, altar, wealth.

"I thank you, O my teachers, for you found me a man, and left me a moral hunchback, fitted to carry upon my crooked shape large bags of gold. They pay you in coppers, but you understand. From now on my allegiance is pure. I serve those you serve, but I hope for richer rewards. Guard well your futility.

"I speak in no ironical sense when I say that your hearts are finer than your courage, your brains than your phrases, and that we well know what has happened. We are bright pygmies taught by adroit pygmies. Our day is not that of giants."

The silence was grim. Professor Turro lightly murmured, "*Mea culpa.*" The principal rose and benignantly distilled

bromides on the impatience of youth and the need to see life bravely and see it whole. Honesty was not of necessity downright utterance. The honesty of life was like the honesty of art: it was made up of a thousand nuances, and an infinite way of combining those varied perceptions; there were as many manners of seeing as there were men to see. He was not disappointed with their brilliant laureate; his puerile indictment was a beautiful example of partial vision, due to youth.

A babel of whispers was heard. The distribution of prizes was announced. As Cristóbal advanced to receive his gold medals, some Catholic students murmured audibly, "Don't take them if you mean what you said." Cristóbal answered quietly, "I take swill, for I am a pig." No one could quite make out the words of this little disturbance, and the permanent peacemaker, the managing Canalejas, rose and personally bestowed the medals on Cristóbal. A shower of applause greeted his Olympian gesture. The Pinzón family breathed, Doña Isabella cried nervously, Monsieur Lanson consoled her.

As they went home in a barouche hired by Don Francisco, Cristóbal decked with medals on his robes, the parents half mad with pride, half sick with chagrin because of the speech, Lanson was more sympathetic than ever. When they got home, and Cristóbal changed his clothes for the intimate party, the banker spoke to the parents.

"He was mild compared to my eloquence under similar circumstances, when I addressed the Lycée at Nevers, where I received my *bachot*. It was the time the country was ringing with the glory of the Emperor who had just conquered at Magenta and Solferino. I was steeped in the revolutionary phrases of the proscribed Auguste Blanqui. I threatened the cowardly faculty *physically*. They were to be killed for their scholastic servility. You have a bright boy, and as soon as this escapade dies down I shall be glad to train him. We French have never feared radicals—our young men are perforce compelled to start in that way. Forgive my pleonasm, Don Francisco. We are a Republic, you see? Every minister that calls out the Garde Républicaine to shoot down strikers began as an anarchist, where, by God," he burst out laughing, "he ends, but in an unexpected way. Wait till I teach your boy that banking, at least in France, is a product of socialism. It will open his

eyes. I will do a constructive job, depend on me, my dear friends."

The Pinzóns consoled themselves for the mixed reception to Cristóbal's valedictory by calling up the picture of their son seduced by the serpent Lanson. Despite their poorish business they decided that the discreet August interval between graduation and commerce should be spent much like last year, in a cottage at Fuenterrabía, near San Sebastián, on the Bidassoa, the border river between France and Spain. The Lansons, French in their tastes, spent their vacations always at Biarritz. Fuenterrabía was the nearest point in Spain, cheaper than the French side, and yet convenient. Cristóbal could perfect his French and see how a colder people behaved.

Fuenterrabía was the much-needed vacation spot. On an enclosed beach, two miles long, half of it a silver strand glinting in the sun, the other half shadowed under high basaltic rocks, were concealed the robber caves of childhood. Beyond the town the three-mile-long Cape Figuer rose hundreds of feet high with storm signals afloat. The cape boasted an antique thick pine forest with huntsmen's walks. Behind it loomed the beautiful mass of Guadalupe, with its crowning fortress. In front of the town the winding Bidassoa at ebb tide showed its bar across the ocean entry. The opposite shore, the perfect sands of the fashionable French resort of Hendaye, was covered with hundreds of parasols.

Cristóbal found Monsieur Lanson a perfect hiker, despite his threescore and ten. From the pine forest they saw before them the estuary of the Bidassoa, behind it the chain of six smaller peaks of the Pyrenees, behind those, La Rhune, that overlooked the dinky, modish resort of St. Jean-de-Luz.

It was the Bay of Naples rivalled and nearly surpassed, the glittering Atlantic along the rocks on the French coast, the silver Cantabrian Sea spraying the mountain on the Spanish side of the cape, the busy little revenue cutters with the French tricolour and the Spanish gold and yellow, and the yellow-old town of Hendaye-Ville humped on the embankment of the French side. Most romantic of all was Fuenterrabía, on the French frontier, yet the most Spanish town in the whole of the north of Spain. It was climaxed in the square, portentous tower of Charles the First, the puissant Basque citadel of God. Underneath them, directly,

was Fuenterrabía of the fishers, its tree-balconied streets lined with Basque painted shutters and galleries, in broad green, red, blue colours under large eaves over each house. In the bay they saw a hundred trawlers, tugs, fishing rowboats, coloured sails, all the craft with marine paints, under a cerulean sky.

- Monsieur Lanson used the beauties of this happy land as a text for poisonous maxims.

"You see, Cristóbal, things move in cycles and all ideas either of progress or of despair are alien to the lover of beauty."

"You mean things are static?"

"No, dear boy, obviously they are not. That would be most inartistic. But in the equally beautiful Naples, long ago, a thinker, Vico, told us that while the shape of things changes, they move on a wheel so to speak, and ultimately each spoke comes to its resting place." Then he explained that this fertile idea had ended by dominating Nietzsche. This had been Monsieur Lanson's thesis in philosophy in 1863 (except for Nietzsche, naturally), and the banking interests of near fifty years left the philosophical Gaul untouched. "I hear that in Naples the philosopher Benedetto Croce, the Plato of their slums, is adopting Vico's system as better than either Hegel or his inverted mirror, Marx."

The sunset fell on his exposition. "Look," he expostulated, "at the succession of days. They all have their dawn, they are all crepuscular—yet from all this where can we speak of a tendency? If there is more to this succession than we know, it is in a cycle of time for gods with different eyes than ours."

"The years pass," objected the younger man.

"But they recur with the same seasons, and even with cycles of rainfall. My dear young friend, why not abandon this fetish of progress? Concentrate on the job on hand, on yourself."

"Not too worthy a cause."

"Not at all. Mankind is only a collection of yourselves. If they are worthy of service as an aggregate, then each unit is worthy, too. If its welfare be not desirable then why that of the mass?"

The wily old sophist knew that these specious syllogisms could be refuted easily by Cristóbal, if he wished, but he suspected that the boy was at that juncture of life where one is pleased to have someone else pull down barriers, where the tongue fails to move because corruption is seizing the heart. Three days passed, and

Lanson was otherwise engaged. He called to take Cristóbal for a walk on a Sunday since he needed company, and could oblige his old acquaintance Don Francisco by these missionary strolls.

They were caught in one of those rolling electrical storms that are the feature of the Basque coast. They dried their clothing in the hut of the customs guard, who thought them smugglers' aides, and solemnly examined their drying trousers on the line.

"Such guards," Lanson commented, "were here in Charlemagne's day. How many have fondly thought that their children would surely see the end of this childish division of nations? Look, what has become of the French after the dreams of 1789? They are *rentiers*. Where is the people that fought the massed tyrants of Europe at Valmy? Lending money to the Tsar! Where were the kings of Europe after the glorious revolutions of 1830? Collecting taxes, my friend. Where were the workers of Paris after 1848, when the banner of socialism was first raised aloft, and Marx said the spectre of communism was haunting Europe? The bourgeoisie were so haunted that they snored with profits under Louis Napoleon. And to-day? The poor work for three hundred francs a month in mean industrial suburbs. Where are the Communards of 1871? In their graves, and forty years later the top-hatted brokers of London bid premiums for the bonds of Paris. Only six years ago, Cristóbal, the mighty Autocrat of the Russians screamed for his icons as the Petersburg crowd approached the Winter Palace. And now? The Morosov and Prowodnik works of Moscow and Riga have trebled their dividends, and the Petersburg Bourse has a wild boom.

"Why should you be proud of lost causes? Is it an honour to mistake the possibilities of our fellow-men, to misjudge the train of events? You who are so much wiser than your dull fellows, have always been deceived. Why am I to believe in you? Cristóbal, only because you have a brilliance not yet focused in the right direction. Don't waste your life. All the seers who have foreseen the coming of the kingdom of God are now plaster saints made by ceramic manufacturers for twenty per cent profit."

Cristóbal tried to interrupt the current of speech.

"But surely another day comes, too. Take Louis XVI. What did it matter to him that Robespierre would fail ultimately, since he was a goner, anyway?"

"True enough," agreed Lanson, "and this shows that revenge is a truer ideal than justice, for its immediate objects are attainable. I avenged my father against a notary that had perverted the uses of his legacy. You would do well to avenge your father, but only when your forces are equal to the contest. Your father visions you correctly. He knows that the incomparable strategy of Cannae was conceived in the womb of vengeance. We Latins may be thankful Hannibal lost, but for twenty years how he exulted in pursuing a hereditary hatred!"

After their clothes were dried, the two generations walked down to the Pinzóns' tiny villa, nestling under the Renaissance wall of Fuenterrabía. As they passed the crested archway, with its insolent words "*Nunquam polluta*," Lanson commented, "*Nunquam polluta!* You too must never yield, never be defiled. If you are steadfast, great wealth and luxury will be yours. You think of banking as an arm of covetousness. But banking in France arose out of the highest sentiments. I have told you the futility of revolutionary action. Let me show you the constructive path to socialism."

"I am no socialist—I am an anarchist, even if a faithless one." Cristóbal put up a wooden sword and awaited Lanson's last call to Red sinners. They sat outside the house, which was untenanted, for the Pinzóns were visiting San Sebastián for the bull fight.

"Banking in France," Lanson began, "was originally the activity of profiteers and speculators, especially in army contracts. But during the period of good business and bad society under the Bourbon restoration, Saint-Simon realized that a democracy of credit was the true road to socialism. Credit diffusion to small merchants, note you. His anarchist prototype, Proudhon, looked upon people's banks and currency availability as the direct way to anarchism. The only possibility of a free society, he argued, could come out of the pooled reserves, freely contributed, of the people. Even Fourier in his phalanstery system called for joint-stock operations to carry on credit for small enterprises. You are shocked by this, my friend. You have taken the empty phrases of anarchism but have ignored the content, insisted on by the founders, that alone gives life to these phrases.

"Well, after Louis Napoleon came into power——"

"Must I listen to this lecture?"

"Why not? We have nothing else to do. I will soon be

done. The Rothschilds were disliked by the Empress, so the wonderful Portuguese Jewish brothers, Pereire, attacked the older plutocrats and established the *Crédit Mobilier*, for helping small people. They were fanatical Utopian socialists, disciples of Saint-Simon. That explains why Louis Napoleon survived so long. It was they who first placed the savings of French workers at the service of Spain. It is a long tale thereafter. Wherever you turn, Schulze-Delitzsch and Raffeisen, urban and rural credit systems in Germany and Denmark, the grouped savings of co-operatives, inspired by Holyoake in Rochdale, England, in America the beneficent insurance ideas for the poor of Hegeman Rogers—all have done more for the welfare of the working classes than a thousand vapid street talkers."

"I suppose the bankers would enjoy losing money for the good of the people."

"We will come to that later. It is not as crushing as you imagine. Now, Cristóbal, you are a Spaniard, and they are rare in banking. Nearly all our high executives are foreigners. This is not right. Your opportunities can well be imagined. Now the bank I represent, the *Crédit Agennais*, will soon surpass the bank of the Rothschilds, the *Société Générale*. Do you know why? Because it was founded for more than profit, by social idealists, impregnated with Fourier's teachings. Yes, the *Crédit Agennais* is in a sense a daughter of anarchism."


Cristóbal visibly shuddered. It was too grotesque.

"I note your dislike of facts and your love of illusions. You asked, would we lose money for the good of the people? But if something loses money, it is not economic, it is not for anybody's good. Let me make an analogy. You are generous to friends. If someone were to say, Would you lose your life to oblige friends? you would answer that generosity is within the framework of life, else it ceases to be. The same with banking consecrated to the people."

Cristóbal said simply, "You want me to enter the *Crédit Agennais*? I will consider it."

"Your father asked me to speak to you about it. He wants you to have a career, to make money, but I want you to understand the high social meaning of what you are doing. Even your Marxists admit an amelioration of the workers' condition since the dark days

of the 'forties. Strange, it coincides with the development of social banking! And now, my boy, the greatest obstacle to life in Spain is not capitalism! Outside of Barcelona and Bilbao, and a patch here or there, there is no capitalism. France is capitalist. Yet her workers are twice as well off as the Spaniards. It is not capitalism that degrades the Spanish worker, it is feudalism. If, by establishing the French capitalist system, you raised Spanish workers to the level of French, you would have served your country nobly and that class well." He became vehement. "Even you, inflated Cristóbal, must admit that would be enough of a task for your talents. Destroy feudalism by confronting it not with revolution; it has destroyed a hundred peasant uprisings, it will destroy a hundred more. Smash the triangle—peasant versus noble *plus* the state. Build up industry, my young friend, by banking credits and advances. Give the peasant a chance at a job in the cities, and the desertion of the fields by its serfs will bring to its knees the proud, ignorant, credulous, cruel Spanish nobility. Save your country by introducing capital. These are the worthy dreams of a Spaniard that loves the poor. My son, remember Spain is in a sense a colony of Europe. Bring her back to equality, she that once tasted supremacy."



X

THE ALIEN THIEVES AND THEIR ATTENDANT GENIUSES

CRISTÓBAL entered the ultra-modern Barcelona office of the Crédit Agennais and was introduced into the waiting-room, antechamber of Monsieur Lanson. Within a short time the door opened, and out came Lanson with the warmest welcome possible.

"Just a moment." He smiled delicately. "I must ring for Herr Freimüller, our technical director. He has had years of experience in Sonora working for the Deutsche-Asiatische Bank. Speaks like an upper-class Madrileño. The rebel leader Madero spared his life when the Mexican insurgent bands sacked the branch bank at Hermosillo. He knows all about American copper companies, too; that ought to interest your father. I think he worked for the Greene Cananea Company as currency expert, also in Sonora. Knows all about the recently defaulted Mexican bonds. Helped us to sell out before they were repudiated. What headaches we now have, dear Cristóbal. I remember when the world was fixed, now it has broken down. Mexico has just defaulted, and old Porfirio Diaz had made its credit nearly as good as that of America. Look, look at this cable from the Banque de l'Indochine! They say that a republic is inevitable in China in a few weeks, and the Salt Gabelle loan may be repudiated entirely. So many of our clients have treasured them for years in their portfolios! They are talking of a Balkan war, and the Turks have just had the impudence to talk of compounding the Turc Unifié, an investment of repose, because of their loss of Tripoli to the Italians last week. A world in war and upheaval, this terrible year 1911. The *pre-war* world was so much pleasanter! Freimüller, Freimüller, where are you?"

"Coming, sir." There entered an elongated man, scarcely twenty-five, in a blue American-tailored suit. He was six feet

two inches, thin, almost cadaverous. His deeply indented long lines streamed from the nose to halfway down the chin. He bowed gawkily, had pedantic eyeglasses with thin gold earpieces, and had his hair brushed back in the fashion of scholars and book-keepers. He smiled and asked, "Is this the great philosopher and orator?"

"I see," laughed Cristóbal, "I have already been torn to pieces."

"Not at all," said Freimüller; "on the contrary I have the greatest respect." His sincere, deepset eyes were humourless, although later acquaintance showed hidden schisms of the comical, or rather the strains of a persistent whimsy.

"You are to acquaint Don Cristóbal with bills of exchange, especially bankers' acceptances and foreign drafts. Have him read through bills of lading for every type of cargo, especially the insurance and freight clauses—for example, tackle provisions. Also teach him the chain rule in foreign exchange, and get him a good slide-rule, Faber's will do. Let him familiarize himself with our letterpress books and also with the Loro and Nostro book-keeping. He will comprehend everything vital in three days. Be confident, my dear boy, there is little indeed to these mysteries. An Italian once created a bookkeeping system on really scientific principles. It was termed *logismography*, or some such polysyllabic monster. As it revealed the true condition of banks it was rejected as an iconoclastic menace."

At which both assistants laughed as dutifully as junior counsel at the quips of the Lord Chief Justice.

Freimüller motioned away Cristóbal and introduced him to the old clerk, faithful Étienne Boulestin. He was seventy-seven, lame, walked about the bank with a cane, had an enormous protuberance on his red, bald dome, was "good old Étienne" to all the clerks, a gathering-point of human love. He liked the business of initiating highborn young men. He was the father of twelve boys; the job was normal.

He showed him all the documents mentioned, how they came into the bank at the wickets, who handled them, what they did with them, how they wrote out receipts and slips, and how these were entered in the books by the four owls at the high desk.

He then knocked at the steel door of a room that looked like an immense safety-deposit-vault. Here were ranged the letter-

press books, red for sterling, green for francs, brown for marks, and violet for United States dollars. All the Latin currencies were subsumed under francs, all the kroner and kronen and roubles and florins under marks, all the British Empire and its dependencies under sterling, and the two Americas, whatever their moneys, under dollars. This had been worked out in 1865 in Lyons, at the foundation of the bank, and had never been altered. The multicoloured books were kept by a crazy-looking gnome who hated to give them up for reference, even against the required signed receipt. At night, when they were all returned, he became gay and hobbled home with a whistle.

Étienne told Cristóbal that this system was incomparably superior to the then much-touted American filing-systems, since no one could abstract letters on numbered pages in a letterpress book, or sell them to competitors, or use them for blackmail, or take them out when a legal opponent wanted to get rid of a compromising letter. In fact, Cristóbal noted, under its archaic appearance there was a basic efficiency that startled him; it was rooted in suspicion.

All bookkeeping items were divided into four slips, red for credits, brown for debits, yellow for combined credit and debit entries for the same item to separate accounts, and blue for suspense entries. Colour was the governing principle. Debit books were red; credit black. All the staff, so it seemed, were either Swiss or German, with a sprinkling of French. There was a Spaniard or two. German was the current language in this French bank in Spain, but all the high staff, of course, spoke French and Spanish perfectly, and here and there were those that had worked in Gresham Street, or gone to the Kolonial-Institut in Hamburg or the Übersees-Kommerz-Schule in Kiel. These knew petrified English. The banking floor was under a glass dome, the steel-frame lines flowing to a core from which a lush chandelier was suspended. The accounting-rooms at the side were full of a mixed odour of leather, ink, green-carpet dust, and the debris of hand-rolled cigarettes of the shabby-genteel staff. In Spain, of all lands, the men worked under electric light all day.

The junior executives took lunch together in the bank. At the table Cristóbal was introduced to the young men making their career in the conquered land of Spain. He began prepared to

hate this alien crew occupying all the technically strategic posts in finance, and, as he was now to find out, in industry. Freimüller introduced him to Fritz Leichtentritt, by profession an electrical engineer, an honours graduate of the well-considered technical high school of Karlsruhe in Baden. Although an electrician, he had presented his thesis on the relations of the algebra of logic (as worked out by his celebrated teacher, Schröder) with the mathematical notation of logic worked out by Frege in Jena.

He spent his evenings checking the logistic propositions in the recently appeared Volume I of the *Principia Mathematica* of Russell and Whitehead. Like Henri Poincaré, he was not convinced, and had scribbled three hundred pages of objections. His remaining leisure hours, if any, were spent in playing violin sonatas. He had a fondness for the Mendelssohn Concerto, but he dreaded the demoniac last movement. He had heard it forty times. He dreaded also the bad piano accompaniment of his clubmates at the German Alliance, where he had a bedroom. He wore purple underwear, affected velour jackets, and pinned pinks in the lapel, but was quite male. His dress simply asserted his plump, fair face, dead-blue eyes, thin, wheat-coloured eyebrows, and a really immense belly for a man of twenty-seven. He carried on his watch-chain a pendant with a miniature statue of Kaiser Wilhelm II, turned-up *Schnurrbart* and all.

The third German, was, so to speak, not a German. He was Ludwig Pokorny, of Brunn in Moravia, formerly *Dozent* in mining practice, associated with Freimüller at the University of Innsbruck. He spent his time studying, annotating, and hoping to issue an enlarged, revised, annotated edition of the four terrifying volumes of Eduard Suess on *The Surface of the Earth*. The fanatic was busy refuting in little memos, sent to the Institute at Vienna, the new and fashionable theory of Wegener as to the instability of the continents, and the allied theory that they are moving. The idea that they have largely altered their position in historic times moved him to indecent frenzy.

He disliked music, "the carnival refuge of peasants." That began a real antagonism on the part of Cristóbal, to whom singing from boyhood was as natural as that of nightingale or skylark. But he was sensitive to classical, enshrined paintings. He had bought the celebrated red-bound Leipzig series of photographic

reproductions of Titian, Raphael, Michelangelo, Velasquez. He took no chances. The only modern he timidly collected was *Professor* Max Liebermann. He was also sensitive to all colour values relating to the metals, copper, lead, zinc, antimony, wolfram, gold, silver, mercury, aluminium, and even the more obscure beryllium. He loved to study paint mixtures and the possibility of enormously extending their range. Dry colours were grouped in dozens in his kitchen. He mixed oils, rejoiced at a new extension of the uses of titanium, and was a happy amateur. He was fiendish in detecting errors of colouring, under any lighting, in paintings. It made him a bit of a bore, but none denied his knowledge of the field. He had a beetling forehead and an immensely concentrated look in his sunken eyes; his eyelids remained fixed for a long time. He was short, snarling in speech, dogmatic, intensely contemptuous of the Bohemian Slavs among whom his boyhood had been spent, although his name was pure Bohemian. His only literary taste was Irish poetry, and he recited, when lachrymose, old Celtic songs on blackbirds. Emerald, was, of course, his favourite tint and jewel.

Leichtentritt was supervising investments in new electrical combines in Seville, Saragossa, and Lisbon, as Barcelona itself was in the hands of the Canadians. Pokorny and Freimüller were in charge of mining investments. All three were mad about Spain, and took rucksack trips on every possible occasion. They were in the throes of the "culture-sympathetic" viewpoint of the refined Liberal Germans of that time, were immersed in ethnology, and were delighted with simple people and their complex culture forms.

Within several minutes three men entered the dining-room, as at a signal. Although not separated from the German men, and with no wish to appear clannish, their sudden irruption helped that impression. They were French. The explanation was that they worked in another department.

Their intellectual beauty was manifest at once. It was witnessed in their faces that their thoughts were humane and polished. They were Richard Falloix, of the *École Nationale des Ponts et Chaussées* of the Rue des Saint-Pères, Paris; Lucien Champvallon of the *École des Hautes Études*, but originally from the musty hutch of Auxerre in Burgundy; and, wisest and sweetest of all, Gaston Dupleix, a

provincial with the high Hellenic countenance of the picked men of Montpellier. They were wholly different in their attitude from the three Germanic employees. They greeted Cristóbal without cordiality but also without hostility. It was clear that they were anxious to "explore" him as an "object," without his noting that they were doing so, before understanding the nature of their relation to him. Their sense of control over their environment radiated from them. Cristóbal was prepared for this; the little he had known of the French taught him that they had developed an autonomous attitude towards mankind.

All three were thirty or thereabouts. All three were definitely overworked, and this over-management of their frames was not recent. They had, like a million pale French youngsters, been broken on the wheel of that inexorable scholastic system that keeps the drooping children alert and doing homework for all their waking time.

They were pale, except Dupleix, whose olive face covered his testimony of weariness. Unlike the Germans, they were not encyclopedic.

Falloix was looking for a theory of prime numbers. He had an angelic smile for all theories of numbers like Dedekind's that had failed to surmount so elementary a question. He was convinced that his genius would overcome these difficulties by a leap, provided that tuberculosis did not first provide him with an abyss. He worked in a hot, dry climate on account of his lungs. Otherwise he was enamoured of what he softly termed the "rational" skies of Touraine. He was short, five feet three, and, under a black-haired pate, his eyes emphasized refinement. But they were always gay, the chestnuts in them roasting over a warm glow. He wore the old French poets' costume—a large, black, broad-brimmed, soft-crowned hat, a high buttoned costume, and a Windsor tie.

Champvallon was a true Burgundian, as large as a wrestler. It was almost irresistibly comic to hear his sweet, sibilant tones emerging from that mass of grand muscles. He towered over German, Frenchman, Spaniard; he ate like an artisan of the gay and gluttonous days of Charles the Bold. His hobby was archery. He had one intellectual interest only, philology. In consequence, he was learned in German thinking on that subject. He had two pictures in the room that he shared with the little Falloix, those of

Lazarus and Heyman Steinthal, founders of scientific philology, as he claimed. His other picture was over his bed. It was that of the champion of semantics at the Collège de France, his guardian angel and special instructor, Michel Bréal, also a Jew. It was inscribed "To the Porthos of Philology, great eater of stews, mighty laughter, may your mind's vigour reflect that of your body." His rolls of fat testified to a lifetime of merriment. Yet he was miserably pale, despite his bulk, from over-study.

Dupleix was a Provençal poet, who could declaim in Catalan with a more perfect cadence than Cristóbal had ever heard before. When he recited poems they all were aware that they had heard them as deaf men before. He had an ear as precious as that of Hugo Wolf, only its drum reverberated with the accidence of poetry and not of music.

He was a sorcerer of the older culture of the lands of the *lingua franca*. From the Ligurians of the *Riviera di Ponente* to the Levantines of Alicante, all the inhabitants of the lands on the tideless sea were his loves. He lived in a dream setting of Gothic statues and he rummaged through the forgotten monuments of his native Languedoc, cherishing the survivals of the Byzantine conquerors at Les Baux. He was a socialist. He lovingly collected scraps of their antiquities, from the bakers' shops and amphora makers of Pompeii to models of the conveyors of modern American automobile workers. Wherever there was labour, for him there was art.

All three Frenchmen were non-athletic, apart from Champvallon's archery. Two liked cycling, the French ideal of sport, and one tennis, but it did not hold them. They romanticized little, indeed, even Dupleix; and their attitude to Spain and the Spaniards was far less dreamy than that of the Germans. In fact they anticipated surrealism in their tastes. They were chock-full of symbolist poetry from Tristan Corbière and Mallarmé down, and they were far more mature than the Germans, still sentimentalizing over the refinements of Paul Heyse or the flower-laden dactyls of Rainer Maria Rilke. Also, they were accustomed to defeat; it seemed unnatural to win.

All three Frenchmen were engaged in mathematical drudgeries: Falloix in mechanical transmission, especially belting; Champvallon, as befitted a townsman of Fourier, in heat-machines; and the lyric

Dupleix in figuring the curves of demand and peak-loads for electric power companies. These were required by the bank to check up its promotions. He wrote odes on the scatter diagrams, on the logarithmic charts, and on the mysterious current he so carefully plotted with blue ink on a riot of squares.

Here were united seven men of talent, some of genius, at the service of the directors of the Crédit Agennais. Cristóbal was happy that his new associates were far more brilliant than those at the University. Banking, instead of proving a torture, might be as satisfying a career as the old Lanson had predicted.

Within a few weeks, Cristóbal had absorbed heavily the story of banking. He was deep in Swoboda's exhaustive treatise on arbitrage, Palgrave's *Dictionary of Political Economy*, Courcelle-Seneuil on banking operations, Dr. Karl Hellferich on *Das Geld*, and Leroy-Beaulieu on Public Finances. He went through the operations contemporaneously with these studies.

He shaved discounts, checked acceptances, valued commercial loan possibilities, compared them with long-term advances, transferred bullion (this he loved), arbitrated shares between Paris and London, appraised debentures, and went through the whole rigmale with the ease of a Jewish rabbi's disciple going through the countless compilations of the Law and the Commentaries and excreting rabbinical glosses, or of a scholastic mastering a thousand theses and antitheses on a single aspect of the essence of the Trinity.

He saw it as a game, and he saw it aright. Lacking reverence, he built up no mountains that had to be crossed. He soon got to the real job in hand, appraising the value of mining concessions and of public-utility franchises, to be stolen by order of public (greased) authority. This, much more than the banking façade, was the real reason for the interest of foreign capital in Spain.

A study of banking costs first convinced Cristóbal where the real money lay. He said to Don Francisco one night at dinner, "I have read a hundred books in the last few months, and what they tell me is simply a long-winded way of not describing what the game is all about. You can throw them all out, except for technical details. The bank's discount operations, arbitrages, cheque collections would not pay its electric-light bill. The smiling ladies cashing letters of credit would not nurse the lapdog of a director's

mistress. That is all *décor*, so that people should not observe the real show. Out of what comes the millions in profits, after deducting the immense costs?"

Don Francisco laughed. "In promotions, of course, in obtaining properties for less than they are worth. The bones of a thousand Don Franciscos build up their palaces."

"In other words," cried Cristóbal, "corruption, cunning, or, as in your case, downright fraud legally veneered."

"I expect so."

"Then why in the name of all fury do you scheme revenge night and day on Henryson, Pately, Carrington, Jones, and trust Lanson, a man in the same business?"

Don Francisco was beginning a long apology, when Cristóbal, with the fury of a bull calf, stamped his feet and said, "He lied to me, the sinister frog."

"Who?"

"Lanson, with his saccharine socialist swan song about banking."

"It was not his lying that beguiled you, Cristóbal, it was the inner promptings of your own ambition. You believed because you have a need to."

"A lost soul," murmured the boy in a pleasant access of self-pity.

"Found, you mean. You are equipped for money, power, and the capacity to even accounts—something I have not once attained."

"Why not, is there anything that stops you shooting the brokers?"

"Yes, the shadow of a hanged father over the career of his son, the shame of the widow of a murderer, the denial of consecrated ground. You always forget that, for you are an atheist. I want to *avenge* myself!" cried the old man rising like a force of nature from the table. "That means not that I make them suffer, and ~~that~~ we suffer, too, but that they suffer alone and we shall exult." The old Spaniard, transported, had a shock; he came down to the floor, a slight stroke resulted, and he lay in bed for several weeks, stammering words, one side insensitive.

The first night Cristóbal, sobbing like a little boy, nursed his nearly unconscious father. He heard the doctor's reassuring words

that this attack was not fatal, but that, nevertheless, it would recur. He barely listened. He was full of self-reproach for having excited and angered his father on the one issue that moved him most. Revenge on the four men of England was the family centre, it was excluded from analysis or discussion. It was his plain duty to acquiesce and carry on.

Cristóbal determined never again to open avenues of thought that would carry his father to another crisis. He would take on himself the family burden and avoid discussion, if possible. The chance of losing Don Francisco loomed up before him. He knew what the ever-loving parent meant, the space his father filled in his existence. He sat beside the speechless old gentleman, caressing his brow, on the other side the quickly ageing Doña Isabella. She held a crucifix in her hands; she could never let it go. The father signalled for the Sacred Heart picture. His motions were comprehended; it was put up by the son tenderly, he whom it had always horrified, and his joy was great as the paralytic face grew serene and then more mobile. His long, beautiful face bent over the sick old man, and he smiled engagingly; kindness to kindness responded, and speech revived; the old merchant cried out at last, "Two to love me, I am happy." He slept the night long, and the next morning was visibly recovering.

Cristóbal went back to the bank. Lanson inquired graciously about his father, whom he had not, unfortunately, had time to visit. The offhand sympathy indurated Cristóbal; he studied with the discovering eye of an enemy the real relation of Lanson to the bank.

Something in the correspondence revealed that Lanson was playing a Lanson game for his own pocket instead of merely a Crédit Agennais game for his bosses. It was patent that he would call up brokers and give them orders at the opening of the Bourse. If a profit resulted, he was likely to name a nominee of his as the client. If a loss resulted, he would name either a nominee of the bank, or a discretionary account would suffer. It was done on balance, not invariably, so that it looked like a chance distribution that somehow on the average afforded Lanson a profit and yet not too marked a one. He also observed that Lanson would authorize the transfer, as one having power of attorney for the bank, of some Bourse profits to an account X,

that account having been recently opened and having as yet put up no margins. It also seemed that when property was bought there were unwonted delays, and that the company that sold it to the nominees of the *Crédit Agennais* was not the one they did business with originally. If they bought a house on the *Calle Fernando VII*, Lanson knew the price was 800,000 pesetas. He told the head office he might get it for 875,000 (he never greatly exaggerated), had his family buy it in the name of a dummy company, then bought it on behalf of the bank from his own dummies for 860,000 pesetas, and received a letter of congratulation from Paris for his cuteness in bargaining down the price 15,000 pesetas.

In short, Cristóbal, instead of wasting his time on a lot of ponderous "classic" authorities on banking, finance, and currency, studied one textbook, "Lanson's Practices, The Manager's Invisible Game Revealed." He observed and assimilated enough to start himself on a spectacular career.

No matter what proposition came into the bank, no matter what routine operation came through, he made up an imaginary series of transactions, which he wrote down on cards at home. On these, he was to cheat the directors occasionally, and do it strictly according to the rules. He realized early that to pilfer was criminal, to *owe* was legal. The proper papers must be correctly made out.

Three months of these imaginary transactions, after giving the bank all the breaks, showed a nominal profit of 340,000 pesetas, or nearly £14,000. He never faltered from his card system. By March he was obsessed. The more he calculated, the more he was involved, the more he was attracted. It was a house of cards—it might well become a house of gold!

He hinted his discoveries to the six intellectuals, but so carefully shrouded that if they did not at once understand his phrases could be interpreted like the Delphic oracle. He was determined that nothing was to interfere with the coign of vantage he held in M. Lanson's antechamber.

To his astonishment he found that the six men were fundamentally ignorant of what really went on. All their brilliant table-talk and arithmetical skill did not assist them through the involutions of the bank. They were all cynical and sceptical, and loaded him with anecdotes of the villainy of *haute finance*. With a mixture

of glee and indignation they told of strange discrepancies between their careful analyses and the subsequent embellishments in prospectuses and annual reports. Cristóbal quickly saw that it was not brain that was lacking. Any one of them could understand the business in a flash, but they all had a total lack of interest in the objects pursued by millionaires.

He cross-examined them, sympathetically, sweetly, carefully. They all told him the same story though all were "individuals." What they wanted, they explained, was "intellectual liberty" with "minimum comfort and reasonable security." At last he knew why the middle class is impotent, why his passionate anarchist ideals had faded in him. Here was the reason their thousand dreams, idealisms, studies, were all at the service of the overlords of finance. They did not want to face the misery and hazards of the proletariat, nor would they get rid of all intellectual excess baggage, and go for the essential of the game—money—at all costs. "If as much intelligence as these men have is eliminated from the competition I have to face," deduced Cristóbal, "then money must be damned easy to make."

At last Cristóbal had his chance. Early in March he was ordered to accompany Freimüller, Pokorny, and Leichtentritt to copper properties to be explored in the upper Rio Tinto basin. They were to make their headquarters in Seville, but not make themselves more conspicuous than was necessary. It was understood that representatives of Aaron Hirsch of Frankfort, a dreaded competitor, were snooping about, and they might close options before the Crédit Agennais friends had their chance. They decided to put up in a small pension, far from the centre of Seville, and to leave discreetly for the mining areas. Rooms were reserved.

Leichtentritt was to study the cost of installation of electrically driven equipment, including a generating plant. The total costs per pound produced were to be estimated along new lines just established by the Chile Copper Company and stolen by a French engineer. Their costing system was the wonder of the trade.

The night before they left, Don Francisco, still haggard, his cheeks now completely furrowed, his hair bright silver, the yellow light reflecting a buff colour from his olive forehead on to the silver, looked like a seventeenth-century nobleman in the wrong costume. He had a two-days' growth of beard; the El Greco cardinal in him

was completed. Doña Isabella sat beside him, now looking old, her cheeks sagging at last, crow's-feet around her eyes, but rejoiced to have her man better again, commanding the table. He told Cristóbal, "I spoke to Lanson to-day, and it was he who assigned you to the Rio Tinto. You have never seen La Fortuna. On your trip it will not be much out of your way to see it. Study it to the last detail. I dare not see it—I would be overcome. The richest mine, the richest smelter in Spain! I dreamed you would now be its master, for my days are counted; or if I survive these few years the strokes must recur. If I were to swim into coma, the one vision I would carry into nothingness would be my son, head of La Fortuna. It is impossible, God does not wish me to consummate the task; I look to you. It is a death's-head gift, but hold on to it."

Cristóbal forgot himself in the last flicker of the propagandist. "But, Papa, the thousands of workers in it have done much in twenty years. Surely it is theirs too?"

Don Francisco was not angry. He held his wife's hands and smiled with the benignity of a sage who has long suffered youth. "There are a thousand mines—important ones, I mean. Five hundred get rich, five hundred are bankrupt. For each equally the workers strove; into each they put sinew, sweat, force, what you will. What had their efforts to do with success or failure? They were the same in each case. My son, work makes wealth, but creative genius makes the personality of a business. La Fortuna is for me a person, a person that I created, built up, made rich. Let me never hear from a Pinzón that he considers his superb talents equal to the day's labours of the uninspired. They are worthy servants, no more."

Doña Isabella was much more sharp. "Do you want to contradict your father, arouse him, and repeat his tragedy? Vain boy, your books have taught you everything but sense." Don Francisco tried to interrupt, but Cristóbal apologized, though with a fierce desire to be free, for a time at least, of the eternal triangle of claims.

The next morning the don came down to the station against the advice of his specialist, saw his son off, covered him with embraces, asked the other three engineers, older men, to sponsor him as best they could, received their respects, and went home recovered.

The train started. He said no word to the other three, who buried themselves in newspapers. He was aroused when the train got to Tarragona. He mechanically remembered Conchita Morales and the happy vacation, then suddenly wondered whether the love of money was becoming so deep in him that it excluded memory and passion.

He looked at the three men, and tried to arouse his primitive partisanship against the foreigner in the land, despoiling its natural and irreplaceable resources for the benefit of others while holding down the choicest positions in industry and finance. But only through them, he recalled, was big money possible. Patriotism was a sterile indignation, whereas treason on behalf of the imperialists would be richly rewarded. He was corrupt, he flattered himself; no honest imagination could live in that worm-eaten soul. He flattered himself too fast.

Pokorny looked up from his newspaper. "Did you see that twenty thousand miners in the Asturias have joined these anarchist trade unions? If the anarchists organize these men it means good-bye to profits, and that means good-bye to us. But, thank God, the two unions, the socialist and anarchist, are so busy making mincemeat of each other that before long they'll blow up the works, and that's our chance."

Cristóbal rose aflame. "Damn you all, here you come into our land, our country, you put in capital, that is, profits sweated from workers in other lands, act like conquerors, and you have the crust to tell our workers upon what conditions they are to live, so as to make a profit for export. Get out of Spain, you thieves. Let our backward people take one generation more to develop their resources, but let these resources, however late their development, be the patrimony of free workers." He sat down with an ugly glower, ready for a good, permanent fight. These were the alien despoilers of his father back in the land; it was his first lance against them.

Leichtentritt and Pokorny howled in response. "Spaniards," cried the "culture-sympathetic" musician. "A degenerate breed of Jew and Arab and Vandal and, in the south, even Negroid, a medley of Berber and Roman slave, terribly lazy, totally ignorant. Every technical book translated, for you have nothing. You only want to tear down what more cultured people have built up for

you, animals that seek to destroy the rich fruition of human imagination and . . ." Cristóbal sneered. "You have all their traits," cried Pokorny.

The don spoke with sedulously cultivated restraint. The man told him to punch the cultured hides of the Teutonic disdainers, for superior, pudgy Leichtentritt and Neanderthal-man Pokorny were no match for their "inferior." He said, "I am pleased that the animals, known to their intimate friends as the Spanish people, desire to tear down the carefully constructed bars of their zoo, a real insult to the creative spirit, a transvaluation of all values."

Freimüller feared the results of this encounter. He acted as peacemaker—it was his nature. "Don Cristóbal," he began with unaffected gentleness of speech, "your pride is legitimate. But remember that Herr Leichtentritt and my college comrade, Herr Pokorny, are subject to an influence I will now describe. I was sent out to Mexico to work for the Greene Cananea Copper Company when I was barely twenty, that is, in 1906. I was a true idealist, a disciple of Adolf Damaschke, the land reformer, a German Henry George. I saw that the mines of Mexico had been filched from that people, and that capital from the States was over-rewarded, for it took no political risk, as the *Científicos*, the clique around Porfirio Díaz, guaranteed the Americans the free exploitation of the mines by the use of the Federal Army. I noted with horror the denial of human justice. The American miners were paid nine pesos a day, the Mexicans two, for almost comparable work. I agitated for unionization of the Mexican miners, and was smartly told by the American miners, members of your boasted Western Federation of Miners, a syndicalist union, that if they found me organizing the 'greasers' they would ride me out of town on a rail. A pitched battle took place between the Yankees and the Mexicans. At first I was for the Mexicans, but three of them took a shot at me because I looked like an American, and they hated me. No one would trust me. To save my life, I was classed with the Americans, handed a rifle by them, and barricaded in the company store. I helped them to shoot down men whose only crime was that they wanted equal pay for equal work in their own land. It is unity of breed that cuts across ideas of right and wrong: that is our tragedy." He sighed deeply.

"But there was a sequel, I believe," added Cristóbal. "The

soldiers of Porfirio Diaz came up, and though of Indian blood found no unity of breed sufficient to keep them from shooting their own flesh and blood to support the interests of a privileged Yankee caste. Where, then, is your boasted unity of breed that forced you to so unpleasant a choice? Only against the workers; that is the force you represent, and you know it perfectly well! Your mask of frustrated humanitarianism doesn't fool me."

"You misunderstand me," said the kind and embarrassed Freimüller. "Perhaps I analysed wrongly, but I put on no mask."

Cristóbal felt that it was impossible to go further. He had been carried away by his old habits of anarchist declamation, which overflowed into the new stream of corrupt life, just after he was sure as they had passed Tarragona that honesty was dead within him. But he was re-aroused by the humiliating insults to his country and its working class he had so much loved. The torrent of words had to go on. It was stronger than himself. As he looked at the foreigners he could not let them get away with their disdain. He attacked.

"I do not misunderstand. I am a Spaniard, and I know one thing: there was no Leichtertritt, no Pokorny, to look us in the face when we owned the world! We are lazy and destructive when it pays to rob us; we were full of Spanish dignity and resource when the trimming burghers of Flanders and the Rhineland sought our favours and trembled at our name!"

There was no reply. Two of the three intellectuals felt that Cristóbal was "unreliable." Leichtertritt, consumed with the duty of serving his firm, decided to report the conversation to the head office. Pokorny waited to see whether Cristóbal was an agent of competitors, since nothing else could make a man so "irrational." Freimüller meditated, retained enough of his inchoate idealism to stay out of the whole controversy, and regretted wistfully the ill chance that revealed the permanent cleft between imperialist agents and the indigenous bourgeoisie. It confirmed his darling hypothesis that the unjust division of the soil created undue wealth and poverty, and turned potentially kind human beings into snarling beasts.

The train rolled on to Valencia, past marshlands, where coolies worked in the fields of rice, their naked feet glistening in the sun. At the station, the party, wholly silent, took a cab.

The trip was to be broken at Valencia, as they had to wait nearly a whole day for the next train to Seville. They stayed at the old Hotel Inglés, far from the station, faced on the one side by the queen of baroque beauty, the Palacio de Dos Aguas, and on the other by the deliciously painted, fresh-looking Cercolo Frutero, gathering place of the planters of oranges, lemons, apples, and the dozen other fruits of the beautiful *huerta Valenciana*.

The four ate without enthusiasm and with continued silence in the grand dining-room. There followed a mute and embarrassed journey through the courses. The attentive major-domo urged the merits of the Hispano-Franco style of cuisine; it was excellent, more than abundant, but there was no joy in the eating. Freimüller smiled wanly as a rich planter from the *huerta*, after taking double portions of twelve *hors d'œuvre*, copious helpings of cream soup, fried trout, lobster Thermidor, string beans sauté, grain chicken, and grilled steak complained loudly at being robbed, as he was paying four pesetas (three and six), and honesty in Spain was a thing of the past, as was shown by the fact that the ice cream was not served in white wine.

The gloom of the party was intense. It was broken up by Cristóbal suddenly leaving his coffee, getting up, bowing, but not excusing himself, and going out for a walk. The major-domo was pained. Cristóbal explained at the door that there had been a quarrel about nationality. The major-domo regrettably was from Venice. He liked Germans; he was cold.

The three Germans ignored him. Leichtentritt stayed in the writing-room, investigating carefully the resources of the *huerta* and the commercial possibilities for German trade in *Südfrüchten*. Pokorny carefully read the Baedeker on the sights of the city, but was replete and could not see them. Freimüller sneaked out and joined Cristóbal at the corner. They walked through the gracious alabaster-white streets to the Torres de Serranos; the immense fortified gate, crenelated, looked back at the city, drowned in blue moonlight reflections on the chaste houses. The poetic evocations were enhanced by the girls leaning over the flower-clad balconies and by an occasional note heard from some wildly plucked guitar in a wineshop. There, all that was Spain in Cristóbal, so long obscured by Catalan residence, resurged. He echoed the refrain of a song heard in the distance. His voice,

imposed by recollection, took on the soprano timbre of his boyhood in the cathedral choir at Seville. They wound about the streets, but Freimüller sensed the need of Cristóbal to be alone among his own people, and dropped off at a little German beer-hall in a side street in the heart of the town. He too wished nothing to ruffle his composed feelings after the brutal dispute in the train. Like Cristóbal he grew peaceful when back in his own setting—seidels and porcelain statues of gnomes from the Black Forest and cuckoo clocks in latticed woodwork. They were foolish but they made him happy.

Cristóbal sauntered down to the river. He passed the incomparably varied and colourful floral beds near the banks of the Rio Turia. In the moonlight their hues held him. The dulled, yellow-drenched tints were melancholy, a balm for spleen. Under the long bridge, clear as a blue engraving, flowed the thin trickle of the river, lost amid a spongy mass of mosses, lichens, and substances and plants unknown, the fever-giving, uncovered river-bed. For a long distance he followed its course, joy crowding into every nook of his being as he continued along the Rondas, their high-waving palms cutting across the skies. He passed the two giant towers, saw the moon clouded by dark, streaky, cirrus clouds, its inflected light thrown strangely over the minaret-tower, the slender, graceful campanile of the old town. He passed the formal, rounded, Renaissance chapel of the bejewelled Virgin of the Helpless, the marble mass of the cathedral, the long merchant façade of the Lonja, rightfully drenched in silver, its patron metal, and came by the silent Mercado, the empty fish-stalls saturated with the stink of mackerel.

He looked into many wineshops. In none was anything stirring, yet the sight of the casks, the two or three friends playing cards, the dim lights (for none had the money to pay for more), were exactly like the Santa Cruz quarter in which he had played with Carmen. He held her again as he walked at home, for even Valencia was home compared to the North. He pressed her palm, and his tears came as he thought of her skip and jump, and her guardianship of her younger brother. All the feeling of a son of the South came up in him. What was he doing with the alien thieves? He again and again called on his reason, on his common sense, on the need for material success, and deployed

all the battalions of his new-found covetousness. For the moment they were driven back by the toy soldiers of childhood. The tin brigade, one inch high, charged and mowed down the mature soldiers of finance, tall as pesetas. The baby battle was fought out on the counterpane of the mind.

He reflected fiercely. What lies old Lanson had told him about socialism being realized by bankers! Imagine the impudence of linking those opportunists, the Pereires, to the speculations of Proudhon, that anatomist of bourgeois intelligence! What the devil did he want the money for? What did his father, that dead survival of impotent revenge, want of his youth save to mummify it in the swaddling-clothes of an inherited feud? His father had mummified his entire manhood in lamentation for a once-great effort. Would he too be like the Jews who spent a thousand years in the Holy Land and two thousand lamenting its loss? By what magic was he in the *Crédit Agennais*? Every white building in Valencia scorned his excuses.

He found himself, without having seen it, on the other side of the river, facing the deserted Aragon railway station. It was nearly ten o'clock. He rhapsodized. What a clean city! What a clean civilization! There was no real industry in Valencia, only the God-given *buerta*, the richest soil in the whole world, the fairest climate. It produced nothing that was not clean. No animals to be slaughtered, no war fabrications, only the populated fields of flowers, vegetables, tubers, fruits. Weary, he took a tram down to the port.

Here and there were a few of the cosy, mignon *barracas* of the unregimented, independent farmers. Coquette, tiny, honest, and romantic, exactly as immortalized in the novels of the diffuse son of Valencia, Blasco Ibáñez. As he rode by on the gently moving old tram and whiffed the pervading odour of olive oil from the passing shacks, he thought that here true anarchism was possible. Had not Prince Kropotkin considered market gardening an indispensable basis of the free commune?

As he entered the port he passed into the open sheds, clean, with not a sign of industrialism, but with uncounted sacks of potatoes, lemons, oranges, rice. He walked nervously along the docks, crowded with steamers painted white, and some English tramps, the slow, slumping, ubiquitous carriers of trade. The

docks were so Spanish, so much unlike the universe of the "culture-sympathetic" Germans, those faithful servants of the anticultural interests of French finance. He took the tram back from the star-peopled skies along the beach, past the competition of primitive gas lamps. He arrived in time to attend the eleven-o'clock opening of a play with the hopeless conventional pattern about a *gitana* maid of Triana, and how she is loved by a grandee, and how he loves her, daughter of the nomads; how the proud *duquesa* or *marquesa* he is to marry haughtily enters and claims the privilege of caste, and how the tragic but proud maiden goes back to her tribe, and the baffled but daft and saddened grandee goes back to the castle acquired by dowry.

This routine stuff was given with the same passionate declamation as in a thousand preceding plays on the same theme. The simple audience wore out its palms applauding, and its heart was rent in the same place in which it had always been rent. The author had come down from Madrid (it was a first night) and was nervously chewing his horn-rimmed spectacles, as he watched the audience from the box. The dark smiles of Don Cristóbal he took rightly to be disparaging, and his eyes were fixed on the critic, dreading a cat-call of disapproval from the *elegante*. He was soon comforted.

The *gitana* maiden, forlorn, began the insane trill of the flamenco. She cried from her abdomen, the shrieks reached heights that jangled the tympanum and cut the nerves. At the long cadenza of the fandango, Cristóbal burst out and cried heavily. The burden of his boyhood pressed on his ducts, he was heavy with tears, and as the endless cadenza proceeded beyond all the laws of physiology he became overwrought as dervishes do under keening, fifes, and whirls. He needed not to be ashamed; most of the audience was crying, he was one of a large crowd. The *gitana* bowed, took the violets and roses lavished on her, the timid author blushed and thanked the audience, and the crowd filed out.

Cristóbal stood up and applauded, and out came the star of the evening, in her scarlet-tanager dress, lifted it up slightly, and revealed the glistening, heavy, yellow-satin petticoat, the symbol of the rich gipsy women. It was the dream of Cristóbal, when, as a dirty puppy of twelve, he had witnessed the Triana girls making

their way across the bridges of the Guadalquivir from the national cigarette factory, the atelier of Mérimée's and Bizet's *Carmen*; the belles had always worn the yellow petticoat. She had a doll face, the star, but the curl of her lips was not fixed—the face was easily transfigured by hatred.

He watched the stage entrance, but she left with the author and his friends to toast their success. It was two in the morning, and he turned into a café where an orchestra of comic toreadors was giving a brass-inferno entertainment to the after-theatre crowds. In the corner sat the actress and fourteen men; his chances looked slim. He read the play-bill again and again: the celebrated Inez de Castro of the Teatro de la Zarzuela, Madrid. He went back to the solitary iron bedstead of the Hotel Inglés. It was three, but the fiends of imagination hammered at his eyes, and he got up at six, determined to take the Madrid train at eight, and leave the three without any explanation.

He went out, took his bag to the station, and strolled back to town. The other employees were to sleep until eleven and then take the Seville train. His way had parted. Good-bye to the Crédit Agennais. He could not stand humiliation.

He passed the lush, tropical palace of the Correos y Telegrafos, and somehow found himself in the square of the chapel of the bejewelled Virgin, the pilgrimage centre of southern Spain. The clocks were dully striking seven. He had an hour to kill.

The verger was dusting the entrance to the chapel; crowds were already walking in, and Cristóbal entered to see the celebrated image. He was taken aback. Even in Spain the Madonna, often represented as a child, was never represented as a two-year-old baby. He looked again and again at the doll, the little French bisque doll of (so it seemed) the purest bazaar-pattern. It was inconceivable.

But what decked her was a blaze of jewels, such as he had never before seen or imagined. From ropes of pearls to beaten, pure-gold ornaments, twenty rings, or rather bracelets over her little arms, all studded with the most dazzling of diamonds, white, blue, rose, and yellow, riots of emeralds and rubies, turquoises, opals, jades, the base of the statue in lapis lazuli, an alabaster floor around the pedestal, the inscriptions also jewelled. Before this bejewelled god-doll was a hushed, reverent collection of beggars,

ragged peasants, gipsy skeletons, all on their knees, counting rosaries, mumbling but not hysterical. The sight of so much wealth made adoration quiet and humble. Despite the early hour the chapel was crowded with rich women with costly mantillas, and courtly, grey-bearded señors. The sense of the world was levelled before this money: it was a merger of the Vatican, the Bank of England and Madame Tussaud.

Cristóbal tipped the verger, who told him that the jewels had been estimated by Monsieur Cartier at Paris and Mellerio of Madrid at twenty-five million pesetas gold. Even Cristóbal joined the respectful crowd. Another did, too.

In the first rank of the women, covered by a cobweb-laced mantilla, bent a young woman, the grown-up replica of the doll. She adjusted her dress before bowing. It was the heavy, yellow-satin petticoat of the Andalusian gipsies. Cristóbal stared, she arose: it was Inez de Castro, tear-jerker of the play.

As the worshipper left the chapel, Cristóbal went up, removed his hat with the sweep and precision of a hero of Paul Bourget, and said, "I must honour a woman of Seville, I a son." She seemed perfectly delighted. The walls of Troy fell faster than those of Jericho before the blasts of flattery.

"I fancy you are a stage-door *caballero*. Well, my friend, they are always welcome. The stage-door *caballero* is a silly beast, but at least he adores you or, at least, part of you." She winked by slightly moving one minute corner of her eyelid—the Paris trick. "I am hungry," she said summarily. They went to the café, where her doll-like mouth opened, and her maw contradicted her elegance. She was certainly a healthy girl.

"I worship the jewelled Madonna," she commented. "All the flatterers and philanderers I meet nightly promise me all this, but I am caught in a frightful impasse. If I give them what they want they stop giving presents. If I don't, most of them fall off after a few weary attempts, for, after all, my good friend, I am a beauty. That I know, but in Madrid that is not a unique trait——"

"You mean there is a market limit. At a given point you can be replaced?"

"Exactly. I am a girl of much sanity. I lost my virginity at twelve, and I am now twenty-four. In those twelve years the boys have been numberless, their promises lavish, their gifts

reasonably good, my co-operation with them enthusiastic. I am famous but not rich. I have never before played in Valencia. I was pleased to, as the jewelled Virgin is the only one that can give me what I want. I would not pray to the others—they are for *canaille*. I beat up my last Madonna. I asked for a miscarriage, and had a child. Imagine that. The gifts I brought her!”

“Do you always beat up Madonnas when they don’t make good?”

“Why, of course. The Mother of God does not want us to worship her bad images, only her good ones. My mother taught me that.”

“Do you also worship gipsy deities?”

“No, God forbid.” She spat violently on the floor. “I am a good Catholic, thank God, not like that terrible author! His piffing play would be a failure if I did not sing as I did. And the horn-rimmed eyes glisten, and they think I should be glad to play his rot. And he wants to sleep with me. That book! I would taste the ink of his manuscripts when our tongues crossed. Pooh!” She spat again. “Oh, what bores! Think of it! All of this crowd last night talked art and poetry and success, everything but *me*, and they thought that if they kept this up, I would give them everything but poetry, art, success. I prefer straight approaches. But, tell me, what do you think of the jewelled Madonna. Isn’t she grand? Oh, what a pleasure! I wanted to touch her little robe. Incrusted with diamonds, or what is it? I can’t tell jewels apart much, but they are so beautiful. Oh, everything like that’s beautiful. I should hate to go to purgatory. Think of the time I should waste. But heaven! If on earth the Madonna can be dressed like that, think of her in heaven. Oh, it’s a pleasure!” The Tiffany devotee closed her eyes. Her lips parted and cracked the lipstick. She blushed. “Bad stuff, that. Not like Guerlain. I only use Guerlain whale-oil soaps. Better than olive oil, don’t you think?”

She ate and ate, drank and drank, talked and coveted, and was wild with lechery, cunning, superstition, and, underneath it all, *sanity*.

He looked at the clock. It was eleven. No Madrid train. The Seville train had gone, carrying its learned Teuton freight. She yawned. She had not slept. The party broke up at five,

she was ready for the Madonna at six. She suggested they rest together for three hours before lunch. He got up to her room, and he came down in three days. It was a tribute in a city of lewd-eyed gentry, strikingly desirous. The bellboy was sent for his baggage. He came back, and had to leave the bag outside as the parties inside were otherwise engaged. At night the vedette left her nearly inanimate partner, cried her heart-rending songs, and went back to eating, drinking, biting, kissing. Poor Cristóbal: Inez de Castro had only begun. What he thought was dessert she fancied as an *apéritif*. Radiant, she went to High Mass, feeling really deserving. The next day they were off to Madrid. She had to go back to her fixed engagement at the Zarzuela. Cristóbal had enough to pay for a third-class ticket, but in gratitude for his good works Inez staked him to the difference, and they went first-class.

He had, in the meantime, retained enough sense to write a polished letter of resignation to Lanson, citing that it was not possible for a Spaniard to work under foreigners who despised his countrymen, but profusely thanking the old banker for the opportunity he had given him, and the excellent training he had received.

That morning he set out on his Quixotic adventure to Madrid. As the afternoon deepened he passed out of the warm, fertile plain of Valencia into a land of dark-red, deserted hills. Upon an occasional Roman aqueduct rode a muleteer, his blanket flung around him, silhouetted against the brazen sky. Towards evening they passed the nearly flat countries of La Mancha, sparsely peopled, with villages here and there in ruins, punctuated with windmills—those windmills so indifferent to the lances of that very Don Quixote. Inez slept for hours, and Cristóbal was grateful. The monotonous plain held his eye, filled his memories of the lank-jawed knight.

He thought of the Don and Sancho Panza as over-simplified contrasts: they must have been united in the one man. Poor Don Quixote, as he appeared in the straggling image of Daumier, in which, as the artist said, he rode his two natures on one horse, and that a Rosinante. Don Cristóbal's mother was derived, on her Spanish side, from Cuenca, chief town of Don Quixote land. Again he was at home. His career until now had little dilution

of the Sancho Panza. Would he ever acquire it? At the mental query, Inez stirred in her sleep and cried out, moaning, "No, no, never." She slept again.

His eyes stirred in wonder as desert succeeded desert. The Sinaitic scene, interrupted for a moment by the delicious oasis of Aranjuez, was soon resumed, and the terrestrial Dead Sea grew larger, larger, and more dreadfully archaic as they approached Madrid. He wondered how long this European Sahara could continue. The crazy, snow-powdered Guadarrama hills appeared, then again the desert.

The mournful, sterile, unpeopled waste of rock-dust came on and on, when, out of nothingness, came up with a bound the city without suburbs. The brilliant lights of Madrid mounted the galleries above the Manzanares. He helped Inez off the train and walked through the nondescript, neglected Atocha station. They left each other there. She frankly explained that her supporter was waiting for her, and gave minute, detailed instructions where she could be reached and when, under the somewhat special circumstances. She faded out of his mind, for a time, as she faded down the platform. He walked in the capital of his country, breathing the mountain air, filling his lungs and expanding his chest. The dreams of ambition fell about him as he looked for a cheap hotel.

He had just left the most covetous person on earth, so it seemed. Even bankers had dispersed interests; she had none. The two primitive feelings, food and sex, were sublimated by her to include jewels and perfumes and clothes, part of food, and vainglory and adventure, part of sex. She left him because he had no money; in every other respect he did well. He did not lament a strumpet's loss—he resented being on her or anybody else's side-lines.

He was a Don Quixote—that was what was the matter. He moved to the cheap towel rack, pulled off the dirty towel to dry himself, and it cracked. Like the lances of Don Quixote. He wanted the best of both worlds. He wanted to avenge the family, to avenge the workers. On the other hand he wanted to stay pure of finance, a revolutionist. Nonsense. To conquer the rich you must have weapons: weapons are paid for with gold! Money first! Then he stamped his foot. God, what banal

thinking! Who is not capable of this? He went out of the mean room into the wintry streets. He had never before seen snow. The swirling sugar surprised him, and the cold hurt him. The end of March when Seville was roasting on the altar of the sun! This, Spain? It seemed like the boreal lands, and he looked about for vikings.

Like a hammer cutting away at his ears came the remembered insults of Leichtentritt and Pokorny, side-tracked by a week of orgy. His mother was right; Protestantism was only parvenu capitalism too rapacious to divide with another master, the Church; too arrogant to share commonalty with the workers in a community like the Church. The child of yesterday, it insulted the sons of imperial Rome! Founded on depleting coal-reserves, this ugly Alberich carried money-bags out of the dying mines, never to find them again. Their insolence was a mere flash in the pan, compared to the everlasting fruits and flowers of the Valencian plain. Capitalism, this laughing-stock of history, this sick entr'acte between feudal humanity and libertarian communism! (Cristóbal knew nothing of the patient work being done, in the very Germany that he so detested, by scholars like Max Weber, who were then and there writing that capitalism is but the false face of Calvinism.) Where was the heart to look for eternal values? In that which has been believed in all times, in all places, by all manners of men, the boast of the Catholic faith? But they represented lies, they were enemies of the people, they had slain Ferrer. Where was the oath of Montjuich? And even after the recent orgy it was they, he remembered, who had killed the only love of his life, and given him much pain. If vengeance was to fall on anyone, it was on them. Why focus on the insolent Protestant imperialism? And how about atheist rascality? Did the non-believers of France spare the serfs of Tunis, the coolies of Indo-China? The whole gang was rotten. Forget religion. Where is one to get money?

If one were to seek a financial career, though, why not with Spaniards, with whom one ranked as an equal, not as a "native"? The only autonomous Spanish banks were in the hands of the Jesuits. They were said to control the Banco Arequipa; they controlled also the Spanish participations in rails, utilities, mines, industries. The Jesuits cashed the coupons of Spaniards still

levying their mortmain on the once Spanish Empire in the Americas and the East. It was they who, by reason of the immense connexion with the mesh of diplomats at Rome and in many courts, were able, by collaborating with the Curia, to forecast political developments even before the bankers of each country. The treasury of the Jesuits, then, must be the model of investment management. To be identified with this universal, omniscient institution was to be in the same web as history itself, to spin with the events of men, to attain that spiritual perfection, through identification with a complete situation that, according to Bergson, was the perfect climate of man's soul. We were far indeed from Turro!

The corrupt boy fell in love with his own thinking. He rolled in it. After all, however one might disapprove of the Church, it was fundamentally Latin, and retained enough from the Middle Ages and older human standards to cover up the single-track pursuit of money, such as was the witness of Protestant civilization. It made a fetish of authority, hierarchy, tradition, scholastic reason. The reason the French were so money-mad was their abandonment of the faith, their propinquity to Protestant lands and Geneva bankers, and the supremacy of Huguenots and Jews in their *haute finance*.

The Jesuits were Spaniards. Foreigners were never to exploit him as they had despoiled his father. From the Jesuits he could learn the weapons of domination. The whole breed of Leichtenritts and Pokornys feared the Jesuits; they felt they could not cope with their subtleties, casuistry, organization, discipline, theatrical ceremonies, florid and popular oratory, keen schools. His mother told him of how even in England a little village priest silenced (so she said) the heretic metaphysicians; and how another one, of a town in Ireland, had humbled with his invincible logic the trembling dons of Oxford and Cambridge.

Why oppose both the Church and the foreigners? One at a time. The honest man in Cristóbal kicked at his intestines. He lied to the honest man. He would steal from the Jesuit banks, then use the profits to break the backs of the foreign bankers, then, necessarily, revenge his father as a filial duty, and then, when his wealth was amassed to the levels of Monte Cristo, smash

the whole damned capitalist system, with all its parasites, Church and State. The world would then be as Conchita wished it, as Ferrer builded. But these dreams required power; one had to retreat in order to advance.

The mad fantasy of vengeance, the endless song in his brain, came back as an excuse.

It ended that night—by dominating him.

XI

THE GILDED LOYOLA

THE Banco Arequipa was the centre of Cristóbal's hopes. It was not the centre of his immediate attention. He sensed that Madrid was his theatre. He must familiarize himself with the scene-shifting apparatus down to the last pulley. Breathlessly he explored for two days every nook of Madrid, that city so much despised by the men of Barcelona. They characterized its inhabitants as gay, heedless, with no constructive urges—a medley of dilettantes, *flâneurs*, *rentiers*, cognoscenti, lazzaroni, flunkies, bureaucrats—in short, the denizens of a city that lived pompously and ignorantly on rent and taxes, not, like Barcelona, out of industry, commerce, progress. This legend was dear even to Cristóbal. He soon abandoned it.

He loved the gay crowds milling along the Alcalá, the distinguished carriages parading down the Paseo, the Bronx-tenement grandeur of the newly integrated Gran Vía, and the chattering in a hundred narrow byways thrown around the Puerta del Sol. He stood under the great clock of the Gobernación, the heart of Spain, and was charmed to note how old-fashioned Madrid society was compared to that of his ambitious home-city. It was both reminiscent of the stately demeanour and masquing of the city of Goya, and yet obviously inflected by French influence. Another two days elapsed, and the lazy tourist haunted the compelling galleries of the Prado, the church of the Florida, shrine of Goya. Then he remembered he had parents and sent them a postcard.

The Prado was full of implications. The masterly Velasquez rooms, the El Greco sanctuary, the lavish Titian rooms were not his home. What dominated him was the series of "sensual pleasures," with their enumeration of at least (he tried to count) three thousand separately painted images of the joys of the senses,

taste, touch, smell, sight, hearing by the old Breughel. It called up what he had so much demanded when his turning-point came from pure anarchy to impure ambition. It was the catalogue of *range*, of *scope*, of all that distinguished the life of man from the beast. He came back again and again to this series. He also spent hours studying the hierarchy of mad symbolism in the paintings of the school of Hieronymus Bosch and the other demon-intoxicated Flemings. From their images of double and triple meaning from everything, from strawberry to the image of God, he concocted a multitude of departures and references that were to serve him later in his sudden money-inspirations, so much out of the thin, straight line of logic. The boy grew fast in Madrid.

The vigorous air of the city, whose altitude of two thousand feet helped the bite of its winter winds, the continued flurries of snow, were new sensations to the Mediterranean child. He still had two hundred pesetas left. He passed another week in hardy excursion to the citadels of Toledo and Ávila, bathed in winter sunlight and incredibly cold. Toledo threatened the bleak plain with its stone walls, but at Ávila, austere, huddled for warmth within its walls, a two-feet-deep snow, accompanied by blizzards, continued to swing around the resisting walls. The mystic city of Santa Teresa ended by impinging on the rationality of Cristóbal. Coming back through the stony, high mountains, under the superstitious city-palace of the Escorial, with its long, sterile panorama dear to the gloomy Philip the Second, at one blow his sense of Spanish character, history and background suffered a snow-change. He realized that the Castilians of those arid Sinaitic plains that had sunk his heart on the trip from Valencia, of the Sierra de Gredós, the lost mountains of horrid stone, that these Castilians had a tradition as stern and grim as Swiss mountaineers, as Scottish highlanders. The soft dream of Spain, of only the week before in Valencia, was but one aspect of his mighty country. At last he knew why they had once held over half the world in their grasp.

His face tightened, as also his resolution. His muscles became taut in the cold air, his ideas jumped in consistency and toughness. His patriotism, dormant in the analytical society of Barcelona, developed by the insults of aliens, mounted high

at Madrid. He felt exactly like Goya, a child of the people, seeing everything only through the popular mass but swayed by French and rationalist influences, making him more critical, only to be the more Spanish. Why seek elsewhere for ambition? Spain was a microcosm that contained every feature, only in a more heightened and beautiful form.

He fed the flames of resentment against the foreign capitalists. He exulted in the patriotic paintings of Goya in the Prado, especially the *Second of May*, the pigment of which crackled with hate, the blood spattered in the spectators' faces. He walked down the Calle de Toledo to the triumphal arch commemorating in fervent inscription the humiliation of the invading Gaul. But wherever he wandered in Madrid he saw, exactly as in Barcelona, foreign domination. Past the plaques of engineers, machinery houses, lift constructors, business equipment, technical bookshops, learned bookshops, banks, the names were nearly always Swiss and German. In every section of the night life German restaurants and beer-halls were strewn, none of them too crowded (subsidized for propaganda, he thought), but there gathered tall men, mostly blond, obviously a powerful and dominating breed. The Visigoths had returned. They now spoke a fluent Spanish and were learned.

The other foreigners were less in evidence. The French, according to economic state, haunted either chic restaurants or low brothels. They barely understood the related speech of the people. The other foreigners, however long in residence, seemed only sublimated tourists. Cristóbal hated them all. He walked as did Bonaparte in the Rue Sainte-Anne, one who would avenge the conquest of his native corner of earth on the invaders. If Napoleon could avenge the conquest of Corsica by a pallid courtier like Choiseul, by taking France in exchange, he too would avenge his despoiled family by making the alien bankers bow to him. He was a Southerner like Napoleon, and like him, too, born in a remote and poverty-stricken province.

On the tenth day of the new hegira he moved to a miserably dirty but cheap pension in the Montera, went to the poste restante, and found a letter from his father lamenting the loss of his fine job at the Crédit Agennais. Monsieur Lanson, on the representa-

tions of his parents, had agreed to reinstate him, but only if he agreed to pay proper respect to his superiors, and make amends to Leichtentritt and Pokorny. They were his seniors and men of many times his accomplishments.

The reply:

Beloved and honoured Mother and Father,

I, as a Spaniard, apologize to no one. As to accomplishments: one of these aliens is the acolyte of a mathematician, the other of a geologist. They are re-radiators but not generators. They feed their intellectual fires by treated briquettes, made over from the bright anthracite of professors. I feed mine on the coals of character and passion.

I am not at all impressed by the musical accomplishments of Leichtentritt. His heart is as cold as a eunuch, that is why he plays a high-pitched instrument. His song creaks like the broken-down artificial nightingale of the Chinese Emperor. I still sing like a creature of the forest.

He can go to hell, and this applies also to slimy Lanson. I hope he does not further reduce your fast-shrinking credits because of my escapade. If he does it confirms my idea as to how the black-guard thinks.

For the first time, beloved parents, I am acting as your son should. I am joining Spanish banks (which one is not sure), but I believe I shall worm myself into the Jesuit bank. Then, I am madly ambitious to serve you both, and cover you with treasures for all you have done for me. Count on me to replace, within two years, ten pesetas into your purse, for one that Lanson has given you on credit.

Beloved father, guard your health and your faith in me. Do see that you have no other stroke. Be composed. I shall honour our family name. I shall complete the pyramid for which you have built so firm a base.

With loving embraces,
Cristóbal

The parents smiled at the pomp of the letter, but Doña Isabella, like all mothers, having been (by accident) given the cleverest boy on earth, was as sure of his success as himself. And with the Jesuits, too!

"Do you remember, dear, I always said those anarchist sentiments would go when he realized what a man must face? I

must go at once to the chapel of the Sacred Heart, and thank God for the light he has bestowed on our boy. We must be kinder to the Jesuits from now on. They are so useful."

"I appreciate what you say, but I wish he had got another job, certainly, before he threw up the first. As for giving anything to the Jesuits—first, they have enough, and secondly, our problem will soon be how to pay the baker and landlord."

After mailing his reply Cristóbal came out of the post office in a manly rage, with five pesetas left. It was the first of April, but the weather was mean. He was cutting across the Puerta del Sol battling the giant snow-winds, when he came upon an old priest. They bumped each other because it was hard to see at all in that fusion of twilight and blizzard. As they mutually apologized, he recognized the scholarly padre who had introduced him into the choir of Seville and supervised his training, Don Benito Suarez.

The padre did not, of course, recognize the young man, now ten years older, but when he did, he was rejoiced. He asked him what had been his history, and all the family questions no proper Spaniard fails to enumerate, with the tenacious zeal of a census-taker for an autocrat. He invited Cristóbal to spend a few days with him at the parish house of the College of San Isidoro de Sevilla. It was a welcome offer. The time of miracles was not passed. He took his bag from the cockroach-infested pension, and walked beside his old preceptor, who happily went over his features one by one, tracing the boy in the man. "You're a handsome fellow," he repeated. "I hoped you would be a learned priest, but I think the girls will beat me." He took out a red handkerchief and blew the rheum off his eyes, the catarrhal mucus from his nose, and the spit out of his old, heavily salivating mouth. "God does not confer too much beauty on his own nor too much taste," thought his young companion.

They entered the parish house. Don Benito Suarez had not altered much. He had been fifty in Seville, he was now sixty. Ten years of repetition left the mask unchanged. The dinner began. The fireplace was blazing—even the martyred, naked saints in lithographs on the wall were getting warmer; the pork and cabbage emerged with a worthy, appetizing smell. At the table were two junior priests, one a dour Asturian, the

other a cold-eyed mountaineer from León. They looked hard at the vivacious Andalusian layman, regretted that his Spanish was perfect, that they could not ape his accent behind his back, as they did that of Don Benito. When they were told he was to stay for several days, they visibly hated the man who might reduce their allocation of food. They cheered up with simultaneous smiles when Don Benito announced that Cristóbal was his personal guest. The Asturian said grace hurriedly, then rushed at the serving-bowl. The Leonese followed him promptly. They were hungry mountain kids who had joined the priesthood for a square meal. No manners could be allowed to stand in the way of a one-minute delay. When Don Benito passed the plates first to his guest, and offered to serve, the two priests hated him for his hypocritical manners, as they thought.

The one burst out, "Don Cristóbal, have you ever had a vocation? Do you observe all that is required faithfully? Do you practise? Answer me, yes or no, without ambiguity or excuse."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, Don Cristóbal is our guest."

"Among Christians these worldly words mean nothing. Answer me, I am your priest," shouted the bumpkin. The accompanying lout also shouted, "God has conferred on us the power to bring him into the wafer. He can make this elegant gentleman answer our questions."

Don Benito was horrified. "What is the reason for this uncalled-for outburst? I am Don Cristóbal's confessor—he answers to me. Gentlemen, leave the table."

The two peasants hated the sight of refinement and beauty. They had seen a knout-priest from babyhood; they knew no other; they had been sent to Madrid only the week before. "The two animals could not disobey their superior. They walked out hungry."

"They all come up this way from those adobe towns where the priest is king, along with the landlord and the cacique. We will pay for this some day as the *ancien régime* did in France. That is why I am working with the Christian Brothers and the Jesuits—yes, with the Jesuits, who, as you know, run oblique to the whole Church. It is necessary, absolutely necessary to create a cultivated, sympathetic, popular priesthood, if we are

not to see evil days. I am devoting my life to this task, and Cardinal Merry del Val is encouraging my cultural work. He has contributed ten thousand pesetas."

"He is of a family of grandees?"

"Yes. By the by, talking of grandees always reminds me of Jesuits, why, God knows. Have a chartreuse with your coffee?"

"Gladly."

"I must introduce you to-morrow to Father Antonio Gil. Do you know of him? His brother, Don Félix Gil, is chief of all Jesuit banking activities, and they are large. Father Antonio and his brother Father Gerónimo are high in the order. When we call to-morrow he will probably be discourteous to me: that is the cat-and-dog manner required by tradition when a high Jesuit meets a lowly regular like myself. But he is a keen man, he recognizes merit and talent, and he really puts much weight on my recommendations, especially since Merry del Val has blessed my work of elevating the clergy. He will take care of your banking career, I am sure."

"Why do you do so much for me, Don Benito? You helped me as a boy—now you are my benefactor again. I have never done anything for you except disappoint your expectation that I would be a great priest."

The old man's eyes watered. "Dear Cristóbal, the man is not extinct in me. I have never wished for unchastity, but sometimes I wish for a son, for someone of *mine*, for one that comes out of *me*. It is so gruesome to be alone all the time, set apart from all men, and in duty supposed to love all equally. When you love everybody you are dreadfully lonely. I am still grateful to you for your prattle and your singing. You were really outstanding. It is a pleasure to do something for someone who might have been a son. What have you done with yourself all these years? I mean in heart and mind. Are you of the faith? You know," he said tiredly, "I doubt it."

Cristóbal recounted his history, unvarnished and with an attempt at objective reporting. Don Benito changed under the recital. His angelic temper diminished, but not with indignation. Rather the lower layers of his being rose up, as after an earthquake, as he heard the plethora of crimes of his adept. His confessional prying instincts were eating the rich gravy of

juvenile sin. As Cristóbal advanced from unlimited ambition to the folly of sworn vengeance, Don Benito looked up, happy to have before him so superb a bit of clinical material. Such a surfeit of crime and viciousness! Such a packet of offences both venial and mortal are not often vouchsafed to the servants of the Lord. His abdomen seemed to swell, his cheeks grew ample with this surplus of unexpected revelations of the labours of Satan. He leaned back in the bentwood rocking-chair, half asleep.

"I am doing a labour very much required. About thirty years ago a bishop in a city in the United States, one Kenrick, published a manual for the use of priests in the confessional. Kenrick was a practical engineer of the Church, to use a vulgar analogy. He had occasional fits of rebelliousness himself, hence knew how to look for it in others. I believe he was one of the few that fought the dogma of the infallibility of the pope in 1870. Now this manual of Kenrick is antiquated and not wholly fitted for present-day use. With modern life vice is taking on new forms, and its direction is so hard to detect——"

"That you have to look for new perversions?" supplied the guest.

"Right, my boy, right. This manual has a thousand questions concerning the relations between man and woman. These are so varied . . ."

"You remind me," laughed Cristóbal, "of a blind man criticizing a collection of paintings, especially their colour."

"Exactly, my boy. But there is the difficulty. Those who experience the sins cannot be heavenly counsellors; those who counsel can only understand it by a kind of representation."

"The easiest way to get over this difficulty would be to use disappointed widowers, who become monks, as confessors to the young blades and over-lively señoritas."

"A capital idea. Now, Don Cristóbal, have you any more direct information? I want this manual to be all-inclusive."

Cristóbal was not very helpful. His principal offences were in the realm of intellectual revolt, cynicism, primitive pride, and jealousy, compounded with patriotic pride, flecked with anarchical vestiges. The crazy quilt did not cover Don Benito's requirements. This evolution defied the laws of the decay of the

spirit recounted in Thomist manuals. It disturbed the orderly father.

But he loved the young fellow, and the priestly round of talk soon changed to the happy chatter of two Andalusians, just frittering away time. They went to bed and shook hands warmly before their respective cubicles.

But the vast language of sin had so aroused poor Cristóbal that he felt he must telephone Inez de Castro in the morning. A parish house is good for the nerves; the need for Inez so exhausted Cristóbal that he slept his eight hours' slumber in four. He woke up gay, ready to meet Father Antonio Gil.

As they were walking to the Jesuit headquarters Don Benito said, "Father Antonio is a remote cousin of mine—he comes from Jaén and is nearly an Andalusian. He is therefore on speaking terms with me, as otherwise he would resent the torpedoing of the Jesuits by our order. Thank God, I am not of the secular clergy, else he and the whole of the Loyola company would regard me as fit only for the minimum spiritual needs of the peasant rabble."

This touching evidence of Christian unity appealed to Cristóbal. The Church was divided sufficiently to allow profits between cracks. The Jesuits looked upon the secular clergy as only a kerb-market in spiritual shares.

Before the great, long, unhewn-stone house of the Jesuits was the everlasting A.M.D.G. in gilt over the door, and underneath, on the knob, the "Jesuit Trinity" JMJ.

"The only thing socialists and Jesuits have in common is their love of abbreviations," thought Cristóbal. "A revolutionary and a Jesuit paper are both chock-full of these spangled letters for every aspect of heaven or earth." The bell rang. The two were told to wait in a cold reception-room until the Jesuit thought they were sufficiently cold and humiliated.

They were initiated into the centrally heated office of Father Antonio Gil. The suffering father had a fine upholstered chair for himself, excellent cigars, and all the appurtenances of martyrdom. He was a short, bald-headed man, obviously born vicious. He listened to the recommendations of Don Benito, with the air of an older brother who has always stolen marbles from a younger. He calmly asked Don Benito to leave, as he wished

to talk to the candidate alone. Don Benito departed in dance rhythm, but remembered to invite Cristóbal to lunch that noon.

Father Antonio called in his brother, Father Gerónimo, a perfect dwarf. He was as yellow as a faded manuscript; his face had wrinkle over wrinkle, like a palimpsest. He lisped but had dancing eyes, and was clearly the oldest of the three brothers but less successful than the two younger. He shot one look at the Apollo Belvedere, and said to Father Antonio, "Brother, waste no time. This man hasn't a priestly bone in his skeleton. He is a born recruit for our Félix. Send him over and see what he thinks."

The malicious pleasure of depriving Don Benito of Cristóbal for lunch was so important that they invited him to have a snack with them in the study. They adjourned there under long maps, showing the voyages of the Jesuit missionaries, pictures of the Japanese martyrs in the early seventeenth century, old etchings of the long communist-houses of the Guarani Indians in Paraguay under kind-looking Jesuits, a painting of Catherine the Great of Russia—who had befriended them when the Church outlawed them—and a collection of fetishes from Rio Muni, bull-roarers from Australia, and other objects collected by Jesuit missionaries. The walls were lined with Jesuit authors' tomes: their physicists, the newer monographs of Schmidt of Vienna in philology, the observations of their astronomers, the fruit of their physiological researches in Freiburg in Breisgau. "The empire of thought is ours," crackled Don Gerónimo. "In science, hospitals, education, we are always at the service of man, and always original. Isn't that so, brother?"

"Yes," answered Don Antonio; "in anthropology, philology, botany, celestial mechanics, we hazard new and bold hypotheses. We are not stagnant. Doctrine can show a thousand new and not-before-witnessed facets, provided that they are the facets of the source of all light, the unique diamond, the Catholic Church. . . . Now to business. We are on the look-out for originality. If a tenth of what has been reported about you by Don Benito is so, you can fit into the Banco Arequipa, which bank, in a sense, we understand." He was not more explicit.

It appeared that Father Antonio was acting head of the Company of Jesus in Madrid, charged with their finances. As he

explained the range and depth of their financial commitments and involvements, Cristóbal was dazzled as by the bejewelled Virgin of Valencia. "The Company are nearly all Spaniards, but they have such international collaboration as is necessary. Rome commands all the provinces."

"Oh, the Black Pope," said the impolitic Cristóbal.

"He is called that by outsiders; we speak otherwise," corrected Father Gerónimo. "You are to go to Don Félix Gil, our brother, head of the Banco Arequipa, at eight in the morning at his office. He will know all about you."

He enjoyed dinner with his patron, Don Benito, and slept ambitiously. At eight in the morning he was before the Banco Arequipa.

He met there a duplicate of Father Gerónimo. It was the wizened brother, Don Félix Gil. Don Félix looked him up and down, principally up, because he was a little bag of chicken bones, weighing exactly seven stone, heard Cristóbal's record, which had already been given to him by his brothers in summarized form. He had an additional letter from Don Benito Suarez, for whose clergy-uplift fund he was treasurer, stating that Don Francisco Pinzón had been the most distinguished industrialist of Huelva, and onetime treasurer to the diocese at Seville, specializing in missionary funds.

"I welcome you to your new employment," wheezed Don Félix. "Nothing pleases me so much as to see hereditary bursars of church funds. It is competent, reliable, comforting." He put Cristóbal in charge of the vacant department for missionary funds, since their propaganda funds required numerous foreign-exchange deals. Don Félix greatly respected anyone who had mastered Swoboda and Deutsch on this branch of banking practice. "You will find," he said, "that your Spanish *confrères* here have read nothing at all. You have opportunities, as we never employ a foreigner, on principle."

By May, Cristóbal was made active instead of pro-tem head of the missionary-funds department. In July he was promoted to be under-manager, subject to one Don Carisimo Lazzaro, for the participations of the Jesuit financial reserves in the copper, lead, mercury, pyrites, and iron-ore mines of Spain. He was waiting to show his mettle against Don Carisimo, a dolt, when in

September he was perforce made chief through the providential death of the old rheumatic banker. Don Carisimo had sought to convince the Virgin of Loretto to release him from his pains. She heard him only too well. He was transferred from the custodianship of earthly treasures to the full blast of purgatorial flames, whereas the young scapegrace, Don Cristóbal, was in charge of blister ore. His salary was the same as at the Crédit Agennais despite his responsibilities. He had to wait until October 12th, when he was twenty, and it was then increased to one thousand pesetas monthly (£40).

He moved into a two-room furnished *pied-à-terre* in the Retiro district, and looked at the clipped trim bushes from his ground-floor windows. Suddenly there arrived his parents, anxious to see the Jesuit banker, the more so as Don Francisco had been summoned to Madrid by the heirs of his friend and employer, recently deceased, the Marqués de Costilla. They and the attorneys had decided to wind up the anthracite-importing business and pay Don Francisco six months' salary. His business was gone, as he had long feared. In April his income would cease. He had saved but ten thousand pesetas (£400). It would be necessary for Cristóbal to double his income before next summer in order to sustain his parents in their old home. So long as Don Francisco could keep this apartment he had a chance, as he had a record of absolute commercial probity in Barcelona business circles.

Cristóbal needed money for the obligations of a son, of a luxurious young man, and, in his occasional fits of exaltation, of the potential avenger of the whole system, when he would be rich enough.

He promoted the idea, with Don Félix Gil and his brothers, of obtaining the apparently unlimited funds of the French Catholic missions for investments in Spain. They agreed, and for the first time, he left for a foreign land. The luxury Sud Express took him in twenty-four hours to what to others was the capital of paste jewels, rich food and irony, but which to him was the financial centre of the Catholic Church.

When he entered the Quai d'Orsay station he scarcely looked up at the striking steel vaulting and arched glass roof. He took himself to bed along the wide, gloomy, and kilometre-long passages of the otherwise elegant station hotel.

In the morning he walked down the Rue du Bac into Catholic Paris, to the central bureau of Catholic missions in the Rue de Babylone. There was awaiting him a committee of twenty directors, half clergy, half laity, all of the old territorial French aristocracy. He unfolded to them, by permission, the investments of the Company of Jesus in Spanish mineral developments, the enormous profits, the success of the Banco Arequipa. The debate was lively. He countered the sabotage of the brother of a Bishop, who was a member of the Paris Bourse. The caution of the French was beaten down as he gave them guarantees of the first order. They appropriated twenty million francs gold (£800,000), pro-rated to the Jesuit enterprises and safeguarded, as far as was compatible with a speculation. It was a remarkable coup for a man under twenty-one. The directors congratulated him. He reminded them of how Loyola as a young man in Paris had envisaged the practical salvation of the Church where the older cardinals, rank with the traditions of the Medicis, were mowed down by the scythe of Lutheranism.

Elated by this easy two-hour victory, he went to the shrine of St. Vincent de Paul in the Rue de Sèvres, hidden away near the Bon Marché. But its two directors looked as if they would need little advice as to what to do with the funds so necessary to orphans. Cristóbal became sceptical of getting anything more than the first big contribution of the missions. He went back hopefully to the sanctuary of St. Vincent de Paul. It was late in the afternoon. Cristóbal met the charming, honest chief director, told him what the missions had done, and received the formal promise that if that were so he would invest two million francs, now drawing only two per cent in Ville de Paris loans, with the mining companies of the Banco Arequipa.

This cheered up the salesman. The next morning he was introduced to *le père* Grippesou-Abatjour, dean of the shrine of Frédéric Ozanam, at the octagonal church of the Carmes in the Rue de Vaugirard. He was a canny lad, and had charge of the investments of the Catholic University of Paris, in the adjacent grounds. The shrine of Ozanam was doing far and away the best business in Paris, for the founder of systematic Christian education of the laity brought out the shekels of countless parochial school workers from all lands. A copper stream rolled in which,

urged Cristóbal, should be re-invested in their point of origin, the copper mines of Spain. The father had large funds idle, he checked up the story, and a day later startled even Cristóbal by investing ten million francs. This, he explained, was a hedge against war, as Spain would probably be out of one, and most of the shekels came from Austria and Germany, so that the shrine would do badly indeed unless it were protected. They were working night and day to have their hero made the blessed Frédéric Ozanam. When they achieved the beatification he looked to really boom receipts.

Cristóbal then recalled that the Company of Jesus was founded in Montmartre. He took a chugging Panhard car up the holy mountain. The taxi died on the steep way up the Rue Lepic. He climbed and urged the custodians of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart and the old pilgrimage church of St. Pierre to join him in recommending investments in Spain. He knew that, for the Company of Jesus, authority to invest was more distant whereas, with the secular clergy, the bursar of the diocese decided. All he sought here was co-operation.

So he threaded his way through a Paris unsuspected by the worldly, and tapped much of the funds gathered in the greatest of Catholic cities. As one priest observed to him, it has the greatest number of atheists exactly as the finest cheese gives rise to the fattest maggots.

Cristóbal built up a first-class clientèle in Paris. This wise step of investing in war commodities in neutral Spain was to produce fantastic profits in depreciated paper francs. It was the circular process all over again. The Church collected coppers, it reinvested the coppers in copper, war came, the copper blew everyone to hell, the companies sold the copper, they made the difference in paper money, and they then had the surplus coppers with which to heal the wounds made by the use of copper. God's dispensation moved in cycles, his wonders to perform, and Cristóbal was at the wheel.

He took a day off from selling to see the Catholic University, where the too-inspired Loisy had once taught. He visited the anarchist bookshop of Stock in the Place du Théâtre-Français, where he bought *Les Inquisiteurs d'Espagne*, a moving martyrology of the Spanish anarchists—a thin conscience-offering to old ideals.

He saw the home of the dread Louis Veuillot, who with his *Univers* had discovered the secret that the Church can only be saved by scurrility, blackmail, and an epigrammatic poison-pen, dipped in the perfumes of Rome, to call forth the odours of Paris. He left Paris to report to the headquarters of the Society of Jesus in Rome.

He saw no more of Rome than of Paris. The Rome Express bored him as had the Sud Express. As the sacred city appeared, he noted a mile of slums and miserable-looking bakeries and laundries.

His report was written on the trip. He placed it before the treasury of the Jesuits. It was approved—in fact, applauded. He became far too ambitious. Upon trying to persuade the Congregation of Propaganda Fide to place a part of its plethoric funds into the Arequipa investments, he soon discovered that Rome is a one-way cash register, with two thousand years' training in takee but completely unpractised in givée. No, not even for a profit. They simply couldn't break the habit, whatever the temptation.

Cristóbal, not at all frustrated, even a little gay, crossed the Piazza di Spagna, called on the Spanish embassy, and found it full of Austrians and other Hapsburg agents. They were trying to enlist the sympathy of Spain for the Hapsburg candidates for the Papacy (among Italian cardinals, of course) should the ailing Pius X be called to a higher bliss. The whole of Rome seemed one bed of intrigue, between the Hohenlohe factions of Bavaria, the plots of Francis Joseph, the unofficial representatives of the Protestant British Empire, the pale and saintly Cardinal Gasquet looking off-hand, the Spanish conquistador paunch in the shape of a Merry del Val. He saw in hundreds of hotels and tea-rooms a varied masquerade of Belgian intermediaries, playing at beer and skittles, of Dutch promoters, with the sagging flesh of Urban VI, of Irish flatterers surrounding the senile, foxy Cardinal Logue. Yet, despite their acumen, they were all handing out, and Rome, the permanent kitty, was steadily cashing in on their intrigues.

His attention was held, as a vulture by a python's eye, as he saw in the numerous seminaries, colleges, orders, embassies, the interaction of all this scheming in and out, in a physiological

mechanism, in which the Jesuits represented the blood, the Dominicans the brain and nerves, and the Curia the flesh. Here was the perfect anatomical theatre for a man like himself who felt Medicean in his every fibre. But common sense whispered that there was far less competition at Madrid, and also that he was far too young.

When he watched the wrinkled eyelids of Austrian chamberlains falling in dishonest droops over trick-reflecting eyes, the wax-faced English Catholics, whose subtle fingers and indecisive manner were the contrary of their life history—else they would not be where they were—he realized that the Roman arena had a thousand gladiators for every Christian offering.

Besides all this he was shrewd enough to see that the intrigue was a preparation for a world war, in which Vienna was labouring to line up the Papacy by offering it the tempting morsel of the Eastern Church, especially in Serbia, as a prize. He could not as yet cope with this, he did not know enough. He took boat from Naples to Barcelona, passed through the city without seeing his parents, and poured cheques and subscriptions for 33,000,000 gold francs into the Banco Arequipa.

But he reserved for himself, he explained, a commission of three per cent for his selling abilities. They refused point-blank. They declaimed against the impudence of a mere boy, and they tried to tempt him with titles, honours, and an advance in salary. "You can refuse to pay me the three per cent," he said smiling, "but when you want to get tens of millions more remember that we never got them before I tried. Try to compete with the Crédit Agennais or the Dresdner Bank or Rothschilds! Remember that I am in charge of these investments. I will run a service for these clients, I will switch their investments, I will enlist any number of other sources of funds. Which among you speaks English like a native? Not one! Look at the possibilities in London alone. The participations we have sold yield us a profit of twelve per cent, I know it. Another thing, if you treat me unfairly, remember that if I reveal to the gentlemen of the Rue de Babylone, and prove it, the inconscionable spread between cost and price of their fellow-Catholics, they will never do business with you again, but rather place Spanish investments through the Catholic *haute finance* at Paris."

Padre Gerónimo Gil spoke at once, "Accorded." Cristóbal had held them up for £40,000. Monte Cristo had begun. They respected him all the more: he had the stuff of a great executive. Not twenty-one. They simmered down to the idea in about a month or two.

He began a service the bank had never suspected was possible. He was in permanent touch with their French investors. He wrote long letters analysing the possibility of utilities investments as well. He got five million francs additional for investment. Don Félix Gil trembled before the portent. The two Jesuit brothers meant what they said when they spoke of their admiration for originality. They backed him loyally, and forced Don Félix Gil to make him, on his twenty-first birthday (as soon, that is, as was seemly), unofficial director of the privy purse of the Company of Jesus for funds placed outside of the order's internal jurisdiction. He was to receive a salary of £1,000 per annum plus commission of two per cent on new capital brought in.

Without going into details, he wrote to his parents that he was making money, and offered them a thousand pesetas a month. It would be half his new salary, but salary was not what worried him any longer. At sixty, having suffered from a stroke, with signs of Bright's disease, his position gone, his savings going, Don Francisco was glad to be retired with dignity.

The commissions rolled in. Cristóbal got money from the Benedictines of St. Maur, so that with the income they could pursue their learned studies of French literature and liturgical music, from Bollandists to continue their critical work on the hagiology. For every order he had the appropriate sales letters to provide profits for the pursuits of their manias.

He found that by October the new funds he had contributed were twenty millions additional. He was worth near £70,000. His income from investments was now nearly £4,000 per annum.

His coming of age found him superstitious. He refused to quit the two rooms on the Retiro because they had brought him luck. He was a victim of the fetishes of gamblers.

After "holding up" the directors he went on to try what he called the "Lanson variation." In July he obtained the order for the copper requirements of the new utilities system of Genoa from the rising star of Europe, Walter Rathenau. His lucky

hand increased. Before he would reveal the order he asked the directors what they would pay for a contract for £10,000,000 of copper at 7½d. per pound. They agreed that a five per cent commission should be paid. A week later he "produced" the order. Rathenau had agreed to confirm upon the receipt of a code word from the Banco Arequipa—hence the confirmation, properly, was made after the decision.

Cristóbal sold the directors the idea that foreigners should be admitted to an advisory committee so as to stimulate their interest without giving them control. He began borrowing from the bank. While Don Félix Gil at first protested he felt that he could not lose this source of fresh money. Cristóbal played with the borrowed funds. If he lost he borrowed more. If he won he took the difference. It was all legal, and he was not fool enough to imperil his vantage point by excessive abuse. By 1914 he was worth £100,000, built on four sources: the primitive hold-up, commissions on new capital, commissions paid for business of which the bank was advised only after it was done and, lastly, by "heads I win, tails you lose" borrowing and speculating. His income from salary, commissions, and perquisites was £10,000 per annum. Only grandees in Madrid were doing any better, and their ancestors had done that job, not they. The Gilded Loyola had amassed, now he dreamed.

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XII

THEY MISSED THE MOVIES

THE spring of 1914 saw Cristóbal, after twelve hours' daily nursing of his accounts, pacing about every night. The amounts of money he had made in less than two years and at his age failed to impress him. He looked again and again at his childish tattoo *THE WORLD IS MINE*, his mind haunted by the treasures of the cave of Edmond Dantès. He realized that although £100,000 is wealth to the general, to him it was merely a reminder that money could be made. He had shown himself a clever salesman with unusual clients, quick in the most brilliant contacts in Europe. This was proved by his having impressed the urbane, creative *millionnaire* Rathenau. Cristóbal was also a plunderer of the Banco, legally, *à la* Lanson. But of the inner dream of Cristóbal Pinzón, far and away the wealthiest man, the most terrific personal power, the great engine for the destruction of the system in which he had grown—of this there was yet no witness.

He both wavered and licked his chops with content. In the bank he had a permanent call on their large resources by "borrowing." He was sure to win, as he always called the turn at which a deal was ended. He wavered because he no longer had a fixed viewpoint. He would still consult the time by looking at his old watch. The face of Carmen called up for the moment tenderness rather than vengeance. He recalled Conchita and Ferrer, but rather with shame, however he might rationalize his present behaviour as being destined to accumulate power to realize their ideals. He wrote to his pensioned parents weekly; but he was so obsessed with the idea that financial magnates in London could only be overthrown by still greater resources than they held that he deferred the promised vengeance, it seemed, until the Greek calends.

The fortnightly dinners with Don Benito Suarez were his only

amusement and resource. He helped him in the financial aspects of roguery, so that Don Benito issued two new editions of his confessional book, which had a striking success, because lay readers purchased it for "tips" on how to make money dishonestly and how to wench excitingly. The good priest was content. He knew so much of sin that he knew nothing of sinful motives. He was happy, too, for Cristóbal had wisely invested his toy fund for the elevation of the clergy, and thus he had improved the clerics' knowledge of Latin grammar and other useless arts. He was preparing a new edition of Du Cange's *Glossary of Mediæval Latin* so that the seminarists might sensitively read St. Thomas Aquinas and other guides to the unknown. Cristóbal still attributed some importance to books. It was the last phase of his formal education.

In all that frenzied time, so dizzy had been the steep ascent to wealth, that for months he had not gazed on women. The vague insistences of his body were drained off in streams of gold. This long interval of chastity by forgetfulness also boiled off into a steam cloud of words, ideas, and schemes for becoming a billionaire.

He called on Don Sebastián Belgrano, head of the Compañía Nacional de Seguros, overlords of insurance. These were the ensconced plunderers of real estate. Cristóbal had watched their game closely, correctly conjecturing that all the gold mines from the beginning of time have never yielded ore so rich as plots at the centrally located crossings in large cities. He went into their offices past the new galleys of intellectual coolies. Here, tied to their mathematical oars, were dozens of doctors of philosophy converting the calculus of probability, compound interest, and discount tables into pulpy actuarial pabulum for the delectation of ignorant cunning robbers in the directors' seats.

Don Sebastián Belgrano was pleased at the visit. He had envisaged a merger with the Arequipa interest. The only Church money he had was that of the Dominicans, no lovers of the Jesuits. They were far more honest, sober in ideas, and they supported Left movements politically. They were liberals, even in politics, so long as the Jesuits were intertwined with conservatives. This meant that they had the cleaner hearts but the leaner purses. Don Sebastián Belgrano was prepared to scuttle them.

The rat eyes looked at Cristóbal, and he snivelled.

"It is astounding that your Don Félix Gil has not seen the possibilities of our friendship and collaboration. In every other country the *haute banque* and insurance companies are intertwined. Here our native companies do not collaborate. The result? Paris bankers are subsidizing competitors for us, and when they take away our business, their premium income will be placed in their own banks."

"But you bank with them now."

"We have to because the only important Spanish bank fights shy of us."

"How about the Hispano-American? After all, they are natives."

"They prefer South American commitments. Real estate, for example, attracts them far more in Buenos Aires which grows at the rate of fifty per cent a decade than Madrid that grows fifteen per cent."

"Plainly, would you stop backing the Dominicans at Rome if we collaborate? It has been rumoured that the victory they gained over us when Leo XIII made the Aquinistic philosophy, in a sense, officially dominant, that this victory was heavily prepared among minor canons with your loans. How can you expect us to finance our own defeats at Rome?"

"I would stop backing them, if your counter-proposition pleased me."

"I shall recommend collaboration to be explored. In the meantime, count me as one that will urge your claims."

The insurance wolf let out what he thought was easy prey. Cristóbal achieved the first stage of intimacy; he was planning a coup for later on, under the guise of friendship.

Don Sebastián Belgrano rubbed his hands. "A fine pass my good enemy Don Félix Gil and the foxy Company of Jesus have come to when they send babies to treat with me. Did you ever hear such emptiness? Not a real idea in that skull. Just empty compliments and a desire to smooch me. The Jesuit order! They'll be running around their chiefs in perambulators soon!" Don Sebastián Belgrano was seventy. He despised even youngsters of fifty.

Cristóbal spoke to Don Félix Gil, whose one dream was to

attend the financial and then the physical funeral of the hated company of the Dominicans and its director. He said casually, "I dropped in, unauthorized, on Belgrano this morning. I have sensed that he is planning some attack on us quite soon."

Don Félix said, "He always plans it; he never achieves it."

"This is more serious. I think I have a plan that will be startling. Look at how the French have built up Lourdes and Paray-le-Monial, not to mention a dozen others. We have in the birthplaces of Loyola Xavier in the Basque country, and in the shrine of St. James of Compostela, the greatest tourist possibilities. But they are neglected, antique, never seen by foreigners. I would like to visit them, modernize them, make them attractive, build up a hotel industry here and pilgrimage propaganda abroad."

Don Félix smiled. "In other words, after two grilling years you deserve a vacation."

Cristóbal, who had no such intention, laughed. "No, really, you have no idea of how much work this requires. Also, I would like to visit our mines and study their present position. It is impossible to check up waste, fraud, incompetence, when those on the spot know that the comfortable gentlemen of Madrid will never bestir themselves to control the business directly."

"My friend, you should have been born in New York. Buzz, buzz, whirr, and turn, there is no peace in your spirit. I am a European banker still: money at the service of repose. However the Banco Arequipa cannot regret your splendid energy and loyalty. Go and do as you please, but for no longer than a month. I propose to go to Seville for the *fiesta* and even business comes after that."

Cristóbal began his tour of the pilgrimage centres with the shrines of Loyola near San Sebastián, and of St. Francis Xavier. The latter especially attracted him. The Apostle to Asia! How many wealthy converts among Hindus, Chinese, Japanese, as well as Filipinos, could be induced to lavish rupees, taels, ticals, and pesos on the successor to Saint Thomas! He studied the nature of their theatrical setting and wondered if the new stagecraft of Alfred Roller, Granville-Barker, Max Reinhardt, and Gordon Craig did not contain lessons for a superior *mise en scène* so as to

make attractive these old centres. After all, in the Middle Ages the twin shrines of Canterbury and Santiago were modernly dressed up with unrivalled taste and pomp. Who did not recall the impressed Erasmus saying of the shrine of Thomas à Becket that "gold was the meanest thing to be seen"?

He went on to Lourdes, prepared by Zola's scabrous philippic for its garish and hideous cheapness. There he saw the reason why his gilded pilgrimage-idea, with exquisite settings, would not work. The Church now catered to an industrial proletariat and to a peasantry whose purchases were based on cheap machine-made goods from the cities. It was folly to get up an aristocratic back-drop for a popular play. When he passed the shop windows at Lourdes, full of crockery saints and washable Madonnas, ranged by the millions, so it seemed, he realized that backward Spain could not compete in mass-production *Kitsch* with advanced lands. What else, then?

The Jesuits had shown wisdom in their popular art. At a time when the degenerate aristocracy were clamouring for the pervasive fantasy of El Greco, when the rising Dutch capitalists mirrored their lives in domestic painting, genre art, and landscapes, the Jesuits championed a wild, gaudy, overladen baroque, a theatrical divine service, warm, rich singing of open, easy, heart-fattening melodies, and strewn the path of faith with jewels, precious stones, incenses, florid oratory, chromos in primary colours and clearly defined images, and new dodges such as the Sacred Heart of Paray-le-Monial and the immaculate conception by Anne of the Mother of God. Nothing in their service was abstract, austere, spiritual. Everything spoke of surplus.

What men wanted who were hungry and poor was to identify themselves with goods they lacked. That is why men in rags rejoice that the king they support is in velvets. That is why the wretches who huddled in mud hovels devoted their gay hours to raising the spire of Chartres.

Apparently the Jesuits had shot their bolt. What was once gaudy had become repetitious and uninspired. That was true of the whole Church. What sensitive Catholic could look with pride on the monstrous buildings of the nineteenth century, the Sacred Heart at Paris, Notre-Dame de la Garde at Marseille, the Basilica at Tours, still worse, the Basilica at Lourdes, the Ara Coeli at Armagh? Only

the really crazy Sagrada Familia at Barcelona was a sign of vitality.

On a rainy afternoon he sat in the musty reading-room of his hotel at Toulouse. He chanced on a copy of the *Illustrated London News*. It showed that in New York a gaudy theatre—the Strand—had been constructed. It had acres of velvet carpets, it had permanent acolytes in uniform. There were gold-covered boxes, varying lights with the crude spectrum effects given in a kaleidoscope, with banal, but expensive dancing-sets. It boasted a large orchestra playing in relays, and harnessing to the thumps of the Tchaikovsky *Pathétique* the three hundred devoted fiddling sons of three hundred proud Yiddish mammas! He saw the patterns. There could be, say, a thousand stereotypes in music; these themes would be correlated uniformly with every situation; they would become part of the subconscious: after a time no musician could recall their name to save his life.

From what he read there, he deduced that when an eighteenth-century marquis appeared, he would invariably be accompanied by Boccherini's minuet, an abandoned maiden would face the horror of the morning after to *The Rosary*. It was ritual, all over again. Ballets would range from Delibé's *Sylvia* to the *Valse des Fleurs* of the *Casse-Noisette* suite or the six dances that so pleased Mephisto in *Faust*. Ritual!

It seemed that a new popular art was being born, as vulgar, fresh, vigorous, ornate, banal, as the baroque of the seventeenth century. Here was the opportunity for Church funds, far surpassing the copper mines, not only as the foundations of fortune, but as the most potent means for influencing the minds of the masses. Men think in images.

He entered the cinema. It was his first visit since as a lad he had seen a strutting colour projection of Sarah Bernhardt. The play was an adaptation of the *Maître des Forges* of Georges Ohnet. In the theatre, covered in darkness, huddled philosopher and fool. It was interesting, this strained concentration of two thousand eyes in the dark, the minds of the audience as abstracted from all outside them as the victims of a Hindu fakir in his hypnotic-trance business.

Ohnet's novel had been the laughing-stock of cultured Frenchmen after the devastating criticism of Anatole France. Its wax-

works puppets "with faces like demons but hearts like angels" plumbed to the lowest depths of the human mind. Yet no one laughed or protested. Their father's testament could not have been more soberly listened to.

The cinema appealed to the lowest common denominator. For two hours this awful romance, that half the audience would have despised in print, proceeded. A general lowering of critical conscience! The Church had not had this chance for two hundred years!

That night it was announced that the first really important screen-play was to be given, taken from America: *The Birth of a Nation*. It had a new technique, a new scope.

Cristóbal was there. It was an absolutely new sensation to see an epic convincingly given at great length in white and black two-dimensional shadows, cut to pieces by continuity lines and yet absolutely compelling.

The audience groaned at the terrible carpet-baggers, the corrupt and rape-soaked Negro minds, the superb wronged Southern gentlemen with the white hoods of the Ku Klux Klan, avenging the honour of their colour, their class, and redeeming themselves from their recent military defeat by the unspeakable Grant and Sherman. Not one person in the audience—not even a savant like Cristóbal—knew anything of American history, but they all cried out, "*Ab, gredins!*" at the Northerners, "*Quels saligauds!*" at the Negroes, and, "*Ab, c'est beau!*" at the noble-looking plantation-owners.

Cristóbal reflected. He knew nothing of American history, true, but this account was obvious nonsense or, at least, perverted. That a recent slave-owning caste crystallized all the virtues, that their victims for two hundred years, faithful to them and trusted for generations, were now so demoniac, that the Northerners who had sustained a heartbreaking contest to preserve their state for four years, were nothing but sinks of corruption: in other words that liberty is always vile and an old pack of oppressors always fair and courteous—this looked dubious.

Yet here was a French audience, the heirs of 1789, the race that had fought for *equality*, and through Schoelcher had first extended absolute political equality and rights to Negroes in Cayenne. It was inconceivable what power this new instrument had. And it was only a pantomime. Imagine it with speech,

colour, and three dimensions! What terrible potency for making the minds of men plastic, ready to receive any impression, since seeing is believing. Man's universe is of space and light, all part of the eye.

Later on, Cristóbal went on with his reflections. He recalled that the most treasured historic writers were those so graphic that years after no critical re-examination of their story could possibly efface the indelible image they had stamped on the brain. A Michelet, Macaulay, Green, Froude, had set their stamp on men for good. Joan of Arc would forever burn before the yellow-toothed British lords of Rouen; Warren Hastings forever stand transfixed before the accusing, resplendent House of Lords; James forever sneak out of the back passage at Whitehall to the craven's rowing-boat on the Thames. Alice in Wonderland, too, would always have the golden locks due to the pencil of Sir John Tenniel; the rabbit in check vest would always consult his watch face down to meet the duchess.

With these new graphic images, projected in dark halls, the Church would again dominate as it once did, over simple hearts and augment its tribute. There would be consummated the second marriage of the Jesuits to the people, the wedding of the Church carrying on his papal head the three crowns of Authority, Discipline, Abnegation, with his bride, the people, carrying the triple coronets of the Baroque, the Warm, the Dark.

What was needed was something other than the bazaar vulgarity of Lourdes, the mechanical Romanesque pallors of the new architecture. There was only one popular art that could replace the gilded demagoguery of the Jesuit churches, the aroma of their services. That was in the nascent art of the cinema. It was crude, pathetic, but what might it not achieve?

Why not defeat capitalism in its own field? Capitalism was only bad Jesuitism, dedicated to the unlimited propagation of goods and services to suit mass tastes. Cristóbal was mad with enthusiasm to put this idea before his bankers, and, if possible, to bring pressure on Rome to switch their ceremonies into new forms, except in so far as the sacramental necessities compelled adhesion to traditional settings and ritual. He was fascinated. The church had changed before. Priestly celibacy, auricular confession, the monastic orders and confraternities, bankers and politicians like the Templars; if they could innovate before, they could now.

He passed a merchant of religious pictures. There stood the stock-in-trade that had held the devoted for ever so long. The *Ecce Homo* of Reni, strained and sentimental, savant but purely pictorial. The anatomical cunning of Caravaggio, the cult of beauty of Salvator Rosa, so plausible, so thick. The cinema alone could take over the heritage of these Jesuit-inspired painters.

He fled from his own ideas, he could not stand the fullness of his own imagination. He made a tour of the mines in which the Banco Arequipa had a substantial interest.

Every investment had the colour of a Catholic idea, the pallor of a Catholic saint. The lead mines of Peñarroya prefigured the ashen-grey visage of St. John of the Cross, the copper mines the gesso frames of the icon saints of the Byzantine epoch before Leo the Isaurian. The iron mines had exactly the colour of St. Louis in the pathetic picture in the Louvre. The mercury mines of Almadén were pale like the flesh of the saints of Mantegna, quivering in pain.

How their money reflected their art! How their backing in mercury created the mirror of their demands! The pale saints reflected in modesty the image of golden coins in the glasses of the bankers. At Bilbao he spoke to miners' families. In their patience, their dour misery, their insecurity, the lunatic gloom of their heavily mortared dark-grey stone houses, with the everlasting cloud and rain of the Cantabrian land, he realized the substance of things achieved, the shame of his profits. In the beautiful roof-gallery of the Hotel Torrónategui, he ate his omelet *aux fines herbes* his *fraises des bois* in *crème Chantilly* the Fontainebleau cheese drenched in Chablis. He looked down the Nervión to the sea, saw the mile of ships loaded by hungry wharves, and above all the chryselephantine statue of the Christ in the wealthy quarter. It was very complicated but terribly "picturesque."

The trip was satisfactory. His fanatical control of costs and accounts more than covered his expenses. Buttressed by the certainty that the investments he had recommended were going well, Cristóbal decided to put his cinema proposition before the directorate, especially inviting the Jesuit authorities.

Its importance was so stressed by him that the Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of all Spain, was invited to preside. The plenum

of directors and consultants was present—none was permitted to absent himself.

Flushed with a long recital of profits and new capital, all due to his efforts, Cristóbal, bathed in eloquence, soaked in study of every fact, whether of money or purpose, spoke to his directors with that fullness of speech that had got them such striking deposits. He stopped at no detail, yet never wandered from the main point.

The conservative directors and priests and their associates the grandees, even some industrialists, as they listened became convinced that he was losing his powers, that easy success had unbalanced his judgment. They were pleased to revenge themselves on him for his youth. The Archbishop of Toledo rose up in his senile majesty.

"When I am told that the precious and the base metals equally are as naught compared to puppet pantomimes shown, as I understand, through a celluloid strip by a species of magic lantern, I am aghast at the possibilities of loss this forward young gentleman may bring upon our enterprise. There are levels of idiocy to which even the unprepared mind of a boy must not be permitted to sink."

"Finished," screamed the off-pitch, siren noise of the ninety-two-year-old Duke of Guermantes. "Puppet shows are not an investment—they are for beggars, loafers, babes, given by street strollers and gypsies."

Cristóbal tried to convince these inspissated Spaniards, who knew no other tradition, what large investments had been made in the industry in France, and especially in the United States. This last remark was fatal. The General de Caborillas, who had led his troops to six successive defeats in Cuba, could no longer tolerate the insult.

"Whatever the Yankee swine do, let no Castilian contemplate."

This was met by a shower of clapping hands, unusually vigorous when one recalled that the directors were a Voronoff museum.

Desperate, Cristóbal read the imposing amounts of money subscribed in America. But lamentably near all the names were Jewish. The laughter redoubled among the sons of Torquemada.

"It would be a better show to see their pear-shaped noses roasting in an auto-da-fé," roared the Bishop of Oviedo.

"One could have burned the investors and confiscated the investment," continued General de Caborillas.

"A better play than their celluloids. God, what a banker we have in Don Cristóbal! Ferdinand and Isabella got the gold of the Indies, and we are to invest our money in shadows. Let's adjourn before I lose my faith in the bank for employing this fool."

This last stab came from his old champion, Padre Gerónimo Gil.

He had no more friends. His prestige was at zero. On the way out, his sorry dossiers under his arm, no one speaking to him, he encountered old Don Benito Suarez making a deposit for his fund. When he told him the story, his mentor mused: "I think they were right, poor Cristóbal, but don't take it too much to heart."

Cristóbal went back to his flat, ready to buck the wall and punch the doors. No wonder Spain was at the bottom of the nations in development. And the swine. They would love to see the Inquisition restored; they missed it—their life was too dull. Even bullfights did not compensate. The anarchists were right. A grandee of Spain is a pompous sadist, a priest a sly sadist. He revolved again his old teachings, his old hatreds.

Then, as he cooled off he reflected that it was he that should be criticized. The Jesuits were a greatly overrated body. They were a Protestant bugbear, but really a nearly spent force. Compare them with the small-framed German- and Polish-Jewish immigrants to America, who had invested their peanut resources to build up this promising new popular art of the cinema.

Wonderful people, the Jews. For the second time, after the superbly successful salesmanship of St. Paul, they had invested in the immaterial and the unknown. He had wasted his talents by taking employment with the Jesuits—mere survivals of the Renaissance or, rather, of the Counter-Reformation. Capitalism, that much hated object, was a living force compared to the Church. It could put a premium on *arrivisme* on a big scale. He thought of the aged Baptist, Rockefeller; of the rising Methodist, Ford, who took in more in a month than the investments of the Catholic bankers of Spain realized in a year.

He plotted only one thing: how to plunder the bank legally for millions and amass a stupendous fortune out of their reserves.

Once they ceased to have a blind faith in his sales capacities and investment programme, it might not be a far cry to his resignation. After all he had done for them, they exulted when he was checked. He would give them their own fair play, and make them pay with pained and sour faces for their horse laughs of that fatal afternoon.

The opportunity came next month. Walking across the Alcalá, he heard the newsboys howling. He read the news. The Archduke Francis Ferdinand was the victim of an *attentat* in Bosnia. He remembered, like a colligated bundle of sticks, every Austrian he had seen plotting in the Eternal City. It meant war.

What should one do? First, if there were time, plunder the bank or its associates before markets closed and values fell. Second, sell out his own holdings in bonds. Third, buy options on commodities such as copper for three months' delivery. But where? London? New York? He counted up his resources on the marble top of a café table. The pencil traced nearly £150,000. With that could one become fiendishly rich? He could trade in London without margin if he dealt through correspondents of the bank who knew him. They would only require him to make good on daily differences.

Suppose he bought goods for a million pounds, then waited for them to double in value. A million pounds profit. If he guessed wrong and markets crashed, go bankrupt in Spain and England, but have all his property already assigned in Switzerland or the United States. These ideas, which the spectre of war always calls up in ready brains, were with him every minute. He left his coffee untasted.

Around him were nothing but noises of chattering and interrupting. Everyone was talking about the everlasting chessmen: England, France, Russia, Serbia, and the other hypostases. No one played another chess game of iron, steel, foreign bonds, foreign exchange, gold, wool, cotton, in short, money. It was the old story. The lovers of money have so beguiled the mob with spurious counters and false faces that they never see the sleight of hand but only handkerchiefs and rabbits. He left the chattering Madrileños with their well-pleased faces of political sages, and walked past the Banco de España. This romantic

scenery thrilled him as the vision of the painted sea did the Ancient Mariner. He saw neutral Spain the arbiter of Europe. It was good to be a Spaniard. Court intrigue was pro-German, yet fear of England and France would keep the court from imposing its folly. Money and safety, for the first time, nestled together on the arid lands of the Castilian plateau.

XIII

THE WORLD WAR IS SERVED ON BUTTERED TOAST

ON the tenth of July Cristóbal left Madrid for his oft-deferred holiday. He was to be in Scotland so as to avoid the heat which he said was too much for him. His address was to be care of the bank's correspondents at London, so that he could be reached in extreme emergencies only. Otherwise he was not to be disturbed. He was to return to Madrid on October tenth.

It was beautifully done. Actually he had to get away to arrange matters in London or his great coup would be impossible. Don Félix Gil regarded all talk of war as in the same class as thinking that the cinema had a future. Cristóbal did not talk about it.

In the meantime he had called on the managing directors of every important mining enterprise in Spain. Business had been slow and they were receptive to new business and to graft. Cristóbal asked them to allow him to take options for sixty days on their production, deliverable either in London or New York, and payable in dollars or Sterling. He would pay 1 per cent above cash prices for the option, which on a two months' basis worked out at 6 per cent per annum. Money at that time could scarcely be invested for more than 3 per cent.

Option money is always welcome to the seller. For if the buyer of the option defaults, the option money stays in the pocket of the seller. In this case it had only one risk. If the market shot sky-high it would be a crime to sell the mineral production at cash prices, plus only 1 per cent. for the option. But since the production would not be ready for sixty days anyhow, that was the only risk.

Cristóbal hated to pay up the option money. He had the Napoleonic audacity to buy options on £5,000,000 worth of pyrites, copper, iron ore, coal, mercury, silver, lead, in other

words, nearly the entire mineral production of Spain, Portugal, their colonies, their present stocks on hand, their production within the next two months, and their stocks afloat and in Great Britain. Keeping a transaction like this secret would be like keeping the population of New York confidential.

But it was done. He promised every successive manager a quarter of one per cent interest in the deal, win or lose, to be paid on the option date, but only if they kept silent. It would be hard to trace the garrulous one, but each would be afraid to blab. On a mercury deal of £300,000 this meant that the managing director had an interest of £750 or, for him, the little fortune of 15,000 pesetas—if he shut up. The result was that the miracle was achieved. As in the story of Mark Twain about the man that corrupted Hadleyburg, all the directors went about, inflated, secretive, pitying each other for losing a chance, and waiting for the sixty-days' option to expire, when they cashed in, whether it were exercised or no.

Greasing palms ensured silence. But how about the option money? Cristóbal advised the corrupted managing directors that he was placing the option money to their credit in the Banco Arequipa, but he transferred this sum to the bank's correspondents at London. The option money at 1 per cent even on the Napoleonic £5,000,000 came to only £50,000 and Cristóbal accepted the debit liability on these transfers. When Don Félix Gil asked why the twenty-seven mineral companies of Spain suddenly had credits, and why it was Cristóbal that endorsed the liability, he pointed out to the manager that in the first place the credits were made directly to the largest and highest considered firms in Spain, hence they were regular. They wanted this money in London, and he had sung them all a long story that instead of paying one-half of 1 per cent above Bank of England rate for having their bills discounted, he could credit them in advance for 1 per cent of their anticipated deliveries, providing they allowed him to take over their discounting business. "In other words, Don Félix," he explained, "I want to get their discount business which runs to £30,000,000 per annum. If we make one-half of 1 per cent above bank rate on this we make £150,000 each year. I credit them a beggarly £50,000 now, and since it is a bold step, I am willing to be debited so that the directors cannot say, 'Another

fantasy of Don Cristóbal's.' But when we get the discounting business, I want my account recredited. Is it clear?"

"I don't like it," commented Don Félix. "Spanish banks are not supposed to enter the sacred province of discounts in London. We would have to split with our correspondents, since we have no direct facilities for rediscounting with the Bank of England. We would make plenty of enemies in London, and the profit is very small."

"Don Félix, we will make seventeen new banking connexions out of the twenty-seven firms. We have only ten now—is that a good stroke or not?"

Don Félix agreed that if Cristóbal were liable for the debit, it was not an important sum, and they would see, when the bills were presented in September, how good the business was. It looked like a fine way, though, to make financial connexions, that he agreed.

So Cristóbal achieved his purpose, to keep everything mum, and to have Don Félix, bored, stop thinking about what appeared a moderate commitment until September. Cristóbal did not have to pay out the option money in cash. He was merely debited, therefore, against his note. He was so emboldened that he called on the fruit syndicate at Valencia and the olive syndicate of Málaga's agents at Madrid. By the time he was ready to leave for London he had arranged for ninety-day options with the syndicated producers of oranges, lemons, potatoes, wheat, olives, olive oil, cork. But as these were bulky and the producers divided, he could get only £3,000,000 in options, for which he was debited 1 per cent or £30,000 on the books of the Banco Arequipa. His stake in the World War was more than half of what he had—£80,000. But as he held an option on £8,000,000, if the market rose, say, 20 per cent, the profit would be £1,600,000—that is, if the market could absorb such offerings. It could only do so if there were a war. If not he lost the option money, plus another £20,000 he would have to pay the managers for their silence.

He was determined to default to the Banco, if things went wrong. Owing to other connexions of the mineral producers with their regular agents, these managers had hurt their permanent connexions for the sake of a mere tip. So that he would have to pay the managers at least.

But if he defaulted to the Banco it was not pardonable. It could be shown to be conspiracy, subject to civil and possibly criminal action. If they forced criminal action on his default, he would pay. If not, he would cheat them. He had his money in American dollars, for he trusted no European currency if war came. An option on death, that is, war, in England; physical safety in neutral Spain; judgment-proof in both England and Spain; his funds beyond the sea; it was the perfect combination. But he would have to be in London. To the forty-eight firms from which he held options his address was given as Claridge's Hotel in Brook Street. To realize his options would take weeks of painstaking selling of the commodities on the London Metal Exchange, in Liverpool, and, directly, Swansea. He had risked nearly all he had. Should, by hard luck, peace result, the directors of the bank would move against him (as the old Jesuits would be most happy to do) for abuse of confidence. He paced the Pullman car of the Sud Express as it pulled out of the Estación del Norte. He bit his finger-nails like a schoolboy who cannot leave the room, when he must. He watched the eagles sweep above the wild crags of the Guadarrama and the Gredós mountains, and expected them to come down and pick his bones.

As the train hammered its way at night through France it stamped his doom on a species of treadmill. When they stopped at Bordeaux and Les Aubrais-Orléans for coupling, it was the fastening of chains around his convict legs. The conductor who got on at Biarritz was an old hand. He knew the headaches of swindlers. He brought out a new German remedy called "aspirin," and gave it to the agitated young man. Cristóbal slept until Paris. He remembered that to be jailed for a cause was an honour. But for a swindle? He got off at the Orsay station, haggard but sane, still surprised that the cape-clad gendarmes did not get him then and there. He went immediately to a students' hotel in the Rue de la Sorbonne, as he could not stand anything that reminded him of finance, wealth, the dominant class. He felt easier among the poor, with whom he would soon be united, perhaps.

In Paris the heat was intolerable. The close fumes of the city, hemmed in by its hills, turned the windless town into a calcium-carbide furnace. He spent a weary day calling on bankers

known to his firm. They were all leaving for the Bastille Day holidays and they gave him hurried interviews. They stroked beards, uttered orotund dicta, pooh-poohed war. European war? Impossible. The only subject that filled their mighty financial heads was whether Madame Caillaux would be acquitted for the murder of Gaston Calmette. *Quelle femme!* Yes, Don Cristóbal, the handsomest wife in Paris risks the guillotine for the cleverest man in Paris, but bald-headed, you know. Paris will cover her car with roses when she is acquitted. It is a pleasure to be shot by a woman like that, the beautiful end of a philanderer's life, no?

The European-war question was not so easily resolved. He called on an ogre, Monsieur Lévy-Halphen, private banker (and how private!) War? He had made a fortune for forty years by taking the other side of speculation, when war rumours spread on the Bourse. Had Cristóbal read Norman Angell or De Bloch? No? He knew that Spaniards read nothing. If he had he would realize that war was uneconomic, destructive of capitalist interests. He told of one coup. In 1911 Lloyd George brazenly threatened Germany at the Mansion House. All the speculators rushed in. He, the Jewish banker, man of peace, took away their substance. He roared with self-approval. He stroked his patriarchal beard. War was a permanent illusion of bloodthirsty *goyim*, but Israel's mission is peace. Cristóbal fled from this all-too-sensible man and sweated fears on the dusty streets. He rushed back to the Latin quarter, to seek surcease in the company of students and idealists.

The merry four days of the Bastille holiday were on. Cristóbal was cured for a moment as he watched the street dances, the slow Javas, the streets with lanterns strung across everywhere, the accordion orchestras by the thousand (so it seemed), the streets closed to traffic for the most part, and the whole of Paris a dancing-floor for youth and age. Like the *verbena*s at which Conchita and he had danced in Barcelona. Conchita! Her memory stimulated kindness, it imposed peace.

He treated a bevy of girl students to *apéritifs* and spent three days with them and their boy friends, who dropped in for the treat. They toasted the don, put bull horns of twisted paper on his forehead with dirty paste, charged him with rag capes, and

faked castanet noises. He spent the three days dancing the tango, the Maxixe, the newly imported turkey trot, and kept going until four in the morning, when he slept well through collapse. It kept his mind off the mad chance he was taking in the commodity markets. On the fourteenth, in face of the *mairie* of the fifth *arrondissement*, lit up by gas jets, with RF tastefully blazing in the centre, he danced until five in the dawn, long after the weary, street-accordion orchestra had yawned itself to silence, the lanterns blown out.

In the grey-green nervous hot dawn, he found himself treating a self-invited guest to a Pernod. The voluble gentleman informed him that he was a procurer for rich men. "I began as a vulgar pimp," he explained carefully. "It's hard to believe, but I did. But I have specialized since in getting young flesh for the variegated tastes of our bearded senators, our eloquent deputies, Egyptian princes and . . ." He drawled a long list of the *haute pègre*.

"Stop lying, you five-sou pander," yawned Cristóbal, always bored with scabrous talk.

"Oh, well then, it was all a lie, but most foreigners like that story. You're queer; don't you need women?"

Cristóbal did not answer. What amazed him was the apparent magnetic power of the little Frenchman to attract the unsolicited stares of well-bred French fillies. He cast an amused little look out into the void, and it came back to him with feminine compound interest.

The Frenchman did not have the nose of great traffickers. Rather, it was small and retroussé. His eyes were no melting black or brown but streaked grey and blue, with a haughty regard and no smile. This peculiar power over women, at six in the morning, fascinated Cristóbal, who got over the last of his thumping, haunting worries over his commodity options. The poltergeists of markets having stopped tumbling in his head, the Liliths took possession of his spirit; he was not yet in a mood to accept fleshly Eves. He wished he had a mistress, even a trivial one, so as not to have to face every issue alone.

The procurer kept on cataloguing his history, and wound up by offering to produce within the half-hour a superb young lady, about sixteen, slightly tarnished but none the worse for wear, and of many occult and pleasing practices. Rejected. He proposed that what a

noble don like Cristóbal needed was a *maitre des menus plaisirs*, and urged that unless this were done, Cristóbal would become incapable of pleasure, due to his business interests, and that would be sad.

Just as the procurer was doing well, he could feel two piercing eyes coming through the back of his celluloid collar. This was the lynx-eyed Inspector Véreux of the morals brigade, who had had the honour of sending the promising young pimp to the reformatory at fourteen.

He suggested *sotto voce* to Cristóbal that they move on. He bundled the surprised Spaniard into a taxi, and had the sense not to head for Montmartre, there to fall into the arms of the same inspector. Instead he headed for a *bal*—"Chez Louis"—in the Rue de Valence, near the Gobelins. This dive of apaches was giving its last dance as they entered. It was a testing place, for knife-work was quite usual there, yet the pander was able to get the girls around him without danger. He had a sixth sense for protected girls versus free girls, even if the cavalier were not about. His coward vision was that of a crystal-gazer. "I can see to the bones of a girl whether she has a *meç*," he explained, "as you can see the shape of a girl's corset through many flounces." In those days that was still a good canon: the jokes of Paul de Kock were as yet comprehensible.

In the apache dive a deal was done. "I have observed," said Cristóbal, "that since I have your company, I am a much calmer man. You are so dirty, cowardly, so full of guile, so sure of your limits, so mendacious, unreliable, garrulous, and so attractive to highborn and lowborn ladies, you pornographic magnetic-needle, so ready to serve anything, even virtue, as long as you do no work, that you are hired as my Leporello forthwith."

"What is a Leporello?" But before Cristóbal could answer he asked, "What do I get? Is there any work?"

Cristóbal explained that in Seville, in which he had been brought up, the most celebrated character was Don Juan Tenorio, and that his servant, Leporello, resembled greatly the little pander.

"I am flattered," said Leporello. "Do I get nice clothes? I like clever neckties, and I am sick of this celluloid collar."

The young Breton (for he came of that mercurial breed) was Anatole Kerouillis of Douarnenez, once a fisher-boy in the sardine fleet, now a caster of fillets for mackerels. He bore

practically the same name as that lady, made Duchess of Portsmouth by the overwhelmed Charles the Second. She who defeated all native competition including Nell Gwyn. The more he prattled the more Cristóbal thought him invaluable. He was too serious, exalted, romantic; he needed to be reminded of the curious, bizarre, lewd.

"I began my career as a tout for houses of ill fame in Brest, and I used to be guyed by the English sailors for my pidgin English. I used to cry out, 'You have fat ones for the same price as lean ones,' and they thought I was smart. I got to Paris, and plop, Véreux gets me in the reformatory in a week. People are more broad-minded in Brest. Bretons are much finer folk than the French, you know. But the reformatory was good in a way, it was crowded with sneak-thieves and pickpockets, and they are so polished and subtle, they made me into a presentable fellow." So he went on, and Cristóbal listened to this mass of vanity, rolled in dirt.

He had no money, not even a sou, he had no clothes except those on his back, he used the public baths as a laundry as well; he was down on his luck. He had not managed to get a girl to go out on the streets for him, he explained apologetically, because he was so refined and soft-hearted, and did not know how to make them divide. Besides which, he liked to be paid in trade. His bad clothes, he explained, were the reason why although highborn damsels looked on him with favour, their glances were sterile and gave birth to no developments.

Cristóbal then closed the business on a strict business basis. Anatole was to be his Leporello, to shut up except when addressed, to obtain pleasures when, as and if required, but to suggest none, and to face as vicar of his boss, if ever necessary, the indignation of outraged husbands, the folly of vengeful brothers or parents. For all this he was to be clothed, fed, lodged, and given spending money, at the option of his boss. He was to address Cristóbal as *patron*.

Cristóbal did him up proud the next day. Anatole had violet shirts, bought at Le Fashionable, a loud suit, with two pairs of pants, fitted at Jack de New-York, Welsh collars, cloth-and-patent-leather shoes. His clothes were the tout's paradise. They took the train for London (Leporello had a forged passport).

By the second day in London Cristóbal was entirely at home. From childhood he had been saturated in reading about the town. His mother's years of training had given him a high-class snaffle, in which vanished consonants are inbreathed on a nervous ascending singsong. In fact, he talked perfect Mayfair. His rooms at Claridge's were charged to the Banco. It was part of the discount promotion, he wrote Don Félix, "for a few days' visit on my way to Scotland." He put up Anatole in a little furnished room with pink curtains in Frith Street in the heart of Soho. The pander was delighted to be among thousands of Frenchmen who for some unaccountable reason preferred the smoke and fog of London to home, and who never thought of going back. At the pub of Victor Berlemont, rendezvous of French artistes, mostly of the music hall, and of pugs, wrestlers, and cyclists, he nosed about the men and women but just for the filth of it. He hated the police and would never serve them.

When he discovered that nearly all the silver-fox stoles and paste-jewel streetwalkers of Bond Street and Burlington Gardens were French, Anatole was completely reconciled to exile in the Isle of Darkness, in the boreal sadness. He was dampened by the fact that the master had not yet commanded his services, but he asked no more questions than a cat. Whatever the divine master chose to do was right.

Within three days Cristóbal had called on the all-British firm of Eisenstein, Cohen, and Wolff, metal brokers, and made necessary arrangement for the sale of metals in September. But he felt his way, he stipulated only a moderate amount. The market was not disturbed. As he had to be in the City all the time and needed a serious address, he took a suite of four rooms in the Cannon Street hotel, and transferred his protesting Leporello out of Soho, to act as a species of butler and secretary.

Every morning at nine o'clock he sallied into the confines of Mincing Lane, Mark Lane, Seething Lane, Eastcheap, Crutched Friars. He crossed Fenchurch Street into the winding Lime Street to arrive in the headquarters of shipping wheat and corn, the Baltic in St. Mary Axe. In that medley of streets, crops grew thick on slips of paper, metals were mined on telephones. The cornfields of the Baltic Exchange, the pepper plants of Mincing Lane, the rubber trees up the same street, the floor of spices and

the groves of tea, were everywhere, yet not a blade of grass flourished. It was a magician's castle, as proved by the fact that all these agriculturalists wore silk hats. He remembered the field workers in Andalusia whose annual income of two hundred pesetas was the equivalent of one average commission. And the faces were not so good, either.

"What can you do?" sighed the liberal Eisenstein. "That's life."

He became slowly accustomed to British business men, so gay in pubs, so solemn in restaurants. He settled down to eating in the London Tavern. That was England to him. One entered a long stairway, lined with quaint, coloured tiles, giving the history of Dick Whittington's cat and the reception at the tavern of Elizabeth and Essex, or Leicester, showing her descending from a golden barge, or some other antique contrivance, so dear to the nostalgic T. S. Eliot, the bard of St. Louis.

But what he adored was the long upstairs dining-room, arranged in tables for six, where good sherry and wholesome, satisfying food were served. The walls were covered with mosaics giving the legend of Arthur, with *Idylls of the King* playing-card heroes in playing-card colours. The heavy oak rafters, the silk-hatted merchants, the heavy cutlery, the grand copper serving plates, the lugubrious and circumstantial conversation, modified by chaffing: this was England, Queen of the Seas, compound of Pre-Raphaelite, pseudo-Gothic, William Morris plus Walter Crane plus the bellicose moustaches of Lord Kitchener, the beef-and-beer philosophy of William Ernest Henley.

This was all to the good. Cristóbal's new experiences in this commercial centre kept him so active that though he never got his risky and to all intents crazy speculations out of his head, they did not torment him. At night he calculated, and Leporello looked at him in despair.

On July twenty-sixth the news began to favour his speculations. The Serbian ultimatum got headlines. On the twenty-eighth after the declaration of war by Austria on Serbia markets did not advance. Cristóbal looked grisly with worry. If news of this kind did not put up values, what would?

The next day the British press, with that organized, aloof

manner that confounds obtuseness with coolness, was amused by war talk, and pooh-poohed it. It was all a demn Continental mess and would soon be over with. Everyone had heard from someone else, who knew dear Reggie or Algy in the Foreign Office, that it was sure to be localized. Values were nervous but did not advance. Cristóbal wore out the carpet. He tore up cambric handkerchiefs, he ate nails and index finger alike, and began studying steamer schedules to the Argentine. The next day things were "brighter." Russia had mobilized, said the Exchange telegraph report. Cristóbal had a paper profit of £50,000. Should he accept it, stop sweating, and renounce the dream of unlimited wealth and power? His weight had gone down two stone in a fortnight, but his nerves held out.

He monologued with Anatole listening.

"No one ever goes broke taking a profit," he echoed. "On the other hand, cut your losses short and let your profit ride." These unfailingly balanced epigrams of gamblers were not helpful.

The next day it really looked like world war. Austria and Germany were actually fighting Russia. Cristóbal could have sold out, on paper, at £200,000 profit. A millionaire in dollars, it fascinated him like a sinuous Bengalese belly-danseuse, but he followed the curves so long that he took no action. The next day there was talk of Germany having declared war on France. Now things began to boom.

He looked at the opening of markets. He had a £600,000 profit. As he read the financial page, he reeled from the crazy amount, and the other broker's customers picked him up, sick and swooning, and murmured, "He must have sold a bear, poor chap." Weeks of excitement, the heat of close London, the dusty air, the smell of horse-dung, the buzzing talk, the fluctuating sea of conjectures, lack of sleep, torments of fear, all took their toll. He was carried to the Cannon Street Hotel, his temperature 103. The higher his blood rose, the higher did markets.

At his bedside, Anatole prattled. His obsession was as firm as that of Cristóbal. He studied with owl-serious attention the techniques required to produce differing love sensations. He was so nonsensical and babyish that Anatole could later boast he saved Cristóbal from insanity. Like old Sir Robert Walpole,

Anatole instinctively realized that if you talk bawdy long enough, you force out every other thought.

That afternoon there was another complication. Cristóbal had advised the Royal British Hotel at Edinburgh (where he was supposed to be on vacation) to forward all mail. A telegram arrived:

PINZON, ROYAL BRITISH EDINBURGH

OUTBREAK WAR COMPELS CANCEL YOUR VACATION STOP OUR
FOREIGN EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT HELPLESS WITHOUT YOU THIS
GRAVE EMERGENCY STOP RETURN MADRID IMMEDIATELY

FELIX GIL

He answered:

LONDON AUGUST SECOND

GIL AREQUIPA MADRID

ANTICIPATED WIRE RETURNED LONDON PRESENCE HERE MORE
IMPORTANT CAN DO NOTHING MADRID STOP ANTICIPATE MORA-
TORIUM STOP TRANSFER EVERYTHING NEW YORK BUENOS AIRES OR
EVEN HOME THANKS

PINZON

Cristóbal never forgot a connexion, even in the midst of his own speculation, and he wired additionally:

GIL AREQUIPA MADRID

SENDING WIRES TO FRENCH MISSIONS ST VINCENT CARMES ALL
OTHERS INSTRUCTING THEM TRANSFER BALANCES NEW YORK OUR
CREDIT

PINZON

The French money would be ever-grateful; Don Félix would really think he was worried more about the bank's business than anything else.

The next day at the lunch hour, war looked possible even for England. Cristóbal had the sense not to look at quotations. He took a rumbling taxi to the National Liberal Club to dine with Eisenstein. The mobs were parading against the miserable little offices of the *Londoner Zeitung*. The taxi could not get into Whitehall, with the press of the crowd outside the War Office yelling, "Up France."

The Liberal party was in power, the club was the centre of the Empire. It was full of ministers and under-secretaries being

bothered by everybody for news, and especially with busybodies who knew the inside, inside outside. In the window stood a minister who was to vote the next day against war. He looked at the "Mafeking mob," as he insultingly termed them, and actually yelled, "The damn swine. Let them shriek for their war. They will see the five stages: first war, then conscription, then protection, then inflation, and last of all, break-up of the British Empire."

The halls were crowded with journalists. Under the tight-lipped images of Cobden, Bright, Gladstone, Palmerston, excited and brilliant Jewish correspondents of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* demonstrated by excess of logic that war could be averted. Equally excited and brilliant correspondents of the *Journal des Débats* proved by surfeit of reason that it was fatally certain. They both lost their jobs arguing, one group by the concentration camp, the other by conscription.

In Charlotte Street that night Anatole and Cristóbal ate at the Tour Eiffel. There they witnessed the first battle of the war between chefs of French restaurants and hysterical *Übermensch* vendors of sausages. The large bobbies intervened, but failed to separate the battling Gauls and frantic *Leberwurst Fabrikanten*.

The next day, August fourth, Britain was in. Gallant little Belgium and a scrap of paper sent Cristóbal's profits to £1,200,000. He was no longer nervous—he was adapted to the larger figures.

He was about the only cool chap in London. There was a *frisson* among the peaceful English who had seen no serious trouble since Waterloo. To Cristóbal, son of Barcelona, it all looked comparatively peaceful and remarkably distant.

He spoke to Eisenstein, who saw nothing but the end of the world. "You're a pack of softies," laughed Cristóbal. "The only time in the record of man that peace and a sound currency have endured a hundred years is in this island. I do not count Crimea or Transvaal. Everywhere else governments, money, personal security have spun round on a pinwheel coloured in blood. Even the Yankees had a Civil War that nearly tore out their guts, and a generation of currency disorders. You're a spoiled lot, all right, and you've got the wrong view of history."

Cristóbal's coolness was short-lived. The moratorium was proclaimed. Insomnia returned. Were his contracts any good? The suspension of payments reduced buying power. Despite the war needs commodities tumbled down. His profits went down to £500,000. "Sell," interrupted Anatole. "There's always more *galette* in anticipation than in reality. What woman lives up to your dreams when you chase her? One in a dozen. They'll get used to war, and you won't have such pretty profits as when they dreaded it."

The government boasted every day that the war would be over in three months. His profits were wiped out. England was well stocked with provisions, stated the Board of Trade, if peace came soon. It was all over. Cristóbal, nearly unconscious, heard nothing more. He lay back limp in his chair.

That was not the end of his troubles. The pound was supposed to go to hell against the dollar. Common sense told you that. But it didn't. The Chancellor of the Exchequer recalled American deposits and investments. Everyone needed to get pounds for repatriation. It rose to seven dollars from five. Cristóbal read no battle news from Liège or anywhere else. His own massacre was enough.

He had transferred all his private money, £150,000, into dollars, of which he had 750,000. He was clipped two ways. He would have to pay up £100,000 in option money and perquisites to avoid jail. That was \$500,000 once: now it was \$700,000. He was wiped out personally as well. Then again, if Sterling rose against all other money, prices of imported goods would crash in Sterling. He found a pistol Anatole had concealed and fingered it. It was so stupid. He thought of Don Francisco, crushed, Doña Isabella certain he was in Inferno as a suicide. It was not possible. It was too damned statistical. Even at this juncture he was determined to do nothing usual or undistinguished.

Humiliation followed:

PINZÓN CANNON STREET HOTEL LONDON

THANKS YOUR ADVICE TRANSFER LONDON BALANCES NEW YORK
STOP WE WOULD HAVE MADE 40 PER CENT WITHOUT YOUR EXPERT
COUNSEL KIND REGARDS

FELIX GIL

At last his manners cracked. He wired:

GIL AREQUIPA MADRID

IF YOU PREFER STERLING IN A MORATORIUM WORTH NOTHING TO YOU IF YOU REALLY WANT IT, TO FREE DOLLARS, YOU ARE RIGHT BUT YOU CAN CLOSE YOUR SHUTTERS IN THAT CASE NO REGARDS
PINZON

He went crazier and crazier, but his gestures excited no attention in a world as mad as he was. The ordered universe of Suburbia was in ruins. Inexperience made the English momentarily the most hysterical Europeans. The yellow gutter press threatened to turn them into a nation of lunatics. Cristóbal was comforted. In a society divided between those crushed by uncertainty and those exulting in the new thrill, there was little competition for money and money power, except in direct war contracts. He screwed his head on again, and bottled his follies.

Money was not made in a direct line, he told yammering Eisenstein. "It looks like a sure thing, when a war breaks out everybody buys commodities; then they collectively sit on their hindquarters and wait to get rich."

"Well, why not?"

"What's wrong is that the government changes the rules of the game, votes restrictions, limits prices, forms boards to supervise imports, regulates exchange. That's what is going to happen here. I am standing my ground." He did not reveal to Eisenstein that standing his ground was Hobson's choice.

"Sterling at seven dollars finishes us," lamented the broker.

"Not at all. That is a fictitious rate for repatriation. This is not a three-months' war, it is a thirty-years' war. There must be a resumption of unlimited imports from the States, dollars *must* go ahead in a free market."

"Thirty years! You are a monster, Don Cristóbal."

"I said thirty years and I stick by it."

The next day Sterling exchange was freed of restrictions and fell like lead to \$4.74. Commodities bounded forward like mad in London. The moratorium in England did not matter, any-

how, since Cristóbal could accept deliveries in New York, at his option. He received a telegram:

PINZON CANNON STREET HOTEL LONDON

YOU WERE RIGHT ON DOLLARS COME BACK AT ONCE

FELIX GIL

He replied, with the arrogance of money:

FELIX GIL AREQUIPA MADRID

DETERMINING WHEN SHALL RETURN STOP MY JUDGMENT AS GOOD
ON THIS AS ON DOLLARS

PINZON

Commodity markets moved again, but unevenly. Some, whose peacetime demand was injured, like cotton, had a serious drop. Some of the metals hesitated, copper obviously was ready to go down soon. Even a war selects its mistresses of destruction capriciously. Cristóbal began trading out of his metals first. Copper did poorly but a chance flyer in aluminium made 150 per cent. When the battle of the Marne was being acclaimed, Cristóbal heard no triumphal bugles. He sat quietly at night in the suite at the hotel, with Anatole reading *La Vie Parisienne* and *Le Sourire* in the corner, and closed his metal position on September tenth. He had made a million pounds.

The lunatic's throw had come up right.

The next month he mechanically cleared the cork, olive-oil, and fruit-and-vegetable contracts. They had risen a third; he had made two million pounds. Had he not been so careful, but waited the full boom, he would have done far better. But his gingerly tactics had made him a master of market manipulation and later that paid high rewards.

It took him three weeks and a fair amount of baksheesh to transfer his holdings to America. He had eleven million dollars.

XIV

PATRON, PANDER, SANCHE PANZA

THEN, with leisure and repose, Cristóbal noted that there was a real war going on. By October his amazed meridional eyes noted the fog, the damp. He did a few excellent jobs for the bank, so as to retain his Jesuit connexions that had served him so well. He promptly repaid his notes, but by now the Spanish mining companies were crying that Cristóbal had got options for himself, and deprived them of fancy profit for a mere tip. His wealth was surmised, but no one conjectured it at a tenth of what he had really made.

The news of the sinking of the *Cressy*, *Aboukir*, and *Hogue* shook Cristóbal's confidence in Britain's navy. It seemed symbolic that ships bearing the names of three decisive victories went down. When he heard of the defeat of Sir Christopher Craddock at Coronel, he decided to go. It was a pity because he had devoted whatever time he could spare after his deals were terminated, to checking up Henryson, Pately, and Carrington, and wanted to set about the family task, but he heard that Spain was in the throes of a new boom, and he deferred vengeance for a visit home. He brought with him Frank Robinson, a dry man of forty, unmarried, a Canadian by origin, and full of the avuncular wisdom required of the British waiter since Shaw wrote *You Never Can Tell*. Robinson had attracted Cristóbal's attention in a London inn, his story was remarkable, his personality rich.

Cristóbal first met Frank Robinson when the waiter deposited over him liver and bacon, the sauce thereof, and potatoes. He wiped the trousers of the wronged client, but he regarded him without undue reverence. His regrets were less perfervid than that required of offending waiters. Cristóbal looked at him. The waiter was a largish man, the same height as Cristóbal

but with that loose arrangement of big bones that makes such men tower over their fellows. His shirt front was always dirty; it was a cheap paper dicky. He spoke gravely with a bass voice that bespoke an embalmer. He never cracked a joke, and he shepherded the rich brokers like a cattle rustler.

He had a lank jaw that grew as it fell. Furrows cracked along his cheeks, under a heavy blue beard that he boasted he shaved three times a day, "Like Admiral Jellicoe of the Fleet, sir."

In conversation he sententiously avoided the obvious. He took no advantage of the right to chaff clients or to show a consistent partiality for the caustic, such as ritual requires of tavern waiters. He spoke in dry style rather, like the proverbial American backwoodsman, the Arkansas Traveller type. Frank Robinson had consoled Cristóbal, who soon made him a confidant. Eisenstein was his broker, and he could not tell him too much. Anatole was fixed on one subject. With good sense the waiter told Cristóbal that it was his loneliness that made him think his profits might disappear in the see-saw development of values.

He plied Cristóbal with good daily advice on the conduct of life and the government of the nerves in emergencies. He liked tips, he liked money, and after distilling counsel to the young, he accepted a shilling with a "Thank you, sir" that had the Church's unction beat by a long way.

When his deals were over Cristóbal said, "Frank, every waiter has a tremendous life history, it is the strangest of professions, especially in London. I never seem to meet one that has not been everywhere and done everything. They have all, for example, served on ships, or done a few years in the army, or fought the Boers, or served as dish-washers in American quick-lunch rooms. I suppose you have an epic story that can rival any of them. You look as though you are freighted with a heavy past; a murder, for example, would not be past you."

Frank was startled out of his calm. "I shouldn't say things like that if I were you, sir."

"Oh, then you are a murderer! Well, well, your occupation is becoming the most popular everywhere. In the last two months there have been one hundred thousand murders committed in France and Belgium. For a shilling a day. For five sous. For thirty pfennigs. I hope you did better."

"I shouldn't say things like that if I were you, sir."

"But you're not me. I indict you for murder. I indict you for acting as a rank individualist, as an amateur. If you murdered socially, wholesale, your name would be Wilhelm or Poincaré. My friend, you anticipated statesmen—you were ahead of your time."

"I shouldn't say things like that if I were you, sir."

"That is the third time you've said it. Now apart from my really bad taste in teasing you about homicides, do you like me?"

"You are a most presentable young gentleman, sir."

"I am glad you think so. Do you like waiting?"

"Frankly, sir, it is not very lucrative."

"Frank, do you ever speak English naturally? Don't you ever speak like a colonial and say, 'There's no money in it'?"

"I am not required to speak that way, sir. But as a lad I did."

"Ah, then you are a beastly colonial. Do you reveal it to the sahibs in this posh hell-hole?"

"I am not a colonial, sir, I am from the Dominion of Canada, a bluenose, from Antigonish in Nova Scotia. Sam Slick was our sage. Have you ever heard of him?"

"No, but I have heard your wisdom, and it flatters me to know any bluenose in consequence. Frank, would you like to work for me?"

"Doing what, sir? I have been fisherman, lumberjack, steward . . ."

"And lunch-counter worker in the States?"

"Exactly, sir. In the Scollay Square Codfish Delight at Boston."

"Have you ever tackled business as an interesting and amusing side-line?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I owned a sawmill at Matapeda. That's the junction of Quebec and New Brunswick. Lovely country that. Forests, sir."

"I suspected as much. Sawmills are habitually placed in such convenient locations."

"Quite so, sir."

"Now, Frank Robinson, what happened to the business?"

"I would rather not go into that, sir."

"Good. Now what I require is someone as sober as a . . ."

"Deacon, yes, sir, but I do like a pot of beer here and there."

"Tell me, Frank, is it necessary for you to pretend to be the perfect waiter, saturnine, answering the superior but pitied client?"

"I feel a genuine respect for you, sir."

"Now we're getting on. Frank, what do you make here?"

"Including tips? All the way through, sir, three pounds a week."

"Twelve hours a day?"

"Yes, sir, including the washing-up. That I detest."

"Any family complications? I mean betrayed barmaids or skivvies?"

"I am decorous with the ladies, sir."

"Frank, I offer you seven pounds weekly and your expenses, but you must live in Spain for the most part. You are a most handy fellow. You can commit murder, run a business, fail to commit suicide when knocked out, hold on to survival in any form. By your common-sense advice you saved my frayed nerves. I will need you in the see-saw of my fortunes. I have giant schemes, so mad I am afraid of them myself. The occlusion of my soul."

"The what, sir?"

"Pardon my inflation. What I mean is that I will be as lonely as Napoleon if I get there. I need someone, a Sancho Panza, if you know what I mean, to trim my extravagance, recall me to the thinking of the sensible fellows about me, serve as ballast, so I won't think it is I that mould the world about me, but that I am one force among many. Are you ready to take up with me?"

"At seven pounds and all found? This minute, sir."

"Pack up, we're off to-night. Oh, by the way, I have another employee. Anatole, he's my Leporello, as you are my Sancho Panza."

"Leporello? I knew an opera once: 'No rest by day or night.'"

"That's right. Mozart's *Don Juan*. Where did you hear it?"

"Helped the scene-shifters at Covent Garden, sir."

"Now, Anatole is crazy about sex. He has no other thoughts or sensations. He knows a world war is on only because it has changed the secret ads in the *Sourire*. He speaks only French and pidgin English."

"In a manner of speaking, sir, I know French. We had Acadian farm-hands when I was a boy, and my workers in the mill were Canucks."

"Anatole speaks French like a Breton mackerel. You ought to get on famously. Meet me at Waterloo, Platform Four, for Southampton."

"Southampton. Don't we go by way of Folkestone?"

"Not this time. Darling Anatole doesn't like bold, bad conscription agents. We sail for Bilbao on the *Mar Cantabrico*. Are your passports in order?"

"Always, sir."

"I understand perfectly. At eight o'clock, Waterloo."

The trio met at Waterloo. Six-foot Cristóbal, six-foot Frank, five-foot-two Anatole; Cristóbal svelte, elegant, romantic; Frank, Abraham Lincoln crossed with an undertaker, and Anatole, just a guinea pig. Introduction was casual.

"Frank, meet the filthiest boy in Europe."

"Delighted. You look very little. Do I carry you in my pocket?"

"Pocket, not at all," said Anatole, "but the dream of my life has been to be a doll, one inch high, exactly as I am, though, with all my tastes, rolled in a lady's camisole, going up and down with her breathing."

"I am glad you stopped at breathing, Anatole," said Cristóbal. "Frank will speak French to you, if you can speak it."

"Patron, you can have your jokes. I resent nothing."

"At five pounds, who would? By the way, Frank, address me as chief. Not that I am vain, but Anatole calls me *patron*."

"Yes, chief. I really think of you that way, sir."

In the train Frank and Anatole compared their experiences as boys in the fishing fleets of Nova Scotia and Brittany. Frank had met a lot of *Terranuevas* in Newfoundland; he knew the Bretons well. Friendship grew, fertilized by eight bottles of Worthington.

On the deck that night Cristóbal got back to business. He

had to supply the genius, Anatole the frills, Frank the ballast. Their destiny was to move together, yet conserving their separate parts in the human comedy. But Spain heightened his ambitions. It would be easier to make money there than in a threatened island.

When they landed at Santander (Bilbao was restricted by the dock space being taken up entirely by exports, a splendid sign of Spanish recovery), Cristóbal bought all the Madrid newspapers and devoured them in the club car. Spain was divided into ferocious pro-Ally and pro-German crowds, both spending shoals of money. Blasco Ibáñez, whose feuilleton *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* was the Bible of the pro-Ally party, and old Lerroux, king of the *Paralelo* still, were perfervid orators on the French side. The sprawl of Ibáñez's style fascinated the vaporous Left. Barcelona was pro-Ally but apparently full of German and Austrian agents working at top speed.

Madrid under its Catholic and court-circle domination was so convinced of German success that it saw no good save in Hapsburg and Hohenzollern. It was Catholic Vienna, though, mistress of the Vatican and rampart of Catholic prestige in Europe, that moved their sentiments. With this double strain of parties, Cristóbal was convinced that Spanish neutrality would last for years and be profitable.

Cristóbal was cunning in manipulating his two servants. At Madrid he took a cheap, ugly, furnished apartment, threw the two aides into one large humpy bed, and reserved the servant's room with a small rusty, iron bed for himself. They could not complain of sleeping together since the boss slept worse than either. After a few weeks they were accustomed to living together like college chums. He then bought them two beds, and himself a good one. His nights were on a bed of spikes: his days he devoted to weaving a crown of thorns for the ghostly and lay directors of the Banco Arequipa, and the Dominican ghostly lads and lay associates of the Seguros. He knew that Don Sebastián Belgrano despised him. Now was his chance to have that worthy revise his judgment and pay for the experience.

The Compañía Nacional de Seguros was anxious to get a plot running six hundred feet along the Alcalá and a thousand feet back on which to erect skyscraper offices of ten stories. They

had planned to pay five million pesetas for the plot, which was divided into forty-eight parcels. They also decided to acquire a large number of surrounding plots. They needed three hundred thousand square feet, so that when the erection of their new offices was completed and land values rose by reason thereof, they could recoup the cost of their building out of the profits made from selling the surrounding plots. These would become crammed with bars, restaurants, shops, etc., for their numerous employees. Their total investment for land, shoring, tearing down old buildings, and erecting a new one, was to be twenty million pesetas.

When the war broke out the utter lack of confidence in the long-term future, despite the hectic boom, caused land values to be sticky. The Seguros waited for the landowners to become panicky as the war proceeded and to sell the plots for ten million pesetas instead of nearly twelve million, the total cost of all the plots at present valuation.

Cristóbal thought in reverse. During a war, he calculated, the last thing to attract capital is building, except in factories destined for war production or exports to warring lands. Apartment houses and office buildings attract nobody. On the other hand, large cities will experience a mushroom growth of population as the war attracts the rural population into the high-wages cities. That means a denser population in the same buildings and a staggering increase in land values. The booms of the Argentine or California would be reproduced in Madrid and Barcelona.

He went patiently to each of the forty-eight little landlords, and to twenty in the coveted surrounding plots. He talked to them about building a small shop or loft building, or refurbishing the old structure. He was anxious, as against common sense, to have the landlords all know that he was visiting the pack. That made him look like a patient poor man, who would go to any trouble to get the cheapest plot for his little business.

He offered them, since he had turned one option trick successfully, a 5 per cent option for one year, based on the present cadastral, or assessed ratable value. The real-estate market was impossible. Each landlord was delighted to find a simpleton with so little present capital that he paid a mean deposit so as to be able to tie up the property and find time in which to "raise

capital." That was his story. On an assessed valuation of 12,000,000 pesetas, he paid out 600,000 in options, to acquire the property within one year at that present valuation.

Cristóbal disappeared for a month. On his return he found a real-estate boom on. The Compañía Nacional de Seguros was frantically bidding for the properties and finding them all tied up until October 31, 1915, practically a year. The landlords were trying to get back their options. They bid their heads off and offered premiums for Cristóbal to release them, the more so as they found out that the poor chap they so much pitied was the celebrated Don Cristóbal Pinzón, director of the Banco Arequipa, and that the Anatole Kerouillis with whom they signed their agreement was his straw man. The Banco Arequipa, with which Cristóbal retained casual connexions only, was equally startled at the news. The senile vanity of Don Félix Gil cracked. The heavy brewer belly of Don Sebastián Belgrano showed wrinkles of weakness.

The landlords had little cash to offer. They tendered "propositions" or advantageous exchanges with other properties in the new suburbs. It was impossible for Cristóbal to do business if he were still connected with the bank. He resigned, especially as he found that after his departure to London, on the outbreak of war, the formal orders of Rome and Austrian bribery had united Dominican and Jesuit in the pro-German cause, and that an interlocking directorate was set up of the Banco and the Compañía Nacional de Seguros.

The next day he appeared before the joint board of directors, including those that had laughed him out of countenance on his cinema inspiration. He explained that as his options expired in eleven months he was comparatively helpless. He would offer the property cheap. But if they would not wait for that time he had a price.

He knew that the dizzy rise in values made it impossible to wait. He knew that the properties could be sold piecemeal in the crazy boom setting in in a few months for 40,000,000 pesetas. He offered the properties at 27,600,000, a profit of 15,000,000 over cost plus options. The crushed General de Caborillas, usually so cholerically sure of everything, the sumptuous Archbishop of Toledo, the yellow, deflated Sebastián Belgrano, the three Gils, whose bodies

were being reduced visibly as they slumped in their chairs, all attempted feeble insults and bargaining vituperatives.

"A splendid son of the Church!" cried the Bishop of Oviedo. "Before the war you made a series of covenants with metal and fruit companies, telling lies to Don Félix Gil, and now you betray your trust as employee to hold up your own associates in this real-estate ramp."

"Was there any witness to the alleged representations I am supposed to have made to Don Félix Gil on the commodity credits? No? Then it never occurred! As to the real-estate deal, I appear here as humble agent of my friend, Anatole Kerouillis. It is not my affair, gentlemen. I am a good Samaritan: he speaks no Spanish."

At the same time they all respected him. The grave and statesmanlike Don Pablo Mérida, Secretary of State for Spain, arose and ended the debate.

"Let us forget recrimination, ethics, gratitude, shame. The properties however acquired are offered to us at what Don Cristóbal knows as well as we do, to be a price below what we could acquire them for in the future. It is not a thing to say when you are concluding a bargain, but his price is cheap, and we all know it. He will not budge because he can do better. As a reasonable man, I accept defeat, since it is a defeat within the limit of sound commercial sense. Gentlemen, let us accept."

There was no dissent. Despite the bitterness, it was quick and unanimous. The twenty-two-year-old *Wunderkind* had made another three million dollars. He was too young to forego a crushing farewell.

"My priestly and pro-clerical ex-associates and ex-friends," he began quietly, "I have just taken a part of the remaining loot of Potosí and Mexico out of your vaults. I understand that the gold reserve of the Banco de España, unlike any other central bank of issue, consists of doubloons, pieces of eight, reals, ducats, scudi, pistoles, and all manner of ancient coins and old twisted shapes of bullion, undisturbed since the days of your stench-souled hero, Philip the Second. They will not be left undisturbed by me. I have sweated fifteen million pesetas out of your hides, oiled with priestly guile and pro-German pay." He paused and bowed deeply. "Like Voltaire, take a good look at another apt pupil of the Jesuits."

He bowed again. "Tell in your reports that it was you that furnished me with the capital and credit wherewith to beat you. Write in red letters in your annual report that you pay higher profits to underlings that hate you than to shareholders for whom you are custodians. Tell them, Don Gerónimo Gil, that the Jesuit education is still doing well—it is still turning out polished, demagogic, learned, baroque, luxurious pupils. I have not deceived your hopes. And tell them also, as shown by the speech of Don Pablo Mérida, that so great is your sanity that if you can make one peseta profit in business with the renegade pupil, Cristóbal, you will do so, no matter what your principles."

He was thoroughly satisfied with himself, but he looked at them straight. He suppressed his smirk.

Don Pablo Mérida answered mournfully but with *hautecœur*: "We shall miss your talents; we regret your character. You have done the Church some signal services. Your activities on behalf of the French missions and Christian works have saved their reserves. They cover us with letters of appreciation and thanks. Your investments in mines especially have been so painstaking that by the end of the war we shall make more money by solidly managing them than you with your fly-by-night and coruscating speculations. You will have the pyrotechnics, we the substance. Markets take back from their votaries all they bestow on them. Strange as you may think my simple remark, we have bought this property from you better than you have sold. Your passion for seeing cash profits measures the fever of youth. You do not see the cycles of values and profits built up by collective effort, you think yourself a Superman. In the deepest sense you are a fool. A gaudy, ingenious, petulant fool, but still a fool. And, oh, how young! The Church of God has forgotten its Neros, its Diocletians, its brilliant Julians the Apostate. It has crushed the emirs of Cordova, passed by Luther, forgotten Voltaire, ignored Darwin. It is not interested in the taunts of an inconsequential atheist. *Tu es Petrus*, we stand like a rock. Good day, sir."

Cristóbal knew he was worsted. In thinking it over he was astonished at the nasty, callow survivals of adolescent bumptiousness and priggery in his present full-grown stature. His speech was that of a high-school boy and he deserved the mature dismissal of Don Pablo. The peroration had fallen flat. The leering

leeches were brighter than he. He was grateful to Don Pablo. He realized that he was not yet equal in capacity to his dreams of vengeance. How revenge his father if he could not even win a verbal battle against an old aristocrat? He learned his lesson well. Perhaps on balance it was he that had gained by the exchange of speeches. He left for Barcelona, wealthy but down-cast. He was never again to see Madrid.

XV

THE SECOND DEFEAT

WHEN Cristóbal, trailing his strange aides, arrived at Barcelona he did not recognize his parents' estate, so miserably poor, or his adopted city, so insanely rich. His father confided to him that the reason for their bad appearance, shoddy clothing, and run-down home was that he was anxious that Cristóbal, as his son, should receive a good inheritance, as was natural, and that they had saved the whole of the remittance he had sent them, at the expense of food and clothing, and hoarded eighty thousand pesetas for their son. The two old lovers had depended on an odd bit of business or two to pay for the minimum food required to cheat Death. The rest they saved for their pride and joy in another generation.

"You see, dear Cristóbal," explained the trembling old Don Francisco, "your mother and I said to each other, 'If our son gives away all his substance to his parents, the generous boy has no arms against those who would borrow from him and use him. He does not know how to save—it is his father and mother that must secure his future.' And you see, we were right. You have lost your post with the Banco Arequipa, as I lost mine with the estate of the Marqués del Costilla. The Pinzóns were slated to misfortune. We at least put up the shield but you, drunk with wealth, can't think ahead so far. You're right, my son, my Cristóbal. You keep your dash, and your old father and mother will take care of the savings. A good division, indeed."

Cristóbal told them the whole truth, that he had in bank the incredible sum of seventy million pesetas. He showed them deposits bank-books, receipts, acknowledgements—he buried them in proofs. They could not understand. Again and again the old hidalgo blundered into incredulity: it was a pity to tease aged parents in this cruel way. He told Cristóbal of his vow to be buried at the high

altar of Seville cathedral, his son in the front rank: that was why he saved, it needed money to do that. Nor would a Pinzón ever beg his bread again.

Doña Isabella fingered Cristóbal's proofs. She was convinced that there was a core of truth in his story, although the fantastic exaggeration, as she thought, proceeded from warranted Spanish pride. She counselled Don Francisco to accept one favour from his son. "Let us live well on what he gives us, since he assures us he can well afford to do so, but keep our legacy for him intact." And she pinched his cheeks and said, "As great a liar as your great granddad the Admiral." That was love because she worshipped the Admiral.

Cristóbal was touched at the infinite devotion of his parents to a shameless atheist and scapegrace, and by the ferocious class pride that at the expense of nourishment insisted on a legacy suitable to their rank as Pinzón y Guzman. He settled in the old flat, in the Paseo de Gracia, had it all redecorated and refurnished in the *art nouveau* style from the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, and felt happy once more to be with his own. There too he established an office, equipping the front room with a desk, a filing-cabinet, a typewriter, a French stenotype machine, two German calculating machines, packed in little oak sarcophagi, and a telephone, all of which delighted his parents, who knew now he was serious in the *negocio*. But their greatest delight was to come. The next day, returning from Mass, they saw at the entrance of the house a lustrous brass plate, with Gothic characters:

Francisco Pinzón y Hijo, Corredores

(Francisco Pinzón and Son, Commission Merchants)

"My dear boy," cried out the old chief of the family, "I am always first with him." They rushed upstairs and found Cristóbal putting the finishing touches on the office. They kissed him, and Doña Isabella wept and exulted, "Blessed Mother of God, what have we done that we have a child so loving? Had Your Son spared the life of our Carmen, what joy would have been ours!"

In the meantime Cristóbal rummaged about and found a suitable home for his following. He discovered a cheap two-room suite, with a gas ring for eggs and coffee, right above the Oro del Rin

beer hall. It was commodious, well furnished, and the two parasites were in clover. They vaguely felt this could not last.

"*Patron*," pleaded Anatole, "this town is full of excellent *goulashes*, eaters of rice puddings, women of fatty behinds, muscular yet supple bellies. This is my idea of paradise. In your Barrio Chino the lads of Montmartre are beaten. This is a paradise of desire, a treasure trove of the senses. You have not yet used my talents. Do you distrust my ability?"

"You forget our counsel and contract," said Cristóbal with high mock-seriousness. "You were never to suggest pleasures, I was to ask for them."

"*Patron*, I do not suggest any special woman. But listen to me. In this city as I smell the rank, rich perfumes, watch their saffron undies in georgette, the little border on their drawers, of delicate Alençon laces they import, as I study their ample garters . . ."

"You are violating the contract. Another thing, Anatole, I am used to Barcelona. If I rejected this for years, you will not change me. When I need you, I will call on you. Your salary is safe." Anatole kissed his hands with happiness.

Frank said in a basso profundo, extra profundo, largo, molto lento, "Anatole has unsuspected, unusual abilities. He is a creative person. He is a cross between a guinea pig and an engineer. You could do worse than to use him. My character also is decaying. Use us."

"Frank, you may be of good use to me once a year. Be ready for that time—it is worth your pay. But do not fail me no matter what I ask."

"Chief," he continued in a subterranean tone, "you once suggested the deed of which you thought me guilty. I am ready to do even that for you. You are full of hot Spanish blood, I know what you require."

"You are a Saxon slanderer, but that talent might come in handy." He left the boys to themselves. They liked each other. Barcelona suited them down to the ground.

Cristóbal went mad in returning, a Croesus, to the home bailiwick. He traced everyone he had ever known—professors, students, rebels, girls, parental friends; Lanson, who forgave cash balances everything; Leichtentritt and Pokorny, now active in the German secret service, who hated him with honest patriotic senti-

ment and who did not forgive him; and Freimüller, who had parted from the other two, was poor, and whose vague idealism ended by his being active in the socialist movement as a militant. All three, as enemy subjects, had lost their jobs with the Crédit Agennais. He was anxious to meet the three Frenchmen, too. Falloix was still working for the bank, waiting to be called to arms in France. He was deep in new magazines, new books, from all over Europe summarizing the position of the opposition movement in international socialism. He scarcely noticed Cristóbal's entry. He was immersed in everything but the business of his employers. His idol was an obscure Russian named Ulianov, some nobody only Russians had ever heard of. He read his essays in German, was deeply moved, and was translating them into French, Catalan and Spanish.

Champvallon, poor chap, was fighting with all that happy bulk in the mud of the Champagne. Dupleix, unlike Falloix, was anarchistic. If the French Republic, that leaden buttocks, as he derisively termed it, called him to the colours, the deafness of Patelin would be as nought compared to his. He wrote long odes, as full of hate of the international murderers, as was *Les Châtiments* of Napoleon the Third. His odes were written in Provençal and French; he burned the page with his passions, he dyed the ink with his frenzy. Corresponding with Romain Rolland, he remained, as he proudly put it, "An assassin for the people, against the assassins." The picture of Marat decorated the wall of his bug-infested room in the Puerta de Gracia. The permanent revolutionist Blanqui, undulled by a brown etching, looked sternly through his white beard at his devoted poet. He suspected Cristóbal. He told him nothing.

Nevertheless Cristóbal was gay. He was in the state of mind of every rich man who returns home: to perform every rite that links him to that past he has now transcended by wealth. He had to do it. He went to Gerona to lay flowers on the grave of Conchita Morales. He did it with less emotion than he had dreamed of. The flowers were expensive, abundant, exotic for the late season, conservatory-raised, almost devoid of perfume.

As he put the flowers on the tomb, which bore only one inscription MURDERED, the lowering skies fell heavily on him, the clouds pressed him to the tomb. He watched the weeds around the grave,

he thought of the decayed body he had loved so much, of that soul that had given him a scope, a purpose, a wealth and beauty in living that the rising thermometer of money could never render.

He got up after staying there a moment: he had been there three hours. Conchita spoke:

*Are these the odourless lilies of Montjuich?
I shall bloom again but bear another name.*

He was lifted from the tomb by a death's-head old gardener and caretaker. He removed the flowers and threw them over the wall. For two hours in the train he held in his fearful sobbing, covered his face with a great handkerchief, but his sorrow passed the simple disguise and stabbed the passengers. None interrupted: it must be the deepest of tragedies. He came into Barcelona the broken young man. Fourteen million dollars covered by a hopeless moan.

That night he turned his vital powers once more on dazzling Barcelona. He was not brave enough to face Conchita, he must fly into "real life." The city filled his lungs. It was crowded with rich young men, the gilded sons of the plutocrats of Europe, who sent the poor to die in trenches and their darlings to neutral Spain.

It was also crowded with well-to-do conscientious objectors, who ate heartily of fine food and wine, with the approval of their milk-white conscience; a brood of de-luxe pacifists. There were dozens of new cabarets, crowded with spies, right out of the head of meretricious film directors. They spied champagne night and day, they detected caviare under red or black forms. Barcelona at last was modern, European, parvenu, *melo*.

The working class, though still revolutionary, was all employed at good wages, not yet overtaken by war costs of living. They were growling, but not howling. Money was stupidly easy to make. The town was full of military agents buying, usually officers, vain, in glamorous uniforms, corrupt, immoral, silly, boastful, with here and there a man of extraordinary good sense. Gold, that has no smell, had usurped the place of the floral gardens of the old romantic town. After a week or two in which he became fully aware of the new city in which he was to grow and function, Cristóbal

planned for a future. A permanent policy. One that should outline all his acts.

He was to speculate on the war and on nothing else. This war mighty last thirty years, perhaps a hundred. Wars are usually long. His life would be spent in an age of war. He might never see anything else. It did not matter what form it took, first national war, then civil war, then armed peace such as punctuated the Thirty Years' War, the Hundred Years' War, the War of the Roses; then national war again.

With the present technique of production, no matter how destructive shells and bombs were, on balance they could not match the unlimited creative capacity of man. Man was held back by the capitalist sabotage which prohibited production except for a profit. But in wartime there is socialism: the socialism of death, but still a socialism. Whatever wins the war is the only criterion of production. Factories that no man in his senses would erect as an investment are profitable to the state with the enemy at its throat.

To think in peace terms, even to remember the pre-war era was an intellectual sin. Europe would, like Macbeth, never more taste sleep. Its rich men would always wake in fear, watch for alarms, fly, plot, grow more and more cruel.

The Austrian generals who faced Napoleon thought they could win a campaign: he alone knew one can only win an era.

This immensely profitable and infernal generation of men pleased Cristóbal, as a high Renaissance type. In this thirty years' war, *to count only the first phase*, he saw thirty years of fluctuating values in a chaos of currencies, three decades of fluctuating social forms, too, and endless possibilities for the men strong enough to buffet such an age, to exult in it, never to lament it.

It would end in widespread poverty and pestilence, and the reduced poor children of men would painfully begin again building small free communes, as the Goths built slowly on the fall of Rome.

He talked long to the socialist Freimüller, who hated the idea, but was dazzled by its terrible possibilities: it might be true. He listened.

"In every generation given over to war there are men who understand how to behave in it on a permanent basis. Take three vulgar examples—Caesar, Napoleon, Wallenstein. But they

are obvious, easy types. Napoleon had a vulgar mind; Caesar one cannot debate about, our sources are too limited; Wallenstein was stained with corruption and astrology. By the way, all believed in astrology to some extent: they were looking for what they thought was a fixed setting somewhere. They are not the purest destruction types.

"What I mean is rather a Democritus who apostrophized flux: a Leonardo da Vinci to whom a troubled age was recognizable only as opportunity. Why must men seek achievement only in order? The cunning hand of Benvenuto Cellini resisted sieges and pestilence; he moulded his golden cups. The unending wars of Italy were translated into the mystic smile of St. John the Baptist on the canvas of Leonardo. Why tremble? I never expect to see the older bourgeois phantoms—investment, safety, conservatism. Are we to lament? We who have sought revolution, who prefer disorder to injustice? And if I am now not pure of heart, as when I was more naïve, at least let me retain the clear eye and stout heart of a man to whom the barricades are home."

Freimüller got up and said in leaving, "You spoke from the viscera. I heard the echoes resound down the walls of your abdomen. I cannot face it, but I think it true. I shall fight on in the hope that we may be able to conjure away these monsters in my lifetime."

Falloix had entered at the back and waited in the hall while Cristóbal declaimed. He was ashen-pale, not in hackneyed metaphor: his cheeks were exactly that. He said in a moved tone, "Cristóbal, I heard what you exulted in to Freimüller. Do not disturb him, he is sentimental but good: let him be. I am a bit more complicated, more like yourself, but with a different objective from the purposeless accumulation of points of control in the tearing embroidery of the ages. I have something to go over with you to-morrow. Expect my call at three."

"Why not to-night?"

"I am receiving instructions by diplomatic code. I will let you know."

The next afternoon Falloix arrived with a green dossier, marked R.F. AFFAIRES ÉTRANGÈRES (SAINT-SIÈGE), and explained his instructions.

"I have been called to the colours in the artillery. I am going. Don't ask me why. You know what I think, but I despise pacifists so anxious not to sully their individual souls. War will only be ended when the boys in the trenches with their guns get after the top hats that sent them there. They give you the rifles, they train you in the rifles, they tell you to point the rifles, and after that we should use our discretion. Now, something more important. My brother is in the Foreign Office at the Quai d'Orsay, permanent secretary for Italian affairs. He asked me if I could find someone for a ticklish errand for which they will pay £60,000. You know Jesuit and Dominican, missions and orders, inside out. Now here is the errand. The old Pope, Pius X, is dead: not yet, but just about gone. He is a cat's-paw of Austria. He hates France because she denounced the Concordat during his papacy. He calls her 'atheist,' and through his influence, to take a serious example, the French Canadians detest France, the motherland, and an agitator named Bourassa has practically stopped all war co-operation between the Dominion and Quebec. I don't give a damn about all this myself, I am only explaining."

"Come to your business."

"Be patient. You are intimate with the Canadian engineering push that controls the utilities here in Barcelona. They would be glad to co-operate in obtaining a pro-Ally Pope. Anything to stalemate Bourassa and the Catholic Nationalist crowd in Quebec. We can't be worse off, you see; if the Austrians win the papacy, the French are where they are now, but if the Pope is neutral, they are better off."

"All this bores me frightfully."

"Even the £60,000?"

"It's good money, not big money. Now what do I do?"

"This. We hope for the election of Cardinal della Chiesa of Pegli near Genoa. Don't drop dead, he's a real Christian, believes in it, lives up to it, is a credit to mankind. He's aristocratic, wealthy, elegant, and refined. He is not pro-Ally. He is actually pro-human. For the first time the needs of our Foreign Office coincide with decency." Cristóbal laughed with a rare heartiness. "I appreciate your amusement at identifying the dreaded Quai d'Orsay with anything clean. Now £60,000, your pay, is only

forthcoming after you make good. It is on a contingent basis. There are too many poor rats, double agents and comic spies about, eating the substance of the secret fund, for my brother to take chances. This time the diplomat must be rich and take a sporting chance."

"Get down to specifications, man."

"You're getting an awfully American manner. This is not an American game. It is patient, slow, a sort of accumulation of filigree effects. You have to raise funds from these Canadians. They are Protestants, but that makes no difference. We are raising a private fund in Paris, from bankers, Jews, Huguenots, Freemasons, Catholics, who cares? If you can get something, we know you're the man. It's not so much the money; the money is the touchstone of your competence. Do I make myself clear?"

"No. What am I to do with the money?"

"Manage a part of the business. The majority of cardinals are Italians, always are, in fact. Their ultramontane souls are with Austria and the Hapsburgs. Their palms, fortunately, are sometimes as open as their souls."

"Nonsense," said Cristóbal sharply. "I know the hierarchy inside out and you deceive yourself if you think open bribery will take you anywhere. The Church observes an excellent decorum, all things considered, in a rich and ubiquitous institution, having a thousand contacts with temptation."

"Now I know you're the man," shouted Falloix triumphantly. "What a combination for my brother's task! Don't you see? You're an old anarchist—that means you have no illusions as to the structure of any social institution. Yet that old intense idealism prevents you from adopting a sterile cynicism. As a former chorus boy, once of the celebrated six dancers, a Church scholar, a head of our leading Jesuit bank, agent for the unlimited Missionary Funds of French Catholicism, who could be better chosen? If you make good you will be made forthwith an officer of the Legion of Honour. It helps in closing deals. Also a papal title will be urged on you by the French cardinals. A papal count is better than no title. Also the order of Saint Gregory the Great. You understand, you are not to attempt bribery if you think it useless but fill up all the crevices, corners, of that camera

obscura called a papal election. But £60,000 plus your outlays, only upon checkmating of the Austrian cause."

"Seriously, my dear Falloix, you don't expect me to be a Pope-maker as Warwick was a King-maker."

"Of course not. I spoke of crevices and corners. You are to do a specific job. If those charged with larger tasks fail, you will be reimbursed your costs but get no reward. I think the reward splendid, princely. You would too if you were not so crazily rich. Look at the experience, at the fun, if I say so. Accept, Cristóbal."

"Still not convinced."

"No? Then listen to this. Upon what experience are you to base those large, windy schemes for vengeance you retail so often? On the fact that you have made money like other rich speculators? On being beaten in a discussion by Don Pablo Mérida? Unless you are charged with a special task of manipulating men in a delicate situation, which task calls for guile and resource, how are you to learn? Do you think those four London magnates who outwitted your father will be crushed by a youthful amateur? They spend their lives beating enemies. Try your mettle; it is your first serious job apart from salesmanship, speculation or ordinary business devices."

"Well and good, for your sake done."

"Don't thank me. I suggested you, for you are ideal. But I despise the business as I do the war. It's all *merde*. I'll figure out something better than these intrigues. Good-bye, old friend."

They kissed each other. They were to meet after the election ended.

Cristóbal immediately wrote letters to Don Félix, Padre Antonio, Padre Gerónimo Gil, Don Pablo Mérida, Don Sebastián Belgrano, profusely apologizing for his insult to the Jesuit order. They were flattered by his surrender. "He must have lost plenty of money somewhere," was the chorus of the rejoiced forgivers. He promoted a Canadian engineer to drum up funds from Toronto. He got the Missions in the Rue de Babylone to telegraph him fair money for his pro-French activities, and out of gratitude for what he did. He raised £100,000. The Quai d'Orsay knew he was serious.

Cristóbal told his parents they were going to Rome to see St.

Peter's and kiss the toe of the statue of the keeper of the keys. Also, he reflected, they provide a really convincing background of believers. Rome! Their lifelong hope. They accepted gaily but were nervous in going through France. They feared German aeroplanes and were happy when the palms of Ventimiglia came into sight. In Genoa Cristóbal put them up in a little, polite, shiny-white hotel, opposite the opera house, in a large salon, painted in blue, with golden cherubs on the roof. It was Italy as they had expected it. He left them for the morning.

Cristóbal decided to explore the situation at its source. He took a swift Lancia out to Pegli, home of the Della Chiesa family, west of Genoa, and reached over a Corniche road, winding amid a hundred luxuriant gardens, crowded with warm-coloured, exotic flowers that defied the autumn calendar. Most of the estates, he was told, belonged to rich merchants and industrialists of Genoa, Turin, Milan. At the charming gate of the Della Chiesa estate, the porter took the card of introduction from *le père* Grippesou-Abatjour, master of the shrine of Ozanam, and passed it on to a yellow-looking secretary, with a crooked arched nose. He came back almost at once. The Cardinal would receive him.

Cardinal della Chiesa sat under a rose bower, an old man with a face of such moulded elegance and refinement that one could watch in the softened long cheeks, the roughness of ten generations having been smoothed, feature by feature, until the last forced product was before one: too delicate to produce another. The brittle holy man read the letter and asked what he could do.

Cristóbal watched him. It was clear that he was not aware that he had been picked by ghoulish diplomats to take the anticipated chair of the reigning Pope, Sarto. He was a modest scholar but of long worldly training. The beauty of his face took Cristóbal aback. He had sneered at the praises of Falloix, but spiritual sincerity was obvious in that expression. The Cardinal, a connoisseur of Renaissance portraits, was equally taken aback by the beauty of the young Spaniard, and interested in his assurance.

"Your Eminence," he began with the suave and dulcet tone of a thief, "grievous news has reached us of the infirmity and almost certain dissolution of the Holy Father." He rested. "Many ardent sheep look up to their pastors at this moment of wars and

hatred and realize with ineffable sadness that while it is earthly presumption to advance the knowledge of the pleasure of God in taking to himself the Holy Father, it will be too late to think upon the matter once he is gone. The faithful have been observing you for many years, for your retiring piety and divine learning have been made known in distant lands. We need the restoration of the Church to its once high spiritual estate among men. How it has fallen! Bavarian Catholics are killing French Catholics, Irish lads shooting their fellow-Christians from Prague. The Church has a weak voice. It should thunder over the hate and homicides of Christians, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' Yet we see Mercier of Louvain calling for vengeance, the cardinal in Protestant England at one with him, the Bavarian and Rhineland hierarchy considering, in answer, the purpose of the Evangelical Kaiser higher than that of the Church founded by Christ." He stopped for a moment.

Della Chiesa spoke. "What in all this concerns me? If I am called to Rome I shall surely ballot for him dictated by the Holy Spirit, who will reveal nothing to me that comes from the suggestion of men." He was grave and watched carefully the ambitious young man, the obvious maladroit agent of some state he had not yet surmised.

"Your Eminence, I venture to say that it is by your own profound meditations, rooted, however, in experience, that you come to recognize the voice of the Holy Ghost. Without the touchstone of experience it would be impossible to distinguish the soft tones of the Paraclete, our dove, from the simulated sweetness of Satan."

"Well spoken, if not sincere," said Della Chiesa. "Beneath your high-flown adept phrases I sense ambition and corruption and a certain vulgarity in seeking to bring intrigue into the subtle home of the Christian sentiments. You are young and physically attractive. You see part of the story with terrifying clairvoyance. You belong in the court circles at Rome. They have so long covered the white ark of our Lord with the polished heavy black lacquer of manners and devices. To a young man like yourself, consumed with pride, intoxicated by health, a worldly basis for hearing divine voices must seem natural. The science of man is my constant delight: in all charity I cannot believe you. If the

College of Cardinals should be guided in choosing me, I shall not presume in thinking that our Lord has not made me His choice to be His servant of servants. However, I have other work to do this morning. Your company has refreshed me. Would you take up any business that you have with my secretary, Father Mezzabocca. He is in the white office on the left side of the garden, near the laurel trees. Good day, young sir. God give you a simple heart, for to none other does He really speak."

Cristóbal left baffled. Was all this complete ignorance of politics exact or was the designation to Mezzabocca deliberate, to effect negotiations of which he must appear to know nothing? The question was futile. One could never know.

The former disciple of Ferrer went towards the office. There he found Mezzabocca. He was surprised at his looks. It was the secretary, with the jaundiced face and crooked arched nose, but with a sadness reflected in his shiny old soutane. Mezzabocca heard his business. He was consumed with loyalty to his master. He wished him Pope: it would achieve for him, too, a superb position in the Church. He came from a family that supplied palms to the papacy for Palm Sunday; he regarded St. Peter's and the Vatican as his natural abode.

But when Cristóbal began suggesting strange practices he grew timid. He suggested that he call on Monsignor Bolsavida at San Giorgio in Genoa. The less delicate ear-drums of the Monsignor could accommodate much more bass tones. Monsignor Vittorio Bolsavida was his associate at the seminary. He had never eaten. Now that he was a Monsignor, he needed money. His appetite was immense—he had never been able to make up for lost time.

In the afternoon, after showing his delighted parents a city he had never seen before, as is the way of adored sons, Cristóbal went to the office of the Monsignor. A stench of old snuff filled the filthy room. It cried aloud for disinfection. Across the lane, his landress had strung a line with the torn undergarments of the Monsignor.

Monsignor Bolsavida read nervously the letters of introduction from Jesuit, Dominican, bank, missionary, Carmelite. He was nearsighted; and held them up in rapid succession to his squinty eyes. Beside him was a dish of cold macaroni. He alternated

dips into this with his nervous reading of the letters of introduction. When all was over he took in God's own quantity of cheap snuff. Cristóbal tried to fix the face under the eyeglasses. It was that of a shoemaking elf gone sick, but it did not seem definite. He acted at once. He spoke to him with five thousand lire. The cleric was no longer nearsighted. In the language of the Tammany senator, "He could hear a dollar bill drop in a boiler yard."

He recapitulated exactly what Cristóbal wanted, and said twenty cardinals could be got into line for Della Chiesa. The fineness of his hearing could be improved by another five thousand lire. "The Cardinal is to know nothing of all this: he knows the seamy side of the Church, he is so intelligent, but he hates it. If this came to his attention, I should be done for."

"Naturally, Della Chiesa is to know nothing of all this. Now, how do you bribe cardinals," asked Cristóbal, "so that they cannot see through the sugar coating of the pill what it contains?"

"Bribery? To a prince of the Church? God forbid. Charity. That's the word. You offer him funds for which he is to be sole custodian, for uses in his diocese, for orphans, foundlings, who knows? And if he should choose, you tell him, to wait, say ten years, before finding a worthy object for the money, you trust him to await the promptings of Christian charity. Who are you to teach him?"

"Simple, and what every child thinks of. But how do you protect yourself against his taking your money, and voting the other way?"

"Oh, in giving him the charity funds, you praise for several hours the Cardinal della Chiesa. He will keep the Church out of international complications in a war, and all that sort of thing. You tell him that your charitable instincts are growing—they are far from exhausted."

"That doesn't stop him from betraying you."

"Well then, you use the dossier about women."

"Go slow," objected Cristóbal. "The Irish and American cardinals, to take two examples, are above suspicion, so we all know."

"Who spoke of them? They're no good to us, anyhow. I am dealing with Spanish, Portuguese, South American and, above all, Italian cardinals. They're much better than they were,"

he hastened to reassure his visitor, "but the habits of centuries take long a-dying."

Cristóbal invited the ever-hungry Monsignor to the Restaurant de Ferrari, and there to the accompaniment of sixty superb raviolis, they pictured themselves like Emerson's architect:

*The hands that rounded Peter's dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
They builded better than they knew
The conscious stone to beauty grew.*

They toasted the good Cardinal della Chiesa. They were doing the Church a favour in canvassing for his election.

Cristóbal was enchanted with his progress, was in high good humour, and saluted his family in a wave of cheek-and-cheek, turn-about kisses. Doña Isabella was ailing. She coughed, but despite the wet night insisted they go to the Teatro Paganini, so that she could hear *La Traviata* in the land of the *bel canto*.

The theatre was nearly empty. It was high, populated with two thousand empty seats in deserted tiers; it was draughty, and through the chinks in the wall the outside winds howled like the sweep of the diabolic variations on the violin of the old Genoese, Nick Paganini, confederate of the Evil One. Doña Isabella was happy: the handsome Alfredo sang into her girlhood dreams, the brilliant toast of Violetta fed her regrets at the mediocre life that had been hers, after the promise of Seville. The orchestra of sixty scarecrows nevertheless fiddled with fat. In the audience bored newspaper critics snored openly. A few deadheads read the newspapers, and looked up and laughed at the cadenza of "*Ab, fors' è lui*" or mocked the fine baritone of the conscientious Germont. Doña Isabella, entranced, noted nothing. It was Italy, the *bel canto*.

They waited for a hansom in the heavy rain. They were soaked; the cold winds of autumn blasted through their bodies, and all these added to three hours in the draughty theatre, bestowed pneumonia on to the previous fever of Doña Isabella. Cristóbal cancelled his appointment with Bolsavida, and with the concentration of a cub held on to the hand of his mother, who spoke to him as to a lover, and glanced at her sorrowing husband, but only in pathos.

Cristóbal forgot his baseness in Genoa; when he needed refreshment from his bedside attendance he took hurried walks and left Don Francisco to hold the hands of his wife. He wandered along the circumvallation avenues where the mountains that divide Liguria from the plain of the Po revealed their awful clefts. Behind them was Rivoli, city of the laurel crown for the young Napoleon. He achieved his destiny within sight of the city of his ancestors, the Genoese Buona Partes. "*L'Italie est ma maîtresse, je couche seule avec elle.*"

Before him was the birthplace of Columbus, whose discovery was the date of his birth, and who achieved at Palos the education begun at the docks in Genoa. It was the city of ambition, linked to his birthplace, Palos, where Columbus was fulfilled.

His mother's critical illness worried him.

What did the oath of Montjuich he had so thoroughly neglected mean to this son of a tribe? He thought of the family obsession of Bonaparte. The family was the Latin fatherland. He renewed that oath but for family vengeance, not for the burden of mankind. They, the four men of Britain, had bleached the colour from Mother's life, they had charmed the air from Carmen's lungs, they had sapped the marrow from his father's bones! They would pay him, the one to inherit—they would pay him all.

Mother came miraculously out of the malady that six doctors had prophesied would be fatal. She attributed her recovery to her Roman pilgrimage; her son, fortified in family loyalty, thought only of how to train himself in the papal election for the final showdown with the London brokers. His balance was restored. His zest for devious negotiations with Bolsavida reappeared alarmingly. The Monsignor got on famously. He wrote to thirty-four cardinals out of sixty-seven then in the college, that is, to practically the whole Italian contingent. He eliminated two known to be irrevocably in the Austrian pay. He distributed charity and other largess, less artfully arranged, "from a rich French penitent." He had had some influence on twenty, he thought; perhaps really swung five.

Pope Pius did die, and how the express trains to Rome were crammed! The clerical, diplomatic, and tourist freight crowded the cars. Among this pack came Mezzabocca, Bolsavida, Don Cristóbal and his family in luxury first class, together with the six cardinals of France.

They settled in the Hotel Eden on the Pincio, headquarters of the monocled band of Germans and Austrians. Cristóbal listened to their boasting and surety of victory and their certainty, by keeping the papacy in their hands, of assuring the neutrality of Italy. He consulted with the French cardinals who were stationed part of the day in the embassy of atheist France to the Quirinal. In the lilac-filled greenhouses, the lush undergrowth, the pine village of the Medici gardens, they buzzed in consultations. There he walked with the almoners of the missions of the Rue de Babylone, the professors of the French Academy; their brains were not on Tacitus but on Pius. Cristóbal met the witty sceptical staff, the *sub rosa* agents of the Quai d'Orsay at the Holy Office.

Bolsavida raced about all day. So did Cristóbal. They visited seminaries, colleges, embassies, palaces, where the cardinals were lodged. Cristóbal was selective, judicious, sinuous; he mixed hard cash with soft lies.

Don Francisco and Doña Isabella shared to the full in the thrilling excitement. They spent quite a sum on Masses. Cristóbal, rich as he was, began to protest, not at the expense, but the waste.

What interested him the most, however, was to see the cardinals buzzing around the lying-in-state of the late *Papa*, Pius X. He was shocked by the bevy of sisters and Italian episcopal busybodies, chattering around the body, scheming, fighting, tricking, and speculating on the successor. He remembered how the respectful and sensitive Felix Mendelssohn was finally turned from Rome by the cardinals testing on their fingers the ring taken from the dead Pope. Apparently their manners had much improved, poor as they now were. The prelates from the more dignified lands were offended in taste and reverence. They said little, though, in view of the power of the Italian camarilla.

The fatal balloting arrived. Everyone watched in the Piazza di San Pietro. They looked not at the colonnades, or the obelisk, or the fountains, or the pilgrimage souvenir shops, or the nearby kosher restaurant. They all looked for the curl of smoke that told of the election. Finally it became evident that it was the papal curl of smoke. The poor people broke into a frenzy of acclaim *il Papa nuovo*, and the multitude wept with joy when it was announced that the saintly Della Chiesa had been chosen Benedict XV, Vicar of God. Only once in its history has the Roman mob been deceived:

that was when in 1846 they acclaimed Pius IX as the angel-faced. Apart from that they have known their popes from the beginning.

The English nobles, Irish dependents, French worldly faces, the cadaverous, possessed Mercier of Belgium, wended their way past, sure that the Church was saved. The crowd of Austrian and Hungarian magnates, their Italian hangers-on, the German prelates, the courtiers of Wittelsbach of Munich, walked out, dazed. They could not credit what had happened. They were full of resources to conserve at least the bureaucratic machine in the Curia, to hold the Camerlengo's post if possible. From authority, they fell to sabotage. The way was going to be hard for the Christian Pope who loved peace.

Cristóbal knew that his efforts had been of no serious effect. He saw that the majority in the Church were afraid of being involved with either party to the war, and that Della Chiesa was foreordained. For all that, once he could ask for it without shame, Mezzabocca demanded 100,000 lire and got 10,000; Bolsavida demanded 500,000 lire and got 50,000. This was the best split they had ever obtained. Like Oriental bazaar-keepers, they laughed at how they had cheated the don.

That night there were dancing, banquets, and receptions in the princely Roman palaces. For an aristocrat and a millionaire was Pope again, as when Pecci, Leo XIII, reigned. The comparative parvenu, Sarto, had never enjoyed their class confidence. The see of Peter was again the apanage of the blue-bloods of Italy.

Cristóbal left at once. His parents waited for the coronation. The French Ambassador arranged that Don Francisco was to receive, for his son, the tital of papal count and the insignia of knighthood of Saint Gregory. Falloix wired him that he was coming down to Marseille to meet him, with the officer's rosette of the Legion of Honour, and a cheque for £60,000. The Jesuit agents wired the crestfallen pro-German directors of the Banco Arequipa. They remembered the atheist insults of Don Cristóbal Pinzón, and it was he that had picked right, they wrong, and now he held papal honours! The ways of the Lord are inscrutable. They can only be unscrewed by a banker's draft.

He waited for Falloix in the red-plush corridors of the Hôtel de Noailles at Marseille, crowded with commodity speculators, and overheard the well-oiled hopes of dealers in arachidic oils, the

greasy analyses of copra brokers, the hard seeds of durum wheat in the jawings of cereals speculators.

Five-foot-three Falloix, in the uniform of a lieutenant, entered brusquely. He shook hands nervously, threw the box of "hardware" (as he called the legion medal), handed over the cheque, and said, "I'm not my brother's keeper. I served him in his Foreign Office career in this papal nonsense. Now I want to speak to you about something more important, something I want for myself."

"First, let me point out that I have not sufficiently recovered my costs."

"We'll talk of that first."

Falloix spoke quickly as though he were washing his hands. He analysed Cristóbal's claims with that scientific intelligence that is the hallmark of even mediocre graduates of the Polytechnique or the Ponts et Chaussées. Intervention in a papal election was to be thought of under two captions. First, that of a midwife assisting what must come about anyhow, but less odiously, less painfully. This Cristóbal had done excellently. He deserved the pay of a midwife, though £60,000 was rather on the dear side. The other caption was that owing to his intervention, a majority for Benedict XV was obtained that could not have otherwise resulted.

"Do you make this large claim?"

"Not at all. I have no megalomania in me, I know that no institution of that stupendous size is subject to any man's tricks. That is a historic exaggeration that would lead you to suspect my intelligence. I simply say that my expenses were large and well considered."

"My brother will repay you them, when your vouchers are audited. Now I am glad to see that despite your wealth, dizzy success, and ingenuity, you still think that the forces of all men are greater than you. In the papal business you were an inspired go-between. No matter what Benedict XV does (and I believe him a saint, an aristocratic saint like Francis de Sales, but still a saint), he is no more important than Cristóbal Pinzón. He will bleat peace, the Curia will paralyse him, he will die disappointed, the old machine will come back. Do me a favour. As modern men let us never think about religion again."

"Agreed. You have no idea of the surfeit of it from my babyhood."

"You know my political convictions, comrade?"

"You are a Left Socialist, but your real party is mathematics."

"No repartee. There are too many guns booming for me to hear these trivial ornaments. Now what we need is the reconstitution of the International. Catholic now shoots Catholic, Jew Jew, Freemason Freemason, and, worst of all, socialist socialist. Out of what can peace come when the four dreaded internationals reveal their weakness. Not out of them; they are dead. Now as a French citizen I am in uniform, but I know we can't win. Nobody can win. Everyone must lose. The question is: how can we stop the war? Since they must all lose anyhow, what does it matter who is the nominal winner?"

"Rubbish," said Cristóbal. "Money will win. It always has and it always will. Men have seen a thousand wars, ten thousand petty wars, a million tribal scuffles, uncounted family fights. What remains after the wash-out of the ages? The power of the rich, the helplessness of the poor. This simple result is seen everywhere, no matter what the colour of the tickets that confuse chroniclers."

"Plus something else," corrected the meticulous Falloix; "the difference of cultural levels and of levels of consciousness upon which these victories of the rich and defeats of the poor take place."

"What avails all this science," said Cristóbal, swept away, "except as an unguent for our seared consciences? What does the level matter? The moral of this business is that if you pursue money through this present conflict (it will last for generations, never mind the optimistic fools), you will have guessed the right turn of the penny. How I aspired to anarchism, and even struggled with the feeble arms of the half-grown! And to what end? The gendarmes of Alfonso guard my wealth, the *poilus* of France fight to prevent the Prussian soldier from stealing from the Banque de Paris for the benefit of Krupp! When it is all over, I will be fifty, a patron of the superficial graces you call the level of culture, to what end? That the cannon of 1945 may shatter a finer porcelain decoration, a more subtle light-distributed canvas. You remember the lines of the poet when the sailors of Wapping

fought the Dutch fishermen in the Plague Year for the benefits of English or Dutch India companies?

*Some preciously by shattered porcelain fall
And some by aromatic splinters die.*

No, Falloix, use your brain for yourself, you see what they did to Jean Jaurès for thinking of mankind."

He caught his breath from the inbreathed heat of his lecture. Falloix was not listening. He was sure that no double-agent would speak this way, he would speak in a more conciliatory style.

He said, "Are you as rich as people think?"

"Three million pounds, and I have the evidence in this writing-case with me."

"Show it to me."

"You do not believe me or trust me, naturally?"

"Naturally."

He reflected as do all rich men, why should I put myself in his power? He can blackmail me. But he divined why Falloix wanted to know. He showed him a balance of a million dollars in a New York Bank.

Falloix said, "You do not need police money, and, another thing, I know you better than you do. You have a red flag pinned at the bottom of your private purse. You never can believe in *them*. You were doomed at birth: you will end a martyr to the cause."

Cristóbal did not contradict him.

Falloix unfolded his wares. "I serve the army because I am a citizen. As I have told you, I regard the individual conscience as a trimming of the gilt-edged sentiment of a Quaker manufacturer, or as the solace of a miserably poor Seventh-Day Adventist: I would despise enemy money to bring about the end of the war by defeat at home. They rumour that a Bolo Pacha here in Marseille is doing that. I would not. Only a man like Casement in Norway is justified in taking German money since his own country, Ireland, is enslaved."

"You are better informed than I on the secret moves."

"They are not very secret. I don't believe in a secret history. What can all this snooping for 'the secret' reveal that a million guns cannot? You simply read the wrong literature now."

"You want to overthrow your own government?"

"Only if we can turn the mutiny into class war. Cristóbal, you have just made £60,000. Is that important to you?"

"I like to make it. But it is a mere item to a man who sees the nature and duration of this mess. But what do you want, after these prefaces?"

"In view of your past, I want you to give me enough money to publish opposition leaflets for soldiers on the French and German side alike, and to finance the trip of experienced and true revolutionists to Switzerland to take counsel there from our leader."

"Who, this Ulianov?"

"Lenin is his pen name. I met him once, playing chess in a *bistro* in the avenue d'Orléans, and several times at the lectures of Durkheim at the Hautes Études. He did not impress me. That shows I am a fool who only recognizes eminence when it has the face and stance of the classic great. He is convinced we can break down one army, which one is not certain. He is most hopeful of Austria or Russia."

"There he is right. The people are not sufficiently educated to listen to a swindling lingo too long. They want bread and girls, not mud and blood and lice. And they can't read the excuses."

"Listen, Cristóbal, we are bound by filial honour to the men who have fought for the revolution since the Lyon Commune of 1832. We owe a duty to our long roll of martyrs. We are bound by comradeship to our fellow-victims in the present. And we hold our tenure, among men in trust, for the children, who deserve a better chance. Our fighters are miserably poor, they have nothing but brains and guts. Help the revolution, comrade! Forgive my fervour." He was then mute, so eloquently that he called more loudly thus for a reply. He had uttered the word "revolution" with the rapture of Enjolras pronouncing the happy word "republic" in *Les Misérables*.

Cristóbal gave five thousand pounds. Falloix was grateful, but hurt that he kept nearly all the poisoned swag of papal intervention.

"Forget it." He motioned off Falloix as he gave him a cheque. "This man Lenin's analysis must be similar to mine. But for the moment I think the money is wasted, as I am sure it will be three years before the gulls suspect that the heads of their states are nincompoops as well as criminals."

He watched Falloix. A new type of man. So honourable, so punctilious in personal relations (think of his brother), so devoted to ideals, yet so practical, so conscious of the real tasks ahead, their limitations, yet still optimistic. A set of traits to be absorbed into Cristóbal Pinzón, prototype of the age.

"Falloix, look at how futile I was in all this papal business, how I inflated my role, yet because the aims of our group were attained, and coincided with my activities, even your clever Quai d'Orsay pays me for my buzzing about. Why do you expect to be more significant in revolution than I am in conspiracy?"

"Because I expect to be part of a movement of the mass of workers, whereas you are the agent of a cabal. You have learned one precious lesson from Rome. You are far from having attained the stature of a great avenger. Steep yourself in social experience, my good friend; without it you will remain a theatrical posturer. Without the people, you will be lost."

They left with furtive handshakes: Falloix for the people, Cristóbal for the demons in himself.

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XVI

BARCELONA ZIGZAG

As the train passed over the still salt lagoons and the lost limestone lands of Arles, Cristóbal saw in that forgotten earth only the sprouts of ambition, the breaking-up time, the earth turned up—the parvenu weeds could come up everywhere. The French Revolution opened up careers to talent: a marshal's baton in the private's knapsack, as the sayings went. Even the most encrusted epochs showed men breaking through. The most rigid caste of nobles had to admit the vulgar, so as to live. Cicero was a parvenu, Colbert under the insensate autocrat, Louis Quatorze, the Fuggers and the Medicis in the Renaissance, Gresham in Elizabeth's time, even Boris Godunov in the boyar madness of rising Muscovy. The squires of England, reeling with defeat after defeat inflicted by brainy merchants and capitalists, came into the reaches of Theobald's Road, into shabby Bloomsbury, out of the rubbish heap there, to pick the paste rose-diamond Disraeli. The long roll call put him to sleep.

He woke at Montpellier from which dear old Duplex had come. He got off, rested, walked along its matchless promenade over its grandiose hundred-arched aqueduct, and was refreshed by such exquisiteness and balance in so small a city. Then to Barcelona. He entered the old apartment and thought of how, like Colbert, he would dominate the grandees, make them dance to his money tunes, to the accompaniment of their old aristocratic, wheezy clavecins. Before his parents could return, he sold out the new *art nouveau* furnishings, the ugly Victorian goods his mother had imported from adored England. He was determined to have no possessions but money itself. He settled in a suite in the Hotel Colón, reserving another for his parents. The roots of Palos had grown into the stout almond-tree of his present estate. He wanted the turf of forgetfulness to cover those roots gently.

Money rolled in shamelessly. Practically every commodity after

the first six to nine months of hesitation, see-sawing, backing, and filling, spurted forward and created an automatic fund of profits. Cristóbal bought aluminium again: it doubled. Cotton, in Liverpool, after an initial knock-out, rallied and developed a champion's zest, punch and staying power. Wheat, after its first swains had been jilted, flirted with new gamblers and made them joyful. Mars had had his little joke: he had punished those who courted his favours too quickly and too greedily, but he rewarded the men of circumspection.

Cristóbal, however, while making this colossal money, never forgot the two months of headaches at the onset of the war. He echoed the words of warning of Don Pablo Mérida, that everything speculation gives with a lavish hand, it must take back. Why?

Frank Robinson spat out the sage answer.

"Chief," his deep tones dogmatized, "as a business man in my New Brunswick sawmill I expanded too fast and went bust. That night I was worried and dreamed all kinds of nightmares. Then I said to myself: that's why you failed, Robinson. Your dreams just go anywhere, take on any shapes, but the customers are real, they stay put. Now, it's the same thing with a market. Nothing stops everybody from dreaming and hoping for things to be three times their value, or even a hundred times. But machines can't dream; they can't produce profits as fast as we can make pictures of them. So one day the crowd wakes up and sees that the profits aren't there. It wakes them up the way a poke from your mother when you're a child sends you to be whacked by schoolmasters, instead of just wallowing over a bunch of redskins you killed."

"Thanks, Frank, I'll keep my dreams at the limits of production and demand. But dreams have always interested me, Frank. How is it that a chap who is colour-blind all day long reads a stupid newspaper, never imagines much, talks slowly, goes to bed, and suddenly becomes a genius: a storyteller as in the *Arabian Nights*, sleeps with the loveliest houris, and suddenly has his trousers dropping down in a grand theatre, before a thousand crowned heads, all of whose decorations and uniforms sweep before him in his frightened condition. Why does talent increase so fast on your back, with your eyes closed?"

"I never think about such things, chief, there's nothing to be done about it if you figured it all out."

"Sancho Panza, I'll never go mad with you about."

"I don't want you to go mad, chief."

But what Frank Robinson could not reveal was what to do with reserves. In what could they be placed? In commodities? It was the same old speculation over again. In bonds? Their purchasing power was declining as the war raised the cost of living. In gold? Prices of goods were rising faster relatively. In land? It enjoyed a fancy premium, and too many cowards were hedged in it already. Paying rates and taxes might eat up the hedge: rent restriction acts were sure to prevent a worker's insurrection. Then he decided that the whole idea of reserves was dead. The best safeguard was to speculate, then diminish your holdings when it looked as though your profits would go through the roof, keep funds liquid for another coup, and simply count your gains in "positions," that is in relative control over goods, in relative position to all other competitors whatever the terms in which that relative position was expressed. If an inflation resulted, a real one, that is, then you could never keep your funds liquid, you would have to keep them in foreign money. When that would be prohibited, thought Cristóbal, that means you'll have to join the small coterie at the top, closely, and cease to play a lone game. For then the only bet is bayonets.

He telescoped the development of the next twenty years. Freimüller, whom the World War had translated from a quiet scholar into a fierce rebel, disliked thinking the business of history through. Cristóbal revelled in it. Dupleix sneered at Cristóbal: there was no need to figure out where it was going, the job on hand was to blow it up. But Cristóbal swore that if he were to be the prototype of a new age of destruction, he was to have a brain that thought in a new way, to discover the laws of this seeming chaos, to make its secrets its own, and by knowing them, to dominate. "They call themselves revolutionists, these bomb throwers, but they are damned conservatives. They are in love with their own analyses: they would rather hurl a bomb than risk a new thought. The true revolutionist is one who spins at the same rate as a new planet on to which he finds himself suddenly transported."

It came to him that he must, at first timidly, then completely,

join the ruling mafia. This zigzag of history, these wars, revolutions, currency crashes, alternating booms and deep crises, meant that no governing class could hold power by playing the old game of free competition and fair play. They must huddle together, and change the rules, by force of the state, any time they could not win by the older rules. The day of the individual freebooter was gone. One day, in the *brasserie*, he heard this as the slowly expressed opinion of Frank Robinson who had listened to soap-box orators on this theme for many years in Hyde Park, and after many hundreds of speakers had mixed their gas with his pipe smoke, he thought they were right. Just then, a screaming Anatole raced into the Oro del Rin, followed by an immense thug, in striped sailor shirt, pursuing him with a long bowie knife. Anatole, as was natural, barricaded himself in the men's lavatory. The bowie-knife wielder hammered at the door, and against that weight of twenty stone, composed of muscles made out of hardware, the door was beginning to give. Suddenly, Frank Robinson, in a very dour manner, composed, among the whole crowd of shrieking Spaniards crying for a policeman, took out a compact revolver and winged the bowie man. He winged him on the left hand, too: a beautiful job. It stopped his hands without doing much more than superficial injury. Then he tossed the revolver, amidst the yell-wave of "Who did it?" into the pocket of the head waiter, who was shrieking for the police. When they arrived, they clumped the man-mountain and dragged him to the commissariat. Anatole had disappeared when they opened the lavatory. Down the drain-pipe?

The police searched everybody: the head waiter had the gun. He protested like mad that he was innocent, but Cristóbal saved the day. He went up to him and said, "Maitre d'hôtel, your courage and mastery of this unusual disturbance merit the gratitude of a habitué of this *brasserie*. You acted as a policeman before the arrival of the forces of order. Permit me in gratitude to bestow on you a hundred pesetas. Upon you, worthy gendarmes, fifty each." As soon as he got the reward, the head waiter was convinced that he had shot. The police asked no more questions, the café was a babble of frightened hangers-on who came up to thank Cristóbal for so prodigally rewarding the "law."

Anatole showed up ten minutes later. He refused to reveal

how he got out of the men's room, but said there was a secret wall opening. It appeared that the man-monster who pursued him was Pepo, overlord of the syndicate of disorderly houses in Barcelona.

"*Patron*," he said humbly, "I saved a little bit of money from my salary, honestly saved, you know, and I thought that on the side, without interfering with my work for you, I would establish myself in a little trade, for I like to be independent. So I got two girls to start walking out for me: French girls of course, I am still a patriot, *patron*, the tricolour or nothing. Suddenly up comes Pepo the Pock-marked, and says, 'It's all concentrated—pay up one hundred pesetas on Saturday night at the Café Luna.' The *grand manitou* will be there, and do you know who it is? François Rascognol of Marseille, wholesaler for the Buenos Aires export trade. I went up to him, as a compatriot, and tried to make a deal for my peanut business. Pepo thought I was cutting in on the Barcelona syndicate and chases me with a knife. My little business is ruined."

"What was I telling you, chief?" summed up Robinson. "The day of the small business man is over." So the economic discussions over beer mugs were happily confirmed by the sad fate of Anatole.

"I'll buy you another gun," was Cristóbal's only comment on the episode. "The head waiter will be sure he did it, that he always had it."

"I needed a new model, anyway," Frank said. "But don't you buy guns, don't get mixed up in this. That's what I get paid for."

Against the combined wisdom of a hero, a pimp, a waiter, society should tremble. But two men did not. Two other habitués of the *brasserie* were the German and Bohemian confreres of Cristóbal, Pokorny and Leichtentritt. Pokorny, with his beetle-brow, deep-set eyes, was eyeing Cristóbal and the two astounding associates for a man of wealth and culture. Leichtentritt, his plump face now rounder and redder than an Edam cheese, said to Pokorny, "Don't be *dumm*, there is something behind all this. Let's probe intelligently before we report to Von Eulenberg."

"Nonsensel" retorted Pokorny. "You remember how the

swine insulted me, graduate of Innsbruck, son of a *Hofrat*? You remember or you forget?"

"He wasn't too tender to me, either."

"Yes, but in Moravia we have revenge dances, revenge epics, incantations. The Jesuit bankers' reports show that he served France in the papal elections: he insulted them for being pro-German, 'I have sweated your pro-German hides,' that's what he said to them in his mocking farewell speech at the bank. Ach, Von Eulenberg knows all about him."

Every time he left the Hotel Colón, Cristóbal found himself trailed in the silliest way possible. The shadow was that of Pokorny.

He went back to the Oro del Rin *brasserie*, knowing his two disciples would soon come in for a *bock*, that all the Germans like Pokorny must gather there, so that all the zanies would unite in one pot, like crawly lobsters. Those who wanted to boil them had not far to look.

"He associates with the scum," thought snooping Pokorny. "His ideas of mischief must be those of a penny arcade." He went out carrying the dossier of the German consulate on Cristóbal. For several weeks Pokorny, by pure accident, encountered Cristóbal at the *brasserie* nightly, every two days in front of the Bourse, every once in a while in the street. It was so obvious, so childish. Cristóbal was known as the leading purveyor of raw materials to the Allies; the least Pokorny could have done was to have been reasonably circumspect. But he despised Spaniards.

Three days later a quick succession of shots rang through the Hotel Colón. A groan or two and then a scurrying. Out of the corridor of the fourth floor two good Samaritans were carrying a bit carelessly a limp body that wheezed with a queer small noise every so often. They carried it downstairs to the delivery entrance. It was thrown into the Paseo de Gracia.

A guard passing by nonchalantly telephoned for an ambulance. It was four in the morning of a lovely May day. The ambulance came at five. The gentleman, ebbing away on the pavement, no longer wheezed.

His identity card showed that he was Pokorny. There was no

other means of identification. The identity card had been issued three years before and not been renewed. That interested the police. He was an illegal corpse, and their first duty was to inquire into his absence of legality. The question of murder was secondary.

True, he had a bullet hole that was a really splendid vestibule to his intestines. But they were worried about his card. They traced it for three days. They asked the concierge of the hotel. Had he lived there? No. Had he any friends there? Yes. Who? The German vice-consul on the second floor. Any other? None that he knew. On what floor was he shot? Who knew? The concierge was asleep at the desk. Was there any blood on any floor? No. Their floors were washed every morning and nothing had been reported. Were there any entries into the hotel that night? None. Would they have every guest and employee down to the manager's office for questioning? Of course, Señor Commissioner.

The routine questions, put with lynx-eyed ferocity, howling accusations, incriminating insistence, the full Edgar Wallace paraphernalia, were solemnly gone through.

Don Cristóbal, the Croesus of the hotel, arrived. He did not like to testify to having known Pokorny. It was better. When questioned he dropped five thousand pesetas on the table, it was an admission of some guilt, but it was five thousand pesetas. They questioned him ever so politely, but still firmly. He comprehended. He had given from the left hand, had he not also a right? He bowed and gave another five thousand. No more questions.

In another moment the German vice-consul entered. He pleaded diplomatic immunity. He got it. He then went beyond immunity. He told the officials he had reason to suspect that Cristóbal Pinzón did not love Pokorny. He was told to remain on the terrain of immunity or to abandon it. All or none. He remained.

Pokorny was dead, his card illegal, the vice-consul baffled in a well-thought-out set-up, the Don Cristóbal relieved and reposed; the *commissaires* were rich and exuberant; the concierge had conversation material for a lifetime with café cronies; the two gentlemen that visited the fourth floor quaffed Pilsener quietly at

the Oro del Rin and said not one word. These two gentlemen knew Cristóbal. Pokorny knew him no longer.

Freimüller was disturbed but circumspect. Leichtentritt was disturbed by fear, snoop by nature, shocked by the loss of a friend. He dreaded the rebuke of the German embassy at Madrid for having exposed their technical agents to danger. The German secret service at Madrid did act; it was perturbed and insistent. The Allied secret services were undisturbed and thankful. Thus passed a visitor to sunny Spain.

Leichtentritt decided to meet Cristóbal and renew old acquaintance. Cristóbal expected that he would soon do so. Old friends remember one so well. In the midst of melodrama we are in motion.

Into the carmine suite in the Hotel Colón rolled the scholarly Teuton. He decided to open the gambit by losing the queen, disguise. "Cristóbal, tell me how much money the Allied governments are paying you for munitions shipments?"

"That," he thought, "is excellent; he will suspect that that is what interests me—he will try to buy out my packet of knowledge, and in the haggling, the Pokorny business will obtrude somehow; if not now, later. He will suspect me less if I am curious about munitions than if I begin with fair nothings." Thus Cristóbal could not suspect the gravamen of the discussions.

All this comes from reading *Spy versus Spy*, or *Diamond cut Diamond* literature when you are a boy. "Leichtentritt," baldly began Cristóbal, "I am just going over designs and estimates for an orphanage to be dedicated to my dear mother. Please do not disturb me, I am overwrought."

This simple invitation to leave was not in the textbooks nor was the adroit use of mother love. "I admire your devotion as a son," began Leichtentritt, somewhat affected since he worshipped his own mother as a celestial being, "but as my question showed I am here on a serious errand of state."

"Please get out of here. I am overwrought, I may soon tell you to get the hell out of here, which is not the language of a friend, you know."

"Why do you treat me like an animal?" was the plea of Leichtentritt whose contest was ended in the first round.

"Because I am busy, irritable when disturbed and I shall convoke you when I am in a better humour."

The other left. The Pokorny story went dark, his friend was dead. Pokorny had determined some deep Moravian vengeance, but that, poor Leichtentritt thought, was bravado. But how could Cristóbal have known what was in Pokorny's intention?

Several days later Freimüller called. Cristóbal had been talking, arguing with him for months. He thought this would be another of their long debates on Revolutionary Man versus the Nature of the Age.

He began nervously: "I am here about Pokorny. I don't care whether you or anybody else killed him, except that I don't like assassination. I knew him only too well. The vice-consul on the second floor, Von Eulenberg, ordered him to shoot you, to interfere with your financing Allied shipments. Lanson was to be next, then another French banker, but all this *langsam*, and well ordered. You have two attendant geniuses: they were first on the draw. You need not confirm or deny this story. You can examine the walls——"

"There are no dictographs, no tapped telephones, nothing any more," said Cristóbal. "There were some once."

"Look here, Pokorny stank with chauvinism and pride. I knew him at Innsbruck, I knew the ungenerosity of that spirit. Even though it was self-defence, you are an assassin, with hired bravoos, and full of inflated images, which is worse. By the by, don't do anything to Leichtentritt unless he changes his character. Up to now he has only done clean, technological work for the Germans. I am not shielding him, I speak the truth."

"You know, Freimüller, I trust you fully. I did from the moment I insulted you so stupidly on that fatal ride to Valencia."

"Thank you. Now for more serious matters. I am an Austrian citizen . . ."

"You know we do not regard Austrians as we do Germans."

"Oh, I am so sick of that cliché—scoundrelly Prussians and such nice soft Austrians. They damned well aren't, you know. Vienna was for generations the cruel tyrant of Italy and the oppressor of ten subject nationalities at home. As for music, every talent from Mozart and Beethoven down has been hissed,

degraded, or neglected by the besotted Viennese, who only accept these heroes when the whole world cries out 'Master.' They hate everything new, except their money art, the super-rococo, cash-saturated, rich stuffs of the Wiener Werkstätte, mixed with the sickly faces of their Sezession, the pallid statues of their skinny expressionist sculpture. I hate the Austrians, sunk in incompetence and weary conversation about coffee, how many kinds we have, women, waltzes, Vienna, Vienna, thou wonder town—I wonder if imbeciles can go lower."

"You don't like formulas, that's a dead certainty."

"No, I don't. Still I trust our socialists more than the Germans. We are really more martial, if worse soldiers. Now to my point. Italy entered the war this morning. That means that Turati and Labriola will not co-operate for the moment. The *Critica Sociale* counsels support of the government." He spat.

"I expected that they would go like all the other pundits."

"Right. I have heard from Falloix. He tried to muster a following from Malatesta and the anarchists but that failed. The Italian and Austrian armies facing each other, both terribly anxious to go home to wife and bambinos: they are ideal material. The proper leader of such a movement: it requires theory, organization is——"

"Lenin, I know. You are in touch with Falloix."

"Right. The Zimmerwald meeting of Left groups has been arranged and your money has been of real use. But I don't want your money, Cristóbal, I want you to abandon this death-dealing. No, I am not a German agent trying to stop you supplying the Allies. The woods are full of German agents trying to get possession of your primitive-dye industries here, your potash reserves, phosphates in Morocco. But remember, if you don't supply the Allies someone else will. You do not produce the goods, you only gamble in them."

"But you're working for the Farbenindustrie, aren't you?"

"That's just it. I had to take that job after Lanson sacked me. I am resigning. I am giving my whole time and attention to one thing: to promote a rising of the soldiers in every country. When you were a boy, shocked by the murder of your sweetheart and your teacher, had you had the money then, what would you not have

done? The wheel has turned for you, but it moves no chariot of freedom. You are fantastically rich. Your money is nearly all in America. You will never be in danger. You are madly ambitious. You are from my viewpoint, therefore, unreliable. For all that I would rather see your superb personality harnessed to our movement than to the Imperialist plunderers. How can you stay out? You have no arguments for a system that on your own showing must sacrifice the flower of two generations to keep going. Stop being clever, stop being so dirtily realistic. I speak as an honest fellow. I am naïve and hopeful. Also, I am poor."

Cristóbal listened, but the question of money haunted him. If the Allies would receive munitions anyhow, the argument cut two ways. He was not a death-dealer if his presence or absence in that business made no difference. The upshot of Freimüller's reasoning was that the collective murders would go on anyhow, and it was he that would lose the stupendous profits.

"No, my dear friend," he answered, "I would rather go on making millions and throw a large bone here and there to the anarchist cause or even to a socialist who is really revolutionary. But nothing for you official Socialists. Replace one state by another? And you expect me to devote a life to the comedy of changing the government machine that will crush men? No, I would rather make money for myself, thank you."

Freimüller rose fidgeting and clutched his old felt hat. "They will never say of you as of Marceau that he had kept the whiteness of his soul, so over him men wept."

He walked out knowing that the last shaft would penetrate. Cristóbal still worshipped the tradition of the youth as liberator. That tradition never had better examples than Marceau and Hoche.

Cristóbal paced up and down the carmine suite, enumerating the nominal value of his estate. He wondered why he did not leave it in the western Atlantis, sunk in the vaults of New York, and turn to a career as brilliant as the two young generals of the French Republic. Their names were remembered with love by thousands of boys throughout their fatherland. Who remembered with love the name of the richest banker of the time, Thellusson?

It was the wrong room in which to meditate. The telephone rang with its rigmarole of whispered quotations from the mysteri-

ous informers; the old dark surges of money came upon him—the rhythm of market calculations made an engram on the brain. They imposed on him the compulsory routines of profit.

In Freimüller's conversation, Cristóbal forgot the ideals. But he had spoken incidentally of the Germans seeking to acquire dye companies. Which? He knew three small plants, botching the production of intermediates, aided by a steep tariff wall. Why not get the money of the Germans as well as that of the Allies? He telephoned Lanson, who was French but reasonable. He was perfectly willing to co-operate, besides which Cristóbal Pinzón, his onetime apprentice, was far and away his largest active account. Perhaps they could do the same thing as he had done to the Seguros. The Germans were calculators, experts, and they were trying to get these plants for a good, decent price. Why not offer these dye companies extremely attractive one-year options and have the Germans, their throats dry from lack of raw materials, forced to pay a fancy price for these factories, so that the concentrated products could be smuggled to Switzerland or Holland, and thence to Germany, or, if that were blocked, use submarines? It was not their main reason for speed, however—it was their fear that their cash balances in Spain might be destroyed by an inflation of the peseta, and they wanted to have real properties they could use after they won the war.

The dye companies were Spanish. Cristóbal called on them on behalf of a native syndicate. The properties were worth on a serious peacetime valuation £1,000,000. He offered £1,500,000, knowing they would ask more. They settled for £1,800,000. Options were out of the question, they did not think that way. Cash was their pudgy and jealous deity.

"In normal times to pay twice what a property is worth, to allow yourself to bid upwards, would be the sign of a commercial idiot. Now it will undoubtedly yield me a profit commensurate with my stupidity."

When he reported the acquisition of the properties to Lanson the old man was pessimistic. The Allies would lose, any fool could see that. Italy? Anything she joined looked doomed.

Cristóbal insisted on only one point: why had Bryan been kicked out in America? The *Lusitania* episode showed that the British party had the States in thrall. They did not dare move

yet because the people in a democracy has to go through the ceremony of voting against a war in order that it shall take place.

"Lanson, despite the naval troubles that made me suspect England at the beginning, I have since never wavered. The entry of America in the war is assured. Money, speech, determines it. The Allies must triumph in the first phases of the age of war."

"You forget that there are tens of millions of Americans of Irish, German, Russian (that is, largely Jewish), and Austrian descent, besides the old anti-British pure American tradition. They cannot declare a war in a country that racially has little cohesion and that little cohesion anti-British."

"If America entered, would you be assured of victory?"

"Not assured, but at least it would be hard to envisage a definite success of the other side."

"Good, then listen to me, since our money depends on good sense here. I am willing to take all the Ally paper at 5 per cent discount for cash, providing it is payable in New York. Why? Because the Americans will pay ultimately, for Europe cannot. You can read me your statistics of how many Americans, like the Irish, wish England dead, of how many Jews sit up at nights waiting for the tsar to be captured. The dominant class in America is as pure an aristocracy, pretty much, as the *limpieza* of Castile. It is native-born of native-born, white, Protestant, college-bred, tall, thin-faced in youth, pirate-jowled in age. It governs 99 per cent of their education, banking, railways, the State. It leaves to the Irish the debris of municipal graft, to the Jews the trimmings of private banks, wearing apparel, and the cinema, to the Germans bakeries and smaller farms. Here and there a Westinghouse, Weyerhauser, Schwab, Brady, Thomas Fortune Ryan, breaks through. But less than in any other country on earth. Even in Spain here, outsiders do better, yes, even in the Hohenzollern court at Berlin. And that dominant, proud, far-seeing, materialist, solid, Yankee caste is for England. The others will vote, *they* will decide."

"As a Frenchman, I pray you are right."

"I am. I know Germany will lose. I have accepted £15,000,000 in Allied paper, representing my profits alone. I can show you this fortune at my convenience. And I am not afraid." Cristóbal was sure this was a thirty years' war that would crucify

German capitalism for good and enthrone American to all eternity. A steady heart and eye were invincible. All the other gamblers in Barcelona swayed with the newspapers; the oak of theory withstood every tempest. Its acorns of profits, sowed another hundred oak trees, equally sturdy. He closed all deals whenever he chose, and no rhythm interested him but his own.

Lanson had heard that in February, 1915, the Banco Arequipa and his personal Jesuit acquaintances had joined with Cristóbal in a syndicate to export cocoa in astonishing amounts to Holland, that he had transferred the proceeds of the syndicate to New York, and loaned the proceeds to the Allies to buy cocoa for themselves. He had got permission from the Admiralty to allow this shipment, obviously for Germany, to go through on this attractive trading basis.

What he did not know was something more startling still.

In March, rich British and French manufacturers were anxious to get rid of useless lines of merchandise that clogged them in war production, took up storage space, and were not sufficiently useful to be employed as scrap. Yet for the enemy, who could not get raw materials at all, they would be much better than nothing. Cristóbal arranged to have these goods shipped to Italy, until May, as long as she was neutral. They were first sent to Spain, stamped in Spanish on their crates, billed out as Spanish, and when the British and French fleets examined the cargo, from Spain to Italy, they were in order. In this way the British and French manufacturers made splendid money supplying the enemy, and Cristóbal did excellently. As a Spaniard he cared not a jot.

Still worse had followed. The ironmasters of England, the head and front of the Conservative party, and those of France, heading the Patriotic Front, had interests in Sweden. The Germans were frantic for high-grade Swedish iron; it was nearly impossible to go on without it. In the first year of the war Cristóbal arranged through old Diego Oquendo, his father's former employer and friend, to export the fine Bilbao ores to Sweden for "treatment." These were incorporated with the Swedish ores and sent to Germany, ideally suited to her needs, at three times what the Allies were paying. The funds were handed over in Stockholm and transferred like all Cristóbal's funds into the endless pipe-line to New York. The patriotic ironmasters of England and France

received Swedish profits and thus stabbed the backs of the boys in the trenches. A Spanish agent provided a good "treacherous dago" alibi.

In the meantime, the German consular agent, Von Eulenberg, who had plotted to kill Cristóbal, called on him for the dye-factories deal. He was a carefully tended flower of the Wilhelmstrasse. He believed that he could never be detected. He was sure that his instructions to Pokorný were unknown to Don Cristóbal Pinzón.

He had a common disease: he always ran after a situation, never preceded it. He considered the dye factories worth a million pounds. He offered it, they refused; he raised his prices after the owners raised theirs, and could get it easily. Now he had to pay five times as much. He determined to be bold and offered the highest amount he dared, £5,000,000. Cristóbal asked £5,200,000 so that he would not tear his hair because he could have got it for less, if the first figure had been accepted. The happy fool then forced the price down to what he had originally offered. He went out with victory, Cristóbal with a profit of £3,200,000, all for himself, as Lanson had cold feet and had left the deal to his intrepid associate. He reflected on the silly price, the indecent profit. How could men ever pay for such ghastly inflation of values? Only with a complete break-down, and free communes to replace empires cracked by debt.

The German purchase amused him. The Germans were getting rid of their "liquid" investment everywhere, to buy control of key industries. The only reason these controls would be of any use to them would be that they expected to win the war. That they must lose was an axiom of the Pinzón firm. Of German capitalism he was fond of citing the lament of Alfred de Musset:

Je suis venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux.
(*I was born too late into a world too old.*)

When the war ended they would have no money at home or abroad. There would be a drying-up of the wartime demand for chemicals; and collapse. They would lose their money and their markets at the same time. They were whip-sawed on the twin options of defeat and disaster. In the meantime they were to produce for the small Spanish market, which could not absorb

their production, or be forced to sell to their own enemies. For how much, seriously, can be smuggled by submarines?

At the end of the war he would reacquire these factories for less than a million pounds. He would then sell them to a new crowd at a good advance. Here was the "endless return" of Lanson, not in philosophy, but in commerce. In the meantime he took the £5,000,000 from Von Eulenberg, nearly their last free funds in Spain, and loaned the proceeds at once to the French government, but in dollars. Thus, the funds of Von Eulenberg were used to kill his own people by the thousands.

He took stock. He was worth over \$100,000,000. In cash he was the richest man in Spain. A few grandees may have been as wealthy or even wealthier, but that was in lands, mansions, paintings, not in actual money. In one year of war, and nearly thirty to go! The Rothschilds had needed twenty years of revolutionary and Napoleonic wars. The thermometer was going up, but was not yet at boiling-point. What was boiling-point? When the brilliancy of Cristóbal Pinzón as a man equalled the figures printed alongside the mercury column.

Two creative thoughts seized him. One was for the domination of men; the other for the domination of an industry. Both were to make him more than a rich man—a fugitive episode in history.

The changes in society brought about by the war would lead to revolutions. No son of Barcelona could ever think otherwise. It was as much taken for granted as it was excluded from the brain of an English country gentleman. Freimüller had said he was not reliable yet they could use him. Then he might be the man to lead the revolution to a brilliant triumph, completely dominate the situation, as he had already dominated in Spain at least the whole governing class in business. Could one man do all this? The socialists said No, that the force of society were irresistible, and a single man was a bubble, however richly flecked with rainbow colours. But that was Marxist nonsense. And why? Because that old duffer never made *money*. He was always sponging on Engels. Had he felt himself acquiring million after million, increasing power over his fellows, he would have sensed the strength of a personality. Like all poor men, however gifted, he felt himself the sport of others.

Marx was a symbolic contradiction of his own theory. Men everywhere evoked his name. Why, if personality counted for so little?

All that megalomania that makes every millionaire an authority on everything, from ice-cream soda to metaphysics, came before the entranced brain of Cristóbal, selling publicity on himself to himself. It had reached a high point, though, when he pitied Marx.

Cristóbal feverishly summed up the anarchist theory of the grandeur of the individual, but on the wrong side of the skull. He conveniently forgot how they also stress the mutual-aid aspects of man, without which their theory would be nonsense.

At last the vulgar idol Napoleon, the undoing of mediocrities, the twisting of the talented, the despair of the citizen, came before Cristóbal. "Rightly," stated Cristóbal, "for I have done more for myself, in so short a time, in relation to my position and opportunities than anyone in Europe. Look at the generals and statesmen, all Lilliputians; when the right man comes, he will sweep all before him. Provided (his sense of humour rescued him for a moment) the Lilliputians do not indict him for insulting their ideals, as they did the man-mountain of Dean Swift."

Did he need a woman for this career? Like Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, one who had been first married to a mediocrity like Beauharnais? A salon tactician, a woman of high intelligence, balanced opinions, objective appraisal of men, all made incandescent by immense sexual need? Or rather a girl of the barricades capable of pulsating with the people? Or a quiet school-teacher type but from whose fidelity and sympathy a garden of resolution and knowledge could flower? They said this Lenin had such a woman: the Josephine legend might be dead. But to see such a woman at all, one must have the eyeless sight of love. It needed none of the medical rigmarole of Jules Romains to convince him that man sees with the breasts. All his hates, ambition, needs for vengeance made his body see the world, as well as his eyes. A tiger does not see with his eye, then transfer it to his muscles; the whole body springs: the eye is king of the attack.

Bonapartism was made for him. It enabled him to ride the revolution and keep wealth and luxury, to even accounts, yes, even to serve (in a sense) the oath of Montjuich that came back more

bitterly after the ghostly question of Conchita. He would not cultivate the odourless lilies of Montjuich. No, the carnivorous liver-coloured lilies of Andalusia were for the enemies of the people.

He studied ardently how Jacobinism became the catapult of Bonapartism. Revolution to-day would be used by a man, at once its carrier and its contradiction. Look at Napoleon. He listened to the orators of the Convention as Cristóbal to the anarchists. He shot down the gilded bellies in the Rue de la Loi, then used his prestige to command their victims, the hungry bellies.

His mind whirled with the glories of ambition. He studied every *arriviste*, with the talent of a toxicologist. First, banal traitors, however polished and subtle their vesture. He rejected Briand as a street-walker, though one who always remembered how sweet is true love. He disliked Hervé, turned from a ranting pacifist and anti-nationalist into a crazy recruiting sergeant. He detested Clemenceau, turned from an old Radical into the single-minded foe of Germany, even into a friend of religious reaction; anything to beat the men from beyond the Rhine.

From Briand he learned that it is necessary to guard the old ideals and a nostalgic semi-honest feeling for the old ideas, while never giving them a play; from Hervé that men who repeat the extremist catchwords at the same pitch under all circumstances are natural *provocateurs*, even if they hate the thought; from Clemenceau that the aboriginal ideas of a boy break through the crust of sophistication under stress.

What a rich history *arrivisme* had! Its lessons were always the same. The people are ready for revolution, the leaders of the radical parties are the only thinkers convinced they are not, but the knowing millionaires always dread the people. When the socialists win they temporize; the people are disappointed. The *arriviste* tells them they have been betrayed, they know he is right, they swing him into power. The rich know their own. The *arriviste* sends soldiers to shoot down his dupes, *but he never forgets their lingo*. His ceremonial stuff is woven out of the old revolutionary strands.

Cristóbal combined the vanity, the money, the theory. He still held to the idea that once absolute power attained, he would serve his older humane purposes. Cristóbal repeated to himself with insistence, "Do not distort the objects of your ambition. It is *easy*

for a dictator to believe in authority as a permanent good, as a principle worthy in itself. In this way I would transform anarchism into its opposite, tyranny. No, the object of the new Bonaparte must be to smash the older caste, create newer social groupings of the masses, and gradually lose his power, as the people inwardly learn to administer their own lives." He was intoxicated with this formula, he realized it was necessary to differentiate himself from vulgar Latin-American dictators. Why not move in Spain?

Take the pro-Ally radicals under the pliant Lerroux, get the backing of the Allied governments, utilize the anarchist-autonomist groups in Catalonia by greatly extending their local home rule, unite with the purchased generals on the Left, create a pronunciamiento, expel the pro-German court clique, then sell out to the Allies, bag and baggage, for fantastic money, as Giolitti had just done in Italy.

All the money he had made would be small change compared to this possibility. Only one thing he would insist on: no Spanish army for the Allies, only Spanish assistance. In this way they would be in a better position to bargain when peace came, since they would be allies, not neutrals, and their modernized army would be intact. No Spanish workers' blood would be shed: their wages would rise, and the capitalists of other lands pay them.

He canvassed Lanson, unofficial agent of France at Barcelona, who rejected the plan at once. Spain he observed, was pro-German on top, and anti-French, at least in the Catholic masses. Only Barcelona was a nursery of pro-French sentiment, and it was in a conquered province. It was most important to keep Spain neutral, since owing to the Allied command of the sea, to be neutral was, in effect, to be with the Allies. The Spanish Army was lousy. Its treacherous, conspiratorial, greedy, stupid, pot-bellied lazy Generals had occasional conquistador uprushes in them, but on the whole they were worthless as allies. Why disturb the present comfortable position? For some vague ambition?

"Ambition will take the theatre away from the present incompetent actors when the audience is thinned by death, disease, famine, bankruptcy. Do not study Bonaparte, my friend, forget the *arrivistes*. This is *Hamlet*. The combatants will all kill each other for the benefit of late-arriving Fortinbras. He, and not Napoleon, is the model of the future." He was suave. "Until

you see one of the larger combatant states cracking, why think of anything except making money? Even if you are a revolutionist. And you have misunderstood this Ulianove [he accented Lenin's name in soft French], I am sure. He is not counting merely on a rising of the soldiers but on a triple situation, a physical breakdown in the economic basis of war, a great wave of organized labour resistance and, lastly, a rising of the soldiery. Freimüller is a romantic but does not understand what this Lenin is driving at. The war is no Spaniard's affair. Money is every man's affair." Cristóbal argued poorly: his business experience and the memory of his poor showing in the papal election conspired to deflate his ambitions.

The red-hot metal of his ambition was poured into the mould of Lanson's cynicism: it came out hard steel.

He soon turned his practical but restless mind to some other creative aspect. This proved to be the building up of an industry that would go through chaos as the scarlet thread goes through every rope of the British Navy.

That industry was copper: the New Spain was in Congo and Rhodesia.

XVII

PALOS REDISCOVERS AMERICA: THE PINZÓNS REDISCOVER COPPER

THE curtain of the little Victoria Theatre went down, showing its idyllic painted garden and advertisements, to the wild applause of a tired but happy audience worn out by the play of the legendary Trabucaires, the ferocious bandits of the Catalan mountains. For hours they had hissed the gendarmes who pursued these knife-laden heroes into their romantic mountain fastnesses.

Along the plane-lined avenue, at three in the morning, full of the smell of heat and gutters and sprinkled dust, so agreeable in August, their nervous eyes rubbed, awaiting the dawn, walked two yawning spectators. They put apart from their shoulders their evening capes, they exchanged the smiles of weary, satisfied friends, too tired and too happy to talk. The older man over sixty-three and the younger under twenty-three were replicas of each other in height, bearing, swing. As they walked they overheard several passers-by saying, "A superb father and son," or, "When I am old, dearest, I would like to walk out that way with my boy." It pleased the weary two, they took on fresh vigour, and when they mounted to their apartments in the Hotel Colón, they ordered a full service of coffee, and desired to speak.

The small suite of Don Francisco was in Louis Seize correct decoration, and the rose-silk panels were bordered by grey flowing woods. He was in love with it, it was refined, classic, definite, it gave him repose. "I worry very little in this apartment, and fret still less," he pleasantly observed: his old donnish way of thanking his son for taking such excellent care of his comfort.

The talk began on Cristóbal's side. He had not sought counsel of his father when he desired to emulate Bonaparte. Now that that dream lay suspended in his imagination to await its day, his other long incentive, to build up some one constructive but superb industry, compelled him to compare notes with an old capitalist.

"Papa, I have made an immense amount of money in the last

three years or, rather, in the last year. It has come upon me swiftly, powerfully. I toyed with foreign ideas: now I am a Spaniard again. Whenever I become fascinated by the ways and thoughts of other nations I am brilliant but confused, whirled about, whereas when I take life from our own soil, I am composed, a builder."

"Cristóbal, I no longer have a boy's thoughts on history, but the small bands under Cortez and Pizarro, seizing empires with large armies against them: where among other men has one seen the like? We are mad, glorious, extravagant, Catholic. The elect of men, if I say so. But I am not of that stuff, I am one of the defeated."

"I am going into copper," said Cristóbal quietly.

"Copper? Like me? How long have I hoped for this! God bless you in your enterprise. A Pinzón! No rebel, no talker, a Pinzón! I would rather see you, a hundred times rather, take your fortune out of the ground than, as you have just been doing, out of the air."

"Papa, the copper fields are not yet done with. America is well charted, even Alaska pretty well known; the Cerro de Pasco, Andes copper, Chile copper, are well developed. In Spain the slow decline of copper, even of pyrites, must set in within fifty years. But there is one district that promises to do for copper what the Rand did for gold. That's the Congo and Rhodesia. The Belgians have already begun, and the lode is so rich, so long, the veins are not veins, they are fat as bays, long as the Amazon, by exaggeration, but you can appreciate the treasures there. It will rival those incomparable deposits in Montana."

"But where can we Spaniards play our part, Cristóbal? The Belgians will be jealous of their treasures. Mines are mostly a national business—your capital is not large compared to theirs. What can you offer them? Money? They have it. Engineers? The technical mining school at Liège is to be worshipped. Their copper-mining books were like missals to me, compact, helpful, thorough. But you must have thought of all these poor objections of your father. What do you propose?"

"Health. You remember, Papa, how De Lesseps built the Suez Canal. Everyone said, here is the engineer of our century. Old Verdi wrote *Aida* to commemorate the event. Everyone

made money. Disraeli built an empire on the Frenchman's ditch. Then De Lesseps built the Panama Canal. His ideas were profound, his machines good. He sought and got the counsel of Eiffel, who had just built his tower. Then came the fevers. De Lesseps could not understand. He promoted, thought more capital would save him: he crashed. His name is execrated by the country that once used him as their advertisement. Fever conquered him. The Yankees conquered fever, and now the canal is built. The tsetse fly spreads the deadly sleeping sickness in Congo, Katanga, Rhodesia; malaria takes those he does not reach. There are no people, no labour. The copper mines are playthings that ought to surpass all others."

"I must say, even though it hurts, that there was no comparison between the health of Havana when we held Cuba, and as it is now, with the Yankees."

"Exactly. I propose to organize American sanitation exactly as at Havana and Panama, at the service of the Belgian Congo and British Rhodesia, that is, if I can work in with the Chartered Company."

"Well, my boy, working with the Belgians is possible on that basis. That is Flanders, isn't it? That's the place our troops returned from with the flamenco. Well, under Charles of Ghent, our country rose to the height of its power! Rhodesia, too. I was fascinated by it. I used to read in old illustrated papers, about Livingstone and Stanley in the Congo, about Cecil Rhodes, but I never thought my son would be interested. I read too, in a mining gazette, that the old Pharaohs sought copper in the depths of Africa, and found strange cities. Bronze, brass, copper itself drew those old peoples to that far-away land. That is where a Spaniard belongs—it feels like the old days of Mexico and Peru."

"So, Papa, the son and grandson of copper miners, heir of Spain's tradition as well, I am back home from wandering. But more, here is the industry I must master if we are ever to reacquire La Fortuna de Andulacía."

"Reacquire La Fortuna! I'd never hoped for so much. To think of that, my property restored to me. Are you serious?"

"Reacquire La Fortuna," went on Cristóbal impassively, "and on that basis destroy those four men, now so rich and insolent. No cheap revenge! No, one worthy of you and me, Papa. We

must be great in copper, so that we humble them in the markets and force them to return our property. Then we shall fall upon them by using our old property against them. That is our revenge, complete, satisfying."

His father embraced him quietly: he did not speak.

Cristóbal continued: "I will satisfy my duty to you by this rounded vengeance. I will satisfy my duty to myself by building at least one thing that endures, so that if I fail in my dreams (which you still hate) of vengeance on this damned system, I would still have done something to participate in the future. For copper is the carrier of electricity; it is the greatest need of soldiers. To my mind electricity and destruction are the two industries that have a future in the coming generation."

His father was interested only in the first idea.

The next morning, the two men rose out of their chairs, having slept until noon. It was Sunday. Immediately they got up, and laughed at having fallen asleep talking to each other. The father suggested action *at once*. He was the old manufacturer again, an executive: it was he that commanded. He was to stay in Barcelona and manage his son's accounts, and take over the routine business. That was to be the family affair and to remain Francisco Pinzón y Hijo, as before. Cristóbal was to depart on the business of the Belgian Congo copper promotions. An office was to be created in London to serve as a proper façade for the new business.

That night Cristóbal and his two followers left, Anatole with a forged Spanish passport that would keep him from the conscription as they passed through France. The don saw them off; he pressed his son's hand, but did not embrace him. It was a benediction, not mere love.

In London the offices were established, proper banking accounts arranged, the endorsement of Cristóbal Pinzón given to all the paper of the new syndicate, whose capital was a million pounds. The three-room offices were quietly furnished. They were off the main stream of finance in the old merchant atmosphere of Basinghall Street. There began the assault on the copper industry. . . For a month the now efficient Frank Robinson worked at the routine organization.

The war contracts of Cristóbal were made directly with the

Allied governments, and these contracts were cleverly farmed out. The profits were certain. The only danger was that Cristóbal's sub-contractors would not deliver in time or in quality. The office took care of all this, but no one had power of attorney, and they had to have his coded approval before undertaking business.

Frank Robinson asked for a real salary. He was still getting £7 a week, and all found. Cristóbal raised him to £3,000 per annum. This mad jump did not content him at all. "I am getting a commission to pick pockets," was his sour comment. But his loyalty was unshakable.

In two months they were ready. On September twenty-third, night of the equinox, the three left Southampton harbour in the dead of night on an unlighted steamer, in a moonless sea, to negotiate with the Belgian Congo magnates. The Belgians were gloomily sitting in exile in transformed cheap boarding houses on the mournful cliffs of Sainte-Adresse, above Le Havre. There they attended the court of Albert, the dispossessed King of the Belgians. Cristóbal set out to take their properties cheaply from the Belgians as they were in the poorest position to combat their American rivals, despite the rumour that they could produce copper even more cheaply than the Chilean mines.

The boat slid out from the Solent. Everybody waited tensely to see whether the periscope fish would bite them. An hour out, in an agitated sea, the torpedo came into the bowels of the poor excursion boat, which quickly looked for a watery grave after signalling the British Channel guard to get the submarine. The three were in a seamy life-boat, with one sailor and one pair of oars. The night was now complete. They collided with another life-boat which they could not see. They were fearful of another jolt from the German, man-containing fish.

"*Dieu me garde!*" lamented Anatole. "To think I fled from the army to avoid danger! What will become of us? What will become of us all? Who can see us in this terrible darkness?"

"Nobody, of course, you damn fool," was Robinson's contribution.

"You can joke," he wept again. "*Marie, mère de Dieu, pour l'amour de Jésus, à moi, à moi.*"

"I thought you'd forgotten the address of those celestial

beings," gibed Cristóbal. "It's the first time I've heard their names. Well, well, shipwreck favours the study of theology—it's its one compensation."

"Your little joke, *patron*," chattered Anatole between his teeth, "but we are lost, oh, we are lost." His crying was terrible to hear.

"Can't you shut up that brute?" growled the unnerved sailor. "I'd clump 'im on the 'ead, if I could get free of these oars. 'E'll make me scared, by Gawd, 'e will."

"I'll take your place," said Cristóbal. "That'll give you your chance to clump him."

"*Patron, patron*, for God's sake, no."

The sea calmed by three in the morning. A thick fog laid the waves. Anatole recovered his balance. His sardine-fishing-fleet boyhood came back to him. He worked the oars and so did Frank, who was expert, and Cristóbal, who enjoyed the exercise. With every move back in the sable sea, he received a new scheme for copper. The romance and danger of the night were complete in him. If he survived he might as well have used the time efficiently. If they went under nothing made any difference.

Frank spoke up. "Anatole, if you had a juicy servant girl here on the boat, would you have cried to God?"

That started the waterworks again. He bawled, "I'll never see a woman again," and immediately, "*Dieu*, I'm hungry."

"Time for the restaurant boat to show up," said Frank. Just at that moment, they heard, "Ship, ahoy," and they all yelled.

A French coast-guard bumped into them, their boat was overturned, and an English coast-guard vessel then bumped gently into the French ship, it was a real foggy mix-up. The four oarsmen were fished up by the English boat. No damage was done.

Anatole got on the deck and embraced the mate, who shook off the effusive foreigner. The other three wet cats dried out quickly enough and at dawn were to be transferred to the accompanying French coast-guard. Anatole resisted. He did not like to be so long on a small boat with compatriots: something might happen. They all showed their papers to the British captain, and when he came to Anatole, *Spaniard*, he roared. "Well, Frenchy, I think the boys on the other boat would be glad to see you."

"Oh, that's perfectly all right," answered Anatole. "I was born in Barcelona but was reared from babyhood in France. That accounts for my accent."

"Get off, you white feather," roared the mate. The three were transferred on to the French boat *L'Espoir*. In an hour the trio came in sight of the pebbles and shales of Le Havre's shore. They were horrible but to the three nothing could have looked more enticing.

They landed at the foot of a street containing twelve disorderly houses. Anatole felt more at home but remained disconsolate. He feared the wrath of his patron, for whom he had as yet obtained no woman, and he did not see why he kept his job. His cowardice, he thought, was the coping-stone of his troubles.

Le Havre was a madhouse of ships—British, American, Norwegian—with a thousand cranes unloading war materials at a rate never before witnessed. Armies of Algerian and Senegalese workers, even Cochin-China coolies were wearing their lives out landing the ammunition on to the lorries, speeding away to the Somme, to back up the offensive that was to smash the Germans for ever, according to the diseased prophecies of general staffs. The disorderly houses, their electric lights ablaze in blue full moons, red crescent moons, yellow stars, white yachts, were still drumming out their clients, the sailors of all lands, soldiers of all lands, wharvies of all lands. Between the rushing lorries, creaking cranes, the whistles of boats everywhere in the crowded basins, the chugging of goods trains going out, the thousands of men milling in the cobbled streets of bars and gambling houses, passing in crowds like insects over the numerous drawbridges thick with horse dung also: even the sensible head of Frank began to turn, exhausted as he was by the terrible night on the empty sea.

It took a few hours to get a suit fixed up that looked presentable. Then Cristóbal was enabled to motor up to the suburb of Sainte-Adresse, now the pathetic capital of Belgium, to which the Germans had left but a hundred square miles near Ypres. (But they held half a million square miles of the Congo, with its hardly tapped wealth.)

The Belgian mine-owners were becoming rich but in the light-hearted leisurely manner of the early Don Francisco. Cristóbal spoke to the Minister of the Colonies, who expected him, and for

whom the entire permanent staff had been convoked. Belgium had received much sympathy and plenty of biscuits, and Hoover's soul was going out in a swoon of charity. But of fresh capital for their colonial development there was no sign in wartime.

Cristóbal pointed out the need for hygienic development of the mining areas on the American pattern, told them some gorgeous lies about arrangements he had effected with American sanitary engineers, especially those who had specialized in tropical cleaning-up with the United States Army. He also revealed a scheme for enticing Portuguese native labour in Mozambique, and for building a single-track, narrow-gauge railway from Beira to the up-country, so that the costs of production would come into line with those of the fabled deposits of the Andes Copper Company. He agreed to deposit £1,000,000 in New York, as surety for specific performances to be stipulated. The time limit was five years.

For these favours, and for providing £3,000,000 in capital expenses connected with sanitation and the narrow-gauge railway, he wanted a 50 per cent interest in all Belgian properties in the Congo-Katanga basin, and such additional properties as would be ceded to Belgium out of German East Africa in the event of the expected victory. The voting control was to remain with the Belgians, government, banks or nominees, but subject to the stipulations that no debentures be created ahead of his own claims, that no preference shares be issued, that no additional capital be raised, and that no serious impairment of working capital occur, without his prior consent.

It took courage to back Belgium when she had lost 99 per cent of her territory. The ministers were forced to agree to that observation of Cristóbal's. To tie up £4,000,000 without taking a bond in guarantee, to give up voting control, this was generous: the act of a man of large ideas. The agreement was ratified. The banquet given in the old Norman dining-room of La Grosse Tonne was drunk down in the divine red sparkling cider of the Vallée d'Auge. Life is so hard in wartime.

That night the three sailed for America on the *France*, the only passenger boat leaving for some time. Anatole kicked at risking the sea again, but was glad to escape nasty questions about his papers. They scurried about in the afternoon, getting up enough of a trousseau to look presentable on shipboard. They went out

at night on another starless sky into the void with its teeming enemies. Cristóbal noted neither the waves nor the pitching nor the fear of submarines nor the strangeness of going to a new world. He thought only of the technical collaboration the Americans were so well fitted to give. He thought of his achievement at Le Havre, first branching of the hopeful trees planted with his father in their talks at the Hotel Colón. He noted that they were at sea only after he had rounded out his schemes and made arrangements which he could not refute, even to himself. He went over question and response on a crowd of imaginary objections. He never faltered in correcting his plans. Five days out and he was satisfied. He committed his projects to paper with a student's neatness of tabulation and diagram, and then, fully released, enjoyed the autumnal winds that played over his face, blowing from the unknown American shore.

It was pleasant, he felt, to get away from Europe, so old, so obsessed by war: it would be a real change to see a young people, basically interested in their daily business and personal histories with, as yet, only a dash of headlines about the remote and bloody quarrels of Europe.

Not that the trip was quite so formal and abstract as all that. Anatole had sailed in about every half-hour, having discovered the most miraculous girls on the sea. Don Cristóbal allowed himself to be disturbed from his work. But the refugee students of the piano and song, going home in fright from European conservatories to American suburbs, and the society dames returning from Red Cross duties with a dowager touch and a Christian Endeavour smile, cracked in the doing, were completely out of the orbit of the lover of Inez de Castro and her breed.

"The younger girls," he told the salesman, "smell like apple butter on whole-wheat bread; the older women are senators without the cigars." One of them, buxom, blowsy, blonde, wore one of those figured dresses that are as balm to the obese. The design reminded Cristóbal of ticker tape: that settled the business. The Alhambra still cast its shadow over the conquering hidalgo: there were either women of harem accomplishments or, if they failed in that, women whose mind and spirit were at the summit, who took him in tow.

"Anatole," he said, "with your complete tastelessness and the catholicity of your experience, which shows that you love all womankind as much as you fear all mankind, you could make a splendid living selling these ladies' charms to the medley of nobles we have on board, members of those Oriental lodges that Americans are so ashamed of abroad. Why do the men of the Mecca Temple, despite its name, prefer squaws to odalisques? The country that lies behind the Statue of Liberty will answer me—but only when it first answers me on copper."

In New York Cristóbal took his two leeches to the Vanderbilt Hotel, whose Della Robbia room was then the talk of New York. Anatole discovered the night life of Broadway as soon as it was dark. Frank Robinson, who knew America, disappeared for the Belmont and the Astor—the temples of free lunch. He was well off, but the habit was invincible. The *patron* went down to Wall Street, where he found himself, to his chagrin, celebrated. He preferred to be occult. But it was necessary for him to see the numerous bankers with whom he carried such large balances. He preferred, thereafter, to operate by way of trusts, *fondations de famille* and investment administrations of the various European species. He dodged newspaper reporters who had not been aware at the dock how important he was, and fled from the beleaguered Hotel Vanderbilt to Washington to arrange interviews with Army officers, experienced in tropical sanitation. At Washington the Union Station, with its four ranges of Valkyries glowering over the victims of the waiting-room, gave him gloomy prospects, happily falsified by the white monument of the Capitol, the department buildings, all in the Roman colonnade style that harmonized with the blue sky and abundant trees. Their long inscriptions, carved by the friends of Hammurabi or the Behistun stonecutters, in their eloquent, and sometimes magniloquent style, fascinated a Spaniard, who loves rodomontade. The city, built by a French engineer, undisdainful of trees, unashamedly bureaucratic, a northern Mexico, this was so much home, after the obscene clefts of the New York skyscrapers.

The Spanish embassy introduced him to the War Department. He wandered a lost man. "You cannot miss it: a hulk of granite that seems stucco." In the squat War, State, and Navy buildings, with their otiose columns and directionless ramble,

he was referred by an intelligent official to the editors of the *Military Surgeon*, officieux publication of the Medical Corps.

He entered the editorial room and found two officers monopolizing the conversation, conversing gaily about "I love my regulations, but oh you undressed kids" and jokes of low degree. They were patriots and not in regular service.

One was a lanky, Abe Lincoln type, an unblushing, spread-eagle speaker; the other a Jewish reserve officer from Cincinnati, quite obese, multilingual, who transferred the spirit of the First Bavarian Cavalry into the land of the Texas Rangers. They were looking over several obscenities, laughed openly and cleanly, chuckled about the fate of elegant girls who marry impecunious army officers, have six children by these thoughtless wastrels, and have to do the family washing in remote posts near Honolulu.

Into this company came Cristóbal, a violet by a mossy stone. He stepped out of the shadow in which he was "half hidden from the eye," and introduced himself. He had brought the most expensive Upmann Havana cigars which he passed around freely. After the mild Coronas had perfumed softly the salacious office air, he expounded his needs for a complete system of sanitary engineering. He wanted a hospital organization, such as the American Army had built up in Cuba for the elimination of yellow fever, as also in Panama, under Gorgas, thus enabling the Canal to be built.

The older officer asked Cristóbal why he did not collaborate with a man like Sir Ronald Ross, the Columbus of tropical medicine, the reputed discoverer of the origin of sleeping sickness. Why come to America? Cristóbal said what he needed was organization rather than genius. He was willing to pay ex-officers or retiring officers of the Medical Corps superb salaries to serve in Congo, Katanga, Rhodesia, Tanganyika, Mozambique.

"I see in those mines a pay-out as great as Potosí in the seventeenth century, or the reef of Mysore."

"We read that in every prospectus of mining companies."

"Yes, you sceptics, but I am not asking the public for money. I am myself putting in twenty million dollars. A man studies a subject quite differently when he is painting a prospect for you, or for himself." They all agreed on that.

"I and my father and grandfather have been steeped in copper

mining; the most competent opinion in Europe favours my idea. But since I am offering you money, not asking it, I have no further need to explain. I would like to use Gorgas. I prefer him to European experimenters whatever their talent." He had a winning smile.

"For your specific job there are many men with the proper experience," the Cincinnati physician elaborated. "We are, you see, not like your cultured Europeans, such as the French, who let their workers die of fever by the thousand in Panama. We are not as distinguished as you Spaniards, under whom Cuba was made into a pesthouse. They gave extreme unction when they should have drained swamps. Nor are we like the civilized British who leave the plagues of the Middle Ages to rage in India and the peasant in Ceylon to linger in malaria, nor like my own breed, the scientific Germans, who turned Nauru into a potash cemetery. We have educated and drained wherever we go, and we produce martyrs like Walter Reed, more useful than Joans of Arc."

"This chauvinistic peroration and disguised insult to myself I accept as a raising of the value of your services, if you take on the job. Now may I ask, O patriotic neophyte of the States, what will you take of my Spanish duros to serve in the Congo?"

Everybody laughed at the unexpected quick answer of the grave don. "In other words," continued Cristóbal, "if you accept the job, after examination, what are your ideas of salary? What have you done? Not the protagonists of your country but *you personally*?"

"Plenty," answered the eupeptic surgeon. "I took care of the sanitation of the Nevada Consolidated Copper and was consultant on the United States Smelting job in Mexico."

"All right then, say, twenty thousand dollars a year."

"Three-year contract?"

"Five years: this is a job I identify with my life: it can have the same scope."

After a few days' discussion, mutual checking up, and recruiting for a small permanent staff, the colonel, whose name was Fritz Mundheim, forty-five, was engaged. He insisted on ample life insurance, for he was not so sure of his conjuring away tropical disease from himself as from others. He was to take three doctors

with him at much more modest salaries. After the few days of conversation, he came to like the Spanish "nut" like a father.

"Gorgas you can't get," he explained. "I would consider it a privilege to serve under him, rather than be chief myself. But he is an idealist and a reformer, I think he is a Henry George man, a free land thinker, or something like that. He is wholly devoted to the people."

"That explains his monumental success," commented Cristóbal.

Upon that sentence they shook hands, and the don went back to New York. Mundheim was to depart for Capetown in December. Mundheim prophesied, "Five years of correspondence, and then we see each other."

Cristóbal was pounced on by his competitors when he came back. They all spent a large part of their time calling him up and trying to inveigle him into two-hour lunch dates, the gateway to sales talks. They ran him into barbers' shops where these Western sybarites went through the Oriental rites of mud packs, electric hair-treatments, complex and variegated shampoos, parades of hot towels of varying heat and cold, and all the other practices they shared in common with ancient hard-faced Roman senators, with Tammany features, the custodians of dying empire.

Cristóbal held more war contracts than any one mortal. If they could buy them over, it would make it unnecessary for these primary producers of copper and its alloys to go to any selling expense or hire admirals and generals (retired) to place the objective merits of their case in the palms of government purchasing agents. Cristóbal knew that his cosy position enabled him to dictate terms. His soft, gracious Andalusian features, his classic cast and exaggerated European manners, made him appear easy meat to the carnivorous ogres of Wall Street. His pooh-poohing opponents were disarmed by this unusual man and thought him poor at bargaining.

They were wrong. He never played the game. He laughed at their ritual of toughness. He considered them lazy, after watching their long lunches and their barbering and Turkish baths. He considered them quick against each other but slow against an inflexible, elegant resistance. He feared none of them, beat them all.

A rebel streak, vestige of the old anarchism, increased his

amusement in playing with these pachyderms, and his determination to take all that the traffic could bear. He was pawed, flattered, received everywhere, for he was king of copper in war. But when he walked along the streets of New York and saw his fellow Latins, despised as "dagos," working at the hardest jobs, he felt a resentment at the servility that singled him out, a desire to humble the class enthroned behind their Ionic and Corinthian columns, in their marble-stuffed banks.

Cristóbal was whirled to some Long Island palace like the gardens of Tivoli, the languid courts of Capua. In this fastness four magnates attempted to beguile him out of his strategic position in copper, but they wasted their time.

"I never listen to arguments, gentlemen. They are the other side's arguments, how can they possibly interest me? I have a price for farming out my contracts, I ask what I think I can get; if you accept it, I am right, if not, I am wrong, but I never argue."

He watched the first men of his industry, they were not of his calibre. It fortified the fixed idea of Cristóbal to become the richest man on earth, out of all classes, for the richest second man would be subject to a setting, but he would be so powerful that he could smash their setting, even if he had to smash his own. He paced all night, nursing this maniac dream: it was taking on reality with his immense fortune; it looked possible: it was not futile. He became exalted.

The copper magnates felt they were opposed to a man with whom the only question was price. His options on supplies from other sources were assured. They could not squeeze him by withholding deliveries, he was invincible. Yet even if they paid him his price, which was economic, they would still make a splendid deal. But before yielding they tried some pathetic old tricks.

They all trotted out their daughters, some with Harrison Fisher faces: the older families had some thirty-year-old charmers with Charles Dana Gibson faces.

Frank Robinson commented sourly. "The magazine covers are worth ten cents, chief. I wonder what makes them think these faces will be worth your giving millions to their mammoth papas."

"Simple enough, Frank, a peach and an apple are worth three-pence, their painting by Cézanne a million francs."

They finally got down to business, from gynecconomics to economics *tout court*. Cristóbal farmed out his war contracts to a humbled syndicate at a fifty per cent profit, equal to \$70,000,000. It was the greatest commodity deal of the war. The syndicate embraced producers from the new rich porphyry mines in Utah, old stagers from Montana, the fabled lodes of Alaska, one from Sonora, one from Peru. He demanded spot cash, as his contracts were endorsed by Britain and France, which had just contracted the Reading loan in New York—that glistening first step on the downward-tending staircase to war.

Cristóbal cabled instructions to London, terminated all business for the moment, except in the Congo, and counted up a fortune of two hundred million American dollars, apart from a reserve of twenty millions for guarantees and sanitary expenditure in the Belgian mines. He was frightened though, whether America were really as safe as Europe, for the placement of these large sums. In London he had heard sententious bankers declaim against the “defaulting Yankees” meaning pre-Civil War and Reconstruction bonds, bankrupt railways, and so on.

He gathered impressions with his two parasites.

“Frank,” he determined, “I’ve less faith in their social order here even than in crazy Barcelona. Their society has only one mortar, Money. No king, nobility, no fixed classes, no social tradition. There is nothing here with which to fool the masses. Society appears naked, it wears no clothes. Millions of people have come here to better their condition. Suppose it gets much worse? The people here are roving, they move from flat to flat, job to job, even from one craft to another. There are millions of hobos, drifters, tramps, millions of Negro serfs, and I dread servile rebellion. The common labour is done by immigrants. They are divided by speech from their masters. Frank, if this country tastes tragedy, what will hold it together? Why should economic men rally to it if it pays a loss, not a profit?”

“You forget the pioneers, chief, the forty-niners.”

“No, I don’t. That, too, was purely, directly economic. I am thinking of the social webs in which the European spiders hold the worker-insects. Look at the big companies here. In any strike they immediately call on armed force. Why? Because there is no reservoir of social respect on which they can draw even

for a day. After all, what is investment? It is a gamble on social relations, on the poor not only working for the rich but accepting their society as natural. I'm wondering whether my money is safe here."

"Chief," said Frank, "I don't know as much as you. When I was a boy in Canada and the annexation party of Goldwin Smith was trying to get us to join the States, old Sir George Tupper used the same arguments against the U.S.A. But the answer to your question was given by Smith. Look at how long the South and the North fought in the Civil War. They wiped out the country and nearly their whole youth rather than give up. No, chief, the country has stood up to tragedy damned well."

And Anatole: "The trouble is, *patron*, we miss the clothes we are used to in Europe, so we are sure they are wearing no clothes. Maybe they're wearing another kind, and we ought to get new glasses."

That settled it. The money stayed in America. It was in a medley of short-term investments from Treasury certificates to railway equipment notes and tax liens. Cristóbal turned his whole attention to copper—the one industrial achievement of his career.

There was a Copper Institute in New York; there were unimaginable exhibits of copper ores and relief pictures of the mines in the Smithsonian at Washington and in the Museum of Natural History in New York. These were the beautiful aspects of America. He was thrilled by the availability to the people of the treasures of the ages, the organization and practicality of their libraries and museums—those democratic institutions in which untold wealth united to the spirit of utility at the service of scientific imaginations produced the fairyland of the American mind. It was man's apex of endeavour. He began to love and trust America.

These opportunities unchained in Cristóbal the imprisoned scholastic, the bibliophile. He explored the entire range of knowledge on copper. The Copper Institute had a completeness and organization of data that made it all easy. He studied mining manuals, cost studies, graphic representations, geological sheets, reports issued by the paramount Bureau of Mines. He saturated his eyes in the history of copper, the copper age, the speculations

of Haller on the Bronze Age, the memorials of antiquity. It gave him the colour, the zest of exploration, of development: The helpful officers in the Copper Institute, the devoted workers in the Bureau of Mines, made the adventure pleasant. No European pomp, no class secrets. A joy!

It was entertaining, too, in so many aspects. Cristóbal laughed at the innumerable mining-tout promotion sheets, with their quaint scientific jargon. The colourful and chequered career of George Graham Rice was then at its height: he was uncrowned king of the gesticulating mob of kerb brokers, signalling with the address and velocity of celestial *prestidigitateurs* to their mackintosh-clad accomplices in the rain-soaked plaza of Broad Street. His copper promotions fascinated Cristóbal. Here was another soul drunk with the industry. "Making a market" was new to the don: he looked upon the witches' cauldron of Rice, who made a market boil and bubble in a few hours of manipulation. His promotions bore Spanish names, although one or two, like Jerome Verde and Green Monster, were simpler. Excited, Cristóbal bought the memoirs of Graham Rice, *My Adventures With Your Money*, but found it a threaded guide to a missing labyrinth.

The catchpenny names Esperanza, El Dorado, Dolores, were to Cristóbal as simple as oatmeal. Yet their round names held the eyes of gambling messenger boys in lunch-rooms. Spain was romance: that could be well exploited some day.

From this entertaining but not instructive bypath he turned to the literature on the history of copper mining. Perhaps the remotest methods of mining might be more helpful in virgin territory like the Congo than the more recent techniques that required great expense in communications.

"Anatole," he said, "the winter here is unendurable and I am hungry to hear Spanish again. Let us escape this snow and go to Mexico. I want to see their copper mines."

When they got to the Mexican frontier at Laredo, Pancho Villa was making life a plague for the sacrosanct Woodrow Wilson. The U.S. immigration officers warned Cristóbal that as a Spaniard of pure white race he stood, as an oppressing landlord, a good chance of being shot at once in the peasant insurrection.

With that went many dreams of his boyhood. The inter-

minable tales of old Don Francisco had Mexico as their theme so often. Before the time of steam shovels, before the precious porphyry rocks were stripped, the Rothschilds had placed fabulous sums in the Boleo mines, in the dread Lower California basin, near the cannibals of Tiburon Island. The American-developed Cananea mines had been described to him with social fullness by Freimüller. And these were only two, in a country whose wealth of metals brought superlatives from the pens of tired geographers!

But what brought him there, above all, was the wealth that Borda the Frenchman had accumulated in the eighteenth century, both in copper and silver. The man's career was the magnet of Mexico to his fellow Mediterranean. He had become the perfect luxurious alien who outdistanced all the native wealth of the treasured Empire, the court of the Viceroy. Poor he had come to Mexico, so ran the legend, and in a score of years the Viceroy of Spain, the *hacendados* with their kingdoms (miscalled "estates") were conscious that they were but barbarians compared to the polished but priest-ridden Frenchman. He had boasted, said the saga, when the nabobs came back to England with the high plunderer, Clive, that he could have bought out the pack, loaded down with the jewels of India, and taken over the East India Company to boot.

The prince of copper had built, they said, tens of churches, and filled them with highly worked, massy silver; he had built the gardens of Cuernavaca that were the gate to paradise, the mockery of the stuffed princeling of Versailles! Here was the first prince of copper. Let Cristóbal be the second.

So ran the legend, and who had counted the ingots? Not he, any more than the wrinkled Mexican who recited the *épopée* in a tavern at Laredo.

"It's a pretty story, but it's nonsense," cold-douched Frank.

"Who has counted the ingots, and to what end?" meditated Cristóbal. "Who really knows more to-day? The mercantile reporting agencies of London and New York, those muftis of approximate guesswork, of pretentious valuation, of untested estimate? A crone and a chartered accountant have conjecture in common, but modern man plots his ignorance on a logarithmic chart. The tale of Borda is true!"

They went back to San Antonio, its Mexican colour care-

fully nursed by an up-and-coming chamber of commerce and sprightly estate agents, and there awaited some peace in Mexico to explore the mines.

Weeks passed. It was Cristóbal's first (unintended) vacation in many years. Idleness imposed its patterns, he sought for women, women only. Ennui led on the quest.

In America there was a total absence of casual love in the European sense. Either one loved, and was married in consequence, or one flirted, or "spooned" on vacations or in parks, or the street-loafer mashed or the hardened young men visited a red-light district, or a business man usually kept a second wife in Back Street, or, in Bohemian and artistic circles there was a ritualized free love, gesture of revolt, tintured with pose. The lack of sexual life added to his ennui. He sat about in parks in the grateful sunshine and realized that all his money did him little better than his fellow-benchers, meditatively chewing tobacco, and talking about the I.W.W.

They talked about the copper mines, too. He picked up the epic of American labour. Of their tales he made different uses from that intended by his indignant slow-spoken informers.

From them he learned that there was a hero idolized in America as Ferrer at home, Big Bill Haywood. He had led the Western Federation of Miners against the Anaconda in the wondrous hill of Butte; he had been accused of the murder of an ex-governor.

They recited, with the ornaments of natural minstrelsy, the Arthurian cycle of the redeemer of the lonely copper miners, and his two fellows, Moyer and Pettibone. They told of the tens of thousands of miners, forced to change their names, black-listed in their wanderings from one mine to another, and so, like the Russian revolutionists, every man known by a concertina of aliases. Only the faithful divined the true leaders in these ever-shifting disguises. They told how they had hopped freights, lived in he-towns, with saloon, brothel, and chapel all owned by the copper companies; how, in these lonely fortresses, the copper magnates held their private armies and retainers, the chief henchman styled "sheriff of the county." They felt remote from the "she-towns" of the East, where their "womenfolk" were left.

Their tragic accents rose high, in low curses, as they blasted General Sherman Bell, the *concentradisto* of Colorado at Cripple

Creek; the Trinity mines in Colorado where the holy baptism was visited down on them by oil magnates, in cold steel and a hail of lead, and how they endowed research by vaccinating them with bullets.

Cristóbal took the boys for a mass hand-out. They drank slop coffee and ate damp sandwiches, as they sang "Casey Jones" and the rich *romancero* of the I.W.W. They were ducking the chain gang to which the local cadis sent them "if they had no means of support."

They had one foe, the liberal Senator Borah of Idaho, prosecutor of the trinity, Moyer, Haywood, Pettibone. He had built up the testimony of Harry Orchard. He had rehearsed that witness and fabricated for him a tinsel halo. For him they termed the "cockroach liberal" the boys had a royal hatred. They compared him with Lloyd George, who had just ousted Asquith to usher in the night of the English gentleman and convert the old island into a Cymric machine-politician's dream.

Into the lunch-room came a girl, a dishwasher in miners' camps, Annie Coughlin, with sunken cheeks, a straight carriage, fighting spirit, natural mastery over rough boys, and a solid understanding of syndicalism and industrial unionism. She adored the fighting sage of the movement, Big Bill, and was breezing about San Antonio, organizing the boys on the Staked Plain into the cattle workers' union. She was neatly dressed, had the short skirt that then was the abbreviated flag of the rebel woman, an ecru blouse, washed nearly to fray, and a broad sailor hat of black straw. She was queen of the crowd, corrected the spokesman, Jack Lawson, on the theory of the militant proletariat, not with learned words but with the straight left of action. When she entered, Anatole looked at her scared; Frank disapproved. Cristóbal was enchanted.

"Lay off her, chief," counselled the Bluenose, really afraid. "You get in with a girl like that and you obey her commands, no matter how big you are. She isn't out for money, she can get all the sex she wants, she wants only a man to make good as one of the boys fighting for the one big union of Bill Haywood. I saw girls like that among the lumber camps, back in the Maritimes. Lay off, chief."

Anatole thought it his duty to intervene. "She's not a woman,

patron. I know women. That's a *type* that's no good to us. She's more of man than we are. I feel like a girl alongside of her. *Patron*, it's unnatural. Women shouldn't be labour leaders, it's all wrong."

Annie Coughlin looked at the trio. "What are you?" she asked the don. "Mexican?"

"Comrade, I am a Spaniard."

"Just landed? Pretty good clothes. Brought your life savings from the other side?"

"Of course."

"What do you work at, comrade?"

"Copper."

"Got a union card?"

"No."

"A scab!"

"No, I work in Europe."

"Where's your union card from over there?"

"Well, I'm developing a copper business in Africa."

"Cockroach capitalist?"

"In a way. That is, if it goes wrong."

"What's your game here? Who sent you, the Pinkertons? Or Farley?"

"Scarcely."

He took out an old card of the Anarchist Federation of Catalonia he always carried, in every change of clothes, as an imperishable souvenir of his past. No one could read it, but they made out "*sindicalista*."

That was enough. Comrade Annie was very friendly. She plied the stranger with questions about Europe. She knew all about syndicalist unionism, and the questions of theory, was an old debater in the struggles of De Leon, Austin Lewis, Trautman in America. The speculations of European syndicalists were fairly well known to her. She was not political, only unionist, loved the rough boys, stood shoulder to shoulder with them, hopped freights, had a dozen convictions for vagrancy to her record, handed out by steel-faced judges in remote county seats. She was immune to charm, but liked the Gary Cooper frame in men, their quiet drawl, the soft Texas speech.

For a month she and Cristóbal spoke about the life of the

Western workers and about good tamales, chili con carne, and the other adopted Texas cuisine. She was permanently hungry, frightfully serious, careful with her scraps of clothing, but didn't give a hoot, as she put it, if a Southern Pacific freight car tore her duds.

"Comrade," she emphasized, "you've got a hell of a lot of knowledge about anarchism and syndicalism and the other isms, but what sort of a scrapper are you? How do you act when the cops try to sweat you?" Cristóbal went over his youthful defiance to the torturing police officer Don Alonso. That was ordinary stuff to her.

"The trick, comrade, is to keep out of jail. Any damn fool can get in. Enough of the boys have to get there anyway, there's nearly nobody left to sweep out the Union headquarters."

Meeting Annie became a daily necessity for Cristóbal. He went over his ambitions constantly, he placed them in review before him and tried to see why they were not in file. "With all my dreams of emulating Borda in copper, I see that I can never forget the thousands of men that toil in the mines, I can never escape the feeling of personal sin in making money out of their labour. Is she a solace? A conscience offering? I must be sincere. Yes, sincere. I must really want all that money for vengeance on the money crowd. Yes, really, for I am haunted. I can never think of money for a long time without suddenly feeling a need to talk heart to heart with a revolutionist. It cannot be a pose, I can never escape it. It is a real need of my nature. I am honest." He thought again. "Borda used his infinite wealth to serve the Church, it was the logical use in colonial Mexico. I must use it to smash the plutocrats, a logical use for present-day Europe. Each must justify his money for his time."

He told her about Conchita Morales. She approved of Conchita. He suppressed all his changes in thought and above all his wealth. He was beginning to fall, not in love with her, but into a state where she would be his woman for as long as the two could hold it. Unfortunately, she met him as he was coming out of his grand hotel.

"Work there, comrade?"

"No, live there."

"God! How? What's the trick? I wouldn't mind a feather bed for my own bones here and there."

He explained that he was rich, very rich, in fact.

She put her hand into his, shook it heartily, gave him a grand kiss, and told him to take off. There was no use, it couldn't come off.

"I was thinking of you mighty tenderly, but I'm a straight comrade and know it doesn't pay to go through with what you can't finish. If I wanted that, I wouldn't have become Annie Coughlin. I'm sticking to Jack Lawson. He hasn't got your style, but he's the kind that'll work out with me in the one big fight. So long."

Cristóbal left her with the first inward homage he had given a woman, since he had met the Gerona beloved.

From the wobblies Cristóbal had learned how the copper company profits were really built up, the social reality behind "earned 3 dollars per share this quarter." At first the career of Borda seemed inconsequential beside this vagrant revolutionary cycle, all centring in the copper mines. He rehearsed the career of Borda in rich purple vesture, to give it plausibility. The churches he had built, the most lavishly ornamented on earth save the Vatican, the gardens at Taxco, the richest man of the eighteenth century, the parvenu whose plate beggared the Hapsburgs. It simply did not register.

He had built up the mines of Mexico. These hobos could build up nothing. But no, they built up everything by their labour. But they did not have the fertilizing dreams of leaders of industry, not from their heads came the outpouring of the magic mountain at Butte or the boreal lodes of Alaska, far beyond the emerald Bering Sea.

He tried to find consolation in reason for his unlimited ambitions and wisely decided to find it in his own nature; to ask no questions of his nervous system.

For all that, he left the other side of the copper industry, the boys of San Antonio, with the only sense of camaraderie he had felt on the American journey. They were the blood brothers of the Barcelona men. Whatever their nominal speech, they spoke the Esperanto of the working class. The capitalists also have one class interest, he reflected, but they fight each

other like wolves, only workers have co-operative interests everywhere.

"You see, Frank," declaimed the Spanish enthusiast, "language expresses the refined ideas of men with surplus time, that is, thieves, hence it is bounded by their interests, but physical labour has a limited job, and that one honest. It needs few words."

"I'm glad, chief, you were not in Frisco when Dennis Kearney and his fellow-workers were clipping the ears of Chinks with bricks, touching solidarity of honest work."

"I was on the essence of the business, Frank, not a rare incident here and there."

"Don't quarrel with me, chief: I'm just pulling you back to earth. Men are brothers, Cains and Abels, as they say in Fleet Street."

The Southern Pacific train passed what were to be the future oil kingdoms, but Cristóbal was so obsessed with the family heritage, copper, that his saliva would have been only slightly released even had he suspected the treasures that lay nestled in the Texas lowlands. He went over, over again, the long future wars, the permanent need for copper, the replacement of steam by electric power, the need for wiring.

Oil had the automobile, but that future was limited if most of the potential drivers were to be killed. Copper it was.

He thought of Annie Coughlin with inherent respect, the deference of the inner man. He thought of the copper kings the boys had fought. There was Clark, the Butte millionaire. His fatuous life, his over-ornate mansard mansion in New York, his Lucullan banquets, his ostentatious receptions, were the laughing-stock of the self-nominated Four Hundred, the second generation estate agents and gamblers of New York. His pathetic attempts to promote his beloved daughter, whom the indecent social apes humiliated, his naïve senatorial ambitions: all marked the homesteader turned Croesus.

What marked the rules of the game? Clark was a lone hand in business, but they were all lonely banditti in their individual game. Clark had exploited thousands of bachelors in dirty shacks, dominated marionette legislatures in rotten-borough states, called on militias to enforce his claims, and found titles, immense wealth,

bayonets impotent against the wax sneers of the Fifth Avenue snobs.

Compare it with Borda! A society must have the sense of *éclat*, the love of glory. In Europe his wealth, which he was confident would be first of all mankind, would give him the luxury of Borda, the power of Francia of Paraguay, the vengeance of Monte Cristo. He looked at the tattoo that night, he looked at Carmen's picture in the old heavy watch. He took out the pamphlet with Conchita's scribbles, the three talismans, the one stigmata. He even remembered with shame once more the oath of Montjuich. To use his wealth for his dreams of revolution he must live in a Borda society, not a Clark society.

He must leave America. It was for different men, perhaps better men, but different ones. It had hardening of the arteries. The calcining of class interfered with free financial circulation in its young veins. That the Clark business proved to him.

What he had loved about the country was its democratic passion. Now he found himself introduced to "junior" in every copper company, the son of the father, jumped to high estate after a spurious short façade of "working his way up."

"Every nobility has a uniform. In America the heirs apparent wear overalls," Cristóbal summarized to the approving Frank. "They hate rising merit, they sneer at grandeur."

There were oil kings, coal barons. Just as in Europe, duke once meant "leader," marquis "border watchman," earl "tribal sergeant," count "district deputy," in America these nicknames of oil king and coal baron, with definite heirs calling themselves "Jr." and "3rd," would develop the same class. Hardening of the arteries! Better war-torn Europe, expiating these very offences in its death throes!

The only incident that arrested the trip was a stay at Houston. Anatole wanted to eat at some famous restaurant at the San Jacinto battlefield. It gave the largest amount of sea food for the money on earth, and his Breton youth and Marseille pimping combined to make this irresistible.

At the table he began by eating forty-eight oysters. "They are aphrodisiac," he explained.

"Booby belief number one," said Frank, who took six. Then Anatole ate clams, twenty-four in all, not so aphrodisiac. He

desired to taste every unusual fish of the Gulf of Mexico in such amounts as would destroy all laws of physiology, all calculations of the cubic contents of the stomach, all measures of the intestinal length. He used up pepsin, pancreas, and even the pituitary gland came down under that assault. He was sure that one fish would supply the desires, another fish the frequency, and the third the duration of amorous powers. When he keeled over, it took six stomach pumps and an emergency squad of house-surgeons to save the theatre in which sex after all must perforce play.

On the first of April, Cristóbal, loaded with telegrams from Mundheim, who had arrived at Katanga and reported abundantly, sailed for Vigo on the neutral *Compañía Transatlántica* boat, the Spanish flag aloft. It was April Fools' Day, but rather ten days in a tub than forty years in a wilderness.

XVIII

END OF A HIDALGO

VERDUN was shaking the bowels of the old world when the Spanish tub arrived in the *ria* of Vigo, that fjord more beautiful than Como or Maggiore. Cristóbal, glad to get ashore, walked with a homesick joy under the arcaded avenues of Vigo. In front of the bars and wineshops at a dozen mean tables the young provincial aristocracy passed their hands over their black hair, glossy with brilliantine, their heads aching with the check of the Germans at Verdun. The idol of the Spanish reactionaries, the German Army, how was it conceivable it could be resisted by a land so backward technically as France? He heard the heroic tale given with enthusiasm on one side and despair on the other. It was not mechanically reported as in New York. Truly war is an indigenous, endemic European disease.

A week later he arrived at Barcelona and looked up everybody to see what had happened during the long American adventure. His father was at Seville for the *fiesta*, and sent telegrams florid with happiness at the arrival of his son and full of news that would interest Cristóbal concerning the Belgian business. He gave his kindest regards to Anatole and Frank, whom he despised, but accepted as propitiatory offerings to the legends of Quixote and Don Juan. He was a bit ill, but it was superficial. He would be home immediately after the *fiesta*. Mother was at Rome. She had met many English Catholics there last year, and was glad to see them again.

Cristóbal was anxious to meet Freimüller, since in America the very name of Lenin was unknown even to socialists (perhaps there were exceptions but he had not met them). He was lost without knowing what possibilities there were of a workers' reply to the slaughter programme of the governments. He

never felt at ease without intimate understanding of the workers' movement. In America it was not necessary: in Europe it struck at the heart of values.

Freimüller was discouraged. The Zimmerwald conference, on which all his hopes had been built, had been a failure. Lenin had had no effect. The workers would go on killing each other for the benefit of their masters. The socialist parties fluctuated in a spectrum of futilities from pink pacifism and grey holier-than-thou Quakerism to the green treason of downright chauvinism. But of militant resistance there was very little, and that little personal.

"I think the cause is lost," said Freimüller, "for if two years of mass slaughter provoke no response from once powerful labour parties, what will ever bring it forward? Falloix is the only optimist left. He still thinks either Russia or Germany must crack under the strain, but I am in despair."

"Any other news?"

"Personal only. Champvallon was badly wounded at the Fort de Douaumont in the Verdun battle. He was invalided home and is now technical director of the French embassy at Madrid. Leichtentritt, I learn, is active in the German secret service—a job for which few men can have less inclination and still less capacity."

Cristóbal attributed his own interest in revolutionary movements, despite his great wealth, as resulting from his having no fixed possessions, neither mansion, gardens, estate, nor external evidence of money.

One thing was certain: 1916 was not a year of revolt. He could make his plans on that assumption.

Just then a letter arrived from Dr. Besteiro, dean of medicine at Seville. It told him to take the first train to Seville and come to his father's bedside.

He came a day too late. The last link with his youth had snapped on the last day of the *fiesta*. Dr. Besteiro met him downstairs in the old house on the Paseo de las Delicias, in which the festival of 1893 had been observed and in which Don Francisco had been pleased to take an apartment in memory of the happy days. He described the end. His father had been looking over the balcony, with two roses in his lapels, one for his wife, the other for his dead daughter. He reeled: they thought it was from a

sunstroke. He asked, "Get me a priest, the end is here; the heart would not pump this way for an elephant." He tried to laugh but was too weak. Father Jiminez came in. Don Francisco was conscious for the entire ceremony, listened with strict attention as though he were at school. Then——

"I beg your pardon, Doctor, I will listen later. I want to see my father."

Cristóbal stood at the door of the old parlour of the house, where his father lay; the gilt mirrors, high to the ceiling, were covered with white voile. The long tapestry curtains of heavy yellow silk, brocaded with fat cherubs, had framed above them gilded flattened sculptured cherubs. In the centre lay the catafalque, with an improvised canopy of green satin, crowned by a gilded cross in an immense sunburst, with the centre armorial containing IHS. Two monks were guarding the lying-in-state. It was the funeral of a man of consideration, a hidalgo.

Don Francisco was stretched out on the bed in the robe of a Franciscan monk, as is the custom. His lifeless hands held a long rosary, and the silver crucifix, large and well moulded, rested on his abdomen. The candelabra at the sides were of the height of a man. Painted candles threw an intense white light from their slowly declining tallow.

Cristóbal remembered for a moment what was expected of him in that society. He stood erect and proud as a grandee. As he waited at the door, holding out as well as he could, the embalmer came to dust the face of the dead with a pink powder, to give it countenance. He felt it an indignity, waved him aside, and advanced to stand beside his father. There he lay in death, the grizzled man of Spain, the face pulled long, an iron-grey stubble on the leaden face, made near the colour of quicksilver by the flickering white light. In death more than in life, he filled up the questionable escutcheon of the Pinzóns. The candles flickered a yellow light suddenly, the face turned grey-green. The waxed look, the eyes covered by weights, swathed in small strips of white cotton wool, covered the son with terror. That would be the endless vision.

Downstairs, Dr. Besteiro described the ravings of his father about silver and duros.

"He lost his money in silver, by the tricks of four English

rogues. The douros were those he gave for a *cortège* to honour Columbus the day of my birth at Palos."

"Then the night came. He cried 'Revenge' clearly, 'Cristóbal' in whispers, then grunted 'Mass' or what seemed to be that; he had forgotten the last sacraments. I am not sure of these two last words, there appeared to be that outline in a muddy set of dark gutturals. He gave up the ghost, unconscious."

Cristóbal rose from the tawdry *cama turca*, looked, not looking, at the panel of Goya's picnic in the outskirts of Madrid, and watched the carpet, concentrating on the green octagonal designs floating in a vermillion mass of fabric. The hidden hand seized him and traced an Aztec calendar in his head, the stones moving about as in the Mexican monuments.

He was born on October twelfth. Carmen died near that date, he went to America near that date, and his father died on the anniversary of the crash in silver that ruined him. Had that been a reiterated farce or the line of destiny? Was that destiny now broken: he was free to act?

What was the real story? His sister gone because of poverty; his mother's mind, so promising of brilliancy, made stodgy by the blow of defeat; his father's constructive powers turned into routine by humiliation, then into nearly senile adjurations to right an old wrong. Only the rally of the last few months was superb, since he saw a road to retaking La Fortuna.

No, no, the Hannibal oath had more substance than all the other objects he pursued. The four cavaliers of his father's defeat must ride, full-panoplied, into their own ditch. If they were dead then their children, for if they take the proceeds of crime they must pay its cost of acquisition.

"Dr. Besteiro," he philosophized, "I have suffered from the training I got in the Ferrer schools. They taught me that men are determined by their heredity, moulded by their environment. They are compelled to do that which they do—it is folly to hate them for being what they are. But I think the words of Jesus more just: 'It must be that the offence comes, but woe to him by whom it comes.' I hope I quote aright. The French proverb '*Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*' comes from men with easy histories, good incomes, fine digestions. The corpse of my father holds me to another resolution."

That afternoon the funeral procession formed. His father was brought before the high altar in the cathedral at Seville, as he had wished when he bent over the crib of his son. His son, proud, elegant in pose and address, was in the front row. He was pale and looked high born. The picture was fulfilled. The assembly was full of mourners, sincere and otherwise. The funeral was carried out with a pomp that would have incensed the radical mob, had they known of it beforehand. The body was borne from the cathedral where the largest chorus possible wafted the decrepit body to a short stay in the intermediate regions (so many Masses had been paid for) that the *Dies irae*, foretold in the Requiem, seemed delayed forever.

All the mechanical following, drummed up by the efforts of Cristóbal, walked with class pride and a lively sense of favours to come, behind the ornate hearse. The women cried, were left behind. They came to the great cemetery, called by the beggars "*cementerio de los Ricos*" because of its boastful and expensive statuary. There Don Francisco was laid to rest, and the mutes, the hired mourners, the technical mourners, the priests, the real sorrowers, all left, but Cristóbal stayed there alone.

There rested the Don Francisco, from now on to live not by his own accomplishment, but by the pretext he served to fan the flaming emotions of his son. All were gone, and Cristóbal was alone in his youth. He stood darkly, his face no longer sorrowed; his eyes were waiting eyes: it was the cemetery of the legendary Don Juan; there was the statue of the Commandant that brought him into hell. He waited in the cemetery until nightfall, but the preternatural bass voice, from the centre of the earth invited no Cristóbal to the infernal banquet. His Leporello was not with him, perhaps that was the reason. In the distance he heard the army trumpets. "*Tuba mirum*," he cried. The trumpet shall resound for the Day of Judgment as sung by the bass in Mozart's Requiem, just sung for his father, the same heavy voice as for the Commandant in Don Juan, by the same composer, that citizen of death.

Why should the Commandant speak to him? He did not have the willed profligacy, the courageous clairvoyant libertinism of Don Juan Tenorio. He would not meet his own body, conducted at night through the streets of Seville, as he came from revels

and orgies. He was a shadow of life, limned against the wall of money, money, that was all. His hiring a Sancho Panza, too, what a mechanical tribute to a fantasy he did not exercise. No, no, he must fuse the four, and the scroll came before his eyes: MONEY! VENGEANCE! LOVE! FANTASY! Four men, CROESUS, HANNIBAL, DON JUAN, DON QUIXOTE. Vulgar counters if you wish, but how many manipulate them all?

He rose from the ground, where the dreams of the Seville cemetery held the weakened man in their grip. He knocked at the gate and the caretaker presented him with defunct flowers, and got his tip.

In the side streets he went back to himself. Destiny had plotted his graph, the curve of revenge was drawn along a series of points, equidistant in dates, so that the axis of abscissa was the years of his life, the axis of ordinates, the deeds of vengeance. He was interrupted by foreign speech; he heard three groups of tourists, two English, one French.

The English were repeating reflections on the romantic beauty of the subtropical setting: they served the cold meats of once warm dishes, found in the lyrics of South-struck English poets. The French reflected carefully on the possibility of depicting their experiences while not being drowned in the stream which they were painting.

"Who mourns for Ophelia has not understood her," quoted a disciple of Rémy de Gourmont; "who is carried into the life of Seville will never grasp it as an artist. Art does not abstract, it is not detached, rather it understands internally, but refuses to participate."

"On the contrary," objected a careful École Normale voice, art is fusion with experience, recollected in tranquillity."

"An English has-been named Mathieu Arnold held those views," dryly retailed the De Gourmont voice. "An amusing chap with Dundreary whiskers, a worshipper of second-class French talent like Joubert and De Guérin, and a lap dog of the Rothschilds."

Cristóbal rubbed his eyes. Were these Frenchmen, and was Verdun still being fought? No, no, this Seville colour was now a commodity. Capitalism transmuted all colour, national joys, music, *fiestas*, passions for money. The romantic English and

the critical French alike took the Andalusian strivings as material with which to embellish their income-receiving lives.

Conversely, they affected that which they came to see, since everybody was conscious that they were watching and that money flowed into Seville because they came to see. This was the weaving of history, first an event, then its response, then both woven into a pattern, but both altered in their separate contributions, by reason of that fusion. For Cristóbal that fusion was money, money, money. It made all things into fetishes, it translated his boyhood songs, it ate up the life of Seville, it consumed his manly emotions.

He could not sleep for the compound of mourning, ambition, vengeance. He rose early and waited for the notary's study to open, there in the narrowest part of the Calle de las Sierpes. At eight the notary read the will of Don Francisco Pinzón y Guzman of Seville. It cited:

I bequeath to my son eighty thousand pesetas, my entire estate, with counsel to give some to the poor, and to have Masses said for the repose of my soul. I bequeath to him, my principal treasure, the hatred of four men who have ruined my life, and I adjure him, as a dying man, to wreak vengeance, without a show of mercy. This is my deliberate bequest, I am of sound mind and victim of no hallucination or delusion. I was of unsound mind only when I did not with my own hand kill these infidel scoundrels.

Done at Seville, this 20th day of April, 1916.

Witnessed, DOCTOR IAGO BESTEIRO. *The Notary*, JUAN MARTINEZ. By God and the King.

The will startled the notary's clerk who asked whether the College of Notaries would ratify a document that counselled crime. Cristóbal observed, "I have no need of the money which I give to the poor children of Seville, to be educated by the rationalist schools. For the Masses I have paid richly out of my own funds, albeit I think them a mockery. Whether the will be ratified or not, I am the beneficiary of the finest of bequests, an order to serve human justice. Good day, gentlemen."

Cristóbal wrote to Rome, in the most careful style, advising his mother of the death of Don Francisco. He had really been guilty of a great cruelty. Doña Isabella would have been preserved for many years by her mourning for her dead husband,

amid the superb funeral ceremonies at Seville. It would have been becoming to her station, and have assuaged her sorrows.

As it was, Cristóbal could never learn exactly what happened. She read the letter, and showed no emotion before spectators. She excused herself and never came downstairs. There was no principle of life left in her: she went that evening with her husband. Whether it was the heart that gave way, or that unknown need of death that seized her, was beyond the knowledge of physicians. She was buried at Rome by the priests of the Spanish College, before her son could arrive.

He came into Barcelona from Seville to hear of this second death. It seemed unreal compared with the vivid memories of the death of Don Francisco. A mother, and a mother to whom he owed so much education seemed to have been blotted off a blank page. He held in his hand the letter advising him: it seemed like a postscript of the death of Don Francisco. He realized at last that he was an old-fashioned Latin. The father was the all-important parent; his miseries, like his shape, descended into his son; his wrongs were inherited along with his sex. Mother had been a hundred times nearer to him in literature. She had been nearer to him in all the graces, but not in the fundamentals. Within several weeks he remembered her kindly, perhaps less than Carmen, but the injustice done to the animator of the family was nursed more and more. He had lost a father, but gained something nearly as precious: a cause, and one that suited his temperament.

XIX

A DREARY CHAPTER OF MUCH MONEY-MAKING

THE wooden walls of England had gone! The rumour spread through Barcelona in the late afternoon, but by nightfall it had taken on the stature of fact. The British fleet had met the German in the German ocean; the British fleet (what was left of it) was flying back to the lost island, scattered, beaten, the naval power of Britain ended forever.

The earth had given way. Men groped. No one knew what it would be like to live on a terrestrial ball whose seven seas were not the sport of Britain. Tongues clattered in all the dark cheeks of Barcelona. Gibraltar would go next, the German held the world. After Verdun too! All that heroism, all that city of men mowed down was for nothing. England had passed out of the life of men.

The dread night of Aegospotami, the terror in Athens, the high masterpiece of Thucydides, was re-enacted in another city of the Middle Sea. Lysander had come again, the Spartans showed themselves once more, a nation trained to arms, defeating the financial, cunning, maritime Athenians in their own estate, the waters. It was repeated, spread about, no longer doubted.

The German colony came out in frenzy. Even the scholarly Leichtentritt, his eyes roving with grandeur, poured down seidels of beer, to the accompaniment of endless "*Hochs*," for the day had come; the new men of Germany had struck down the old sea serpent, impaled her on a recently forged trident. The French harlot and the British snake lay at the foot of the Brunhilda—clean, honest Germany.

Everyone raced about giving opinions. Naval officers of the royal Spanish fleet proved by mathematical diagrams that the Germans were bound to win. They foresaw it exactly. The

London mob, tasting defeat for the first time, was plundering Mayfair, getting ready to hang the defeated admirals.

Into the suite at the Hotel Colón raced the frantic merchants. They were lost, their money was no good. They had sold hundreds of millions' worth of raw materials to England to fight the war. Would the conquering German pay them for their own destruction? No, no, it was all gone, all.

Even the cautious Lanson believed and trembled. They would not dare open the Bourse to-morrow morning: nothing could be negotiated. Cristóbal had once been the leading contractor to Britain. It was believed he still was. They all rushed to him, even old Dupuis, of the Société Générale, whom he had never met, even his old boss Lanson.

Cristóbal had Frank Robinson in constant touch with London, urgent. Frank slipped the messages through, into Cristóbal's desk, which was up against a wall, and in which a hole was cut to fit a secret opening into which a paper could be inserted. When Cristóbal looked into his drawer, there was a reflecting mirror, reversed, that enabled him to read these messages as they came along, without appearing to be doing anything but staring at papers in the middle drawer.

While all the yammering was going on he read the following message:

LONDON 8 P.M. The Grand Fleet after a sharp encounter with the main German fleet has been victorious, but after severe losses. The German fleet has retreated to its harbour bases. The victory, while complete, has been dearly purchased, and there is much criticism as to its conduct. Ton for ton, the German fleet did well, perhaps better than its opponent.

It came from an American news service and was confirmed by an independent source from Rotterdam, not wholly conforming.

ROTTERDAM 8 P.M. The *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* and *De Telegraaf* of Amsterdam confirm a battle in the North Sea in which the Germans retired because of the force of new units against them, having come up to cancel their initial advantage. British prestige is greatly lowered, but the war is not changed in its essentials—the liberty of supplies for Britain's ability to receive raw materials, and the blockade for Germany.

That was all Cristóbal cared about. British contracts were safe. He could repeat the deal of Rothschild at Waterloo.

"*Caballeros*," he said, "the news is sad, fearfully sad, nay catastrophic. But what can we do? Why lament? I am sunk for £50,000,000 in any case. Since I am ruined willy-nilly I am ready to do business on the off-chance that the rumour might be exaggerated. I know that you all here are involved for no more than that, if that. How much is it?"

A score of pencils worked on scratch-pads. The stricken bankers and merchants totalled up to £40,000,000. It was the total debt owed by Britain to Spain, rather, by the world to Spain, contingent on British victory.

Should he dare? He would. He lied royally, for he had not a cent in war contracts. But should he dare risk his American reserves for the off-chance of a fortune? Just then the newsboys clamoured new editions, as is usual at that hour in Barcelona. Their telegrams were of the seven o'clock vintage from Berlin, Berne, Stockholm. They gave bloodcurdling pictures of the twenty lost dreadnoughts, the thirty sunken cruisers, the herring of the North Sea suddenly crowded with strange human company. England was not merely beaten. She would be lucky if she escaped becoming a colony.

Nine at night. Cristóbal knew that if he offered £30,000,000 for all the paper before him in that room, his company would have escaped with their costs. He did not want to incur their vengeance later by offering less than cost.

"*Caballeros*, I offer you about one-fourth under your contract prices. I can pay cash in New York. I insist upon immediate ratification. I am doing this frankly because I think you are agitated by rumours. I have not the conviction that even the repeated and much confirmed news of the day is exact. I think the British fleet may have been worsted but not destroyed. I think they will win a second engagement. It could only have been a fluke, the news of destruction seems unlikely to me: in naval warfare tonnage counts, after all. I am telling you my philosophy for I don't want you to begrudge me my profits if I prove to be right."

They were ready to fall on him. At least, no money lost. Even the French bankers calculated that he had them beaten.

"Even if he has the unsuspected up his sleeve," murmured Dupuis, "and even if we know we are fools, we must accept. After losing our lives, we merely lose anticipated profits. What an escape!"

The notaries were summoned, the contracts brought forward. By ten o'clock the contracts were endorsed. Cristóbal pretended to fidget over his amazing hazard while really reading the shoal of telegrams in the inverted drawer mirror. They were more and more optimistic.

Frank Robinson spoke to him in the entry as the contracts were being endorsed. He had gone out with 100,000 pesetas and bribed the news services and editors to withhold all cables for two hours.

The bankers left relieved, the merchants rejoiced.

The next day everyone knew there was doubt, two days later certainty. The contracts for £40,000,000 were good. Cristóbal had cleaned up the sum of \$50,000,000. They attributed to guts what they should have credited to inside information. He was the king of Spanish finance. He took away the cream of the war.

A wave of headaches filled the Bourse. They all agreed it was decent of him to cover their costs. He had opponents, jealous competitors, but no real enemy. Pyramidon consoled them.

The night he took over the contracts he telegraphed the Tokyo banks to buy silk and cotton at Osaka. He wired Shanghai to buy in all silver and wolfram contracts at the opening. The news telegrams were still conflicting when those bourses opened; prices were marked down, they were even hesitant in Europe the next morning, as it was thought the British had "cooked" the dispatches.

These enormous commitments, also on a dead cert, brought in £8,000,000. Values bounded like an antelope, as it became known that Britain had come through. Ninety million dollars in a week! The month of June opened beautifully.

He was not wholly displeased when the *Essex* was sunk, even though it carried with it his favourite composer, Granados. He actually went into government contracts afresh, for he anticipated the American note. When he read it, he knew that

ultimately the son of a Carlisle Englishman, the peace-loving President, was getting ready for collaboration with the mother country. He made a further fortune.

Now he was compared with the mysterious buyer of war supplies for J. P. Morgan, the brilliant Stettinius. Cristóbal held again and again that his profits arose from his philosophy that there was no hedge. If the Teutonic war lords won, all Western capitalism, including America, would have to pay them tribute. Ergo, they must lose.

In the excitement he had answered Mundheim cursorily. He received a long dispatch telling him that under the ennui, the pornographic excitements were gaining his staff more than the engineering interests, that they tasted the strange dark meat of Kaffir ladies instead of attending to business. He was being sabotaged everywhere by Belgian officials and the chartered company's agents. Mundheim wrote:

Dear Don Cristóbal,

No co-operation from the people on the spot. You must get instructions or we can do nothing. In the meantime my boys are busy tasting the delights of steatopygous balancing, and augmenting the population to take the place of the lives lost by the tsetse fly, not by sanitary but by old-fashioned biological procedures. I am sure you are paying too much for these primitive methods. In other words, worthy don, get a move-on.

Faithfully,

Fritz Mundheim, U.S.A. (retired)

Mundheim was right. Cristóbal danced attendance on the Belgian government, so called, at Le Havre, and finally got imperative instructions to the men in the field to extend full co-operation. Realizing that the prestige of this phantom government was at zero in its own colony, he had the orders ratified by the British War Office to the forces fighting in German East Africa.

As a preliminary to the development of African copper, Cristóbal joined in the promotion of a copper cartel. He went to the British authorities and pointed out that what they needed to win the war was assurance of maximum supplies of copper. Hence the government's price would have to be calculated on the basis that if the costliest mine produced at eightpence a pound,

the government should pay eightpence plus 20 per cent to all copper producers. Then they would compensate each other, and even out their differences in cost to a fair extent. The government would in all justice participate in the cartel selling to them, and so get back part of the profits.

As he was not himself a producer, he received a commission for "financing" the persuasion of the officials. It was not a small commission. It was rather like that of Sir Basil Zaharoff.

His profits for the first time were not counted out in cash but went into participations in metals pools.

By the fall of 1916 he terminated his metals contracts. They were remunerative but he had had a miserable loss in spelter, due to the speed of Jackson (Jake) Lazenby of London, a Semitic genius, and war evader *prima primissima*; another loss in sapphires for machine-tool use; and still another in scrap diamonds, also for machine-tool use, owing to the defalcation (to a profit) of Izzy Loewenstein (now called Lincoln), recurrent and artistic bankrupt. Despite this sour note or two in the discordant harmonies of fraud, he made nearly £20,000,000, so that on the day Wilson was elected to keep America out of the war, he had four hundred and fifty million of his dollars.

Despite his intimacy with governments, Cristóbal disliked taxes. He agreed with Emerson that of all the expenses of man, it was the one, the non-payment of which was a high morality. He parcelled out all his operations into one hundred companies in one hundred different jurisdictions. "I live by the division of sovereignty" was his boast.

His copper syndicate was domiciled at Le Havre on Belgian diplomatic territory. His tin syndicate was at La Paz, Bolivia. His brass cartel (Anatole Kerouillis, natural secretary) at Rahway, New Jersey. The Tungsten syndicate was placed in the Italian protectorates in China, where he divvied with the cameo-like disciples of Confucius. The rubber committee sat in Johore, since the British agent had limited rights of inspection in that principality, under the madcap series of treaties in the Straits Settlements.

His accounts were kept in a medley of Hong Kong dollars, Straits dollars, Shanghai dollars, Mexican pesos, to take only silver money, and during the year these currencies were cleared,

on the books based on vouchers to other companies in other lands, at great losses against gold currencies.

The invention of the loose-leaf ledger was Cristóbal's delight. By this felicitous discovery, he was enabled to run his books everywhere in such a way that to check them up, you had to go to a jurisdiction outside of the country doing the examining.

The weary routine of money-making lost its charms even for him but he promoted a cartel for Spanish products—olive oil, cork, and mercury, above all, and naturally received the approval of the Spanish, pro-German government, to whom any gouging of the Allies was welcome, especially if Spain profited. Even Tarragona vinegar was included in the hold-up. The castles of Aragon waved over the pirate venture; the crooked dons achieved their foul purpose under the royal standard of Spain. Cristóbal's hard-boiled nest-egg now stood at £100,000,000. This round figure caused him to stop, survey, quit.

One day Champvallón called on him in Barcelona. It was Christmas Eve, 1916. The gay Burgundian, wounded, was a sad sight. He did not smile, but his good nature remained; he was radiant as he spoke to an old friend. "So many have gone in France," he explained.

As the sober reunion went on he stated, "By the by, are you interested in Spanish investments, or for that matter, in war contracts any more? If so, get out, get out at once. You've had God's own run of luck: this year, if rumour be a guide, has made you colossally wealthy; quit."

"Any specific reason?"

"Yes, we expect labour insurrections in Spain, mutinies in France, disorder in Russia, and physical privation in Germany."

Cristóbal got out, as far as Europe was concerned. His profits were immense, his caution was a godsend. He never forgot Champvallón for the tip.

He confined his speculation to American crops. Up to then profits had been mostly in minerals, now he reckoned they would be in food, as the fields of Europe produced less and less with the loss of man power.

When Wilson declared war, Cristóbal was the possessor of immense holdings of Chicago and Winnipeg maize and wheat contracts; cotton options were strung along for ten months.

The fright of the speculators after the Armageddon of the Aisne, when General Nivelle levelled three-quarters of a million men, shook his margins, but he paid, and grinned, and held. Farm products nearly doubled in that year: his fortune attained nearly a billion dollars. Maize alone yielded him near two hundred millions, both in Buenos Aires and in Chicago.

Such transactions would have been impossible in peacetime. The mere presence of such great positions would defeat their own purpose, since everyone would know where the supply had to come from. No normal market existed in which such supplies could be turned about.

"War gives a premium to the greatest waster and worst producer by the system of cost-plus; war is the only animal that defecates faster than it eats. The nightmare of the business man in time of a peace is the limit, set by the purses of consumers, to their buying goods, beyond a definite amount. In war, the more is bought, the more the General Staffs waste; the more is demanded."

As Cristóbal added, "It takes no training and no brains to sell to infinity: the trick of business is in selling to a finite demand against infinite competition."

Cristóbal did not dread his staggering commitments. "No position can be as crazy as the situation," he commented to Lanson. "The Moloch of war eats the children of men and all their goods," he agreed. "War is terrible but also terribly profitable" was the slogan of Lenin.

●

XX

JOAN

"THAT bee is waking up to springtime work. He will soon bring his offering to the family comb. A most unimaginative fellow. Why doesn't he do what I have done? Why not strike out for himself and build superfluous combs, then lay up great stores of honey, then be the single possessor of a hundred vats of honey? He can't use them but think of the fun of being the king of honey? Or those wasps building each a family nest, for one family alone. Who cannot imagine some millionaire wasp building a hundred nests, or having others build it for him, and charging rent? The trees are full of opportunity, asleep from absence of ambition. That, dear Freimüller, is the difference between an intelligent insect and an ambitious man. The insect rejects superfluity. He is an artist. His beauty is consummated by the economical, the exactly required, the perfection of means to determined end. They are classics: I'm a useless spreader-out, and accumulator of the ends not required by the means—a stupid, lavish romantic."

The first pansies of March in Barcelona brought up this reflection in the long floral garden near the station. Freimüller was tracing out on the sand with his rural cane: "Cristóbal has a billion dollars." The speech of Cristóbal was his six o'clock reply. It was early morning. Cristóbal now rose at dawn, his fevers no longer permitting sleep when the light came on. Freimüller usually took matinal walks at the dawn with the rapt Dupleix, both drinking in each warm morning, for their day, and building the red dawn, for man's day.

"Besides which," said Cristóbal, "your figures are the flattery of your mathematical training. They are much too much."

"I feel charmed that you still have an idea anything is too much. Here comes Dupleix, off for a ramble. You will join the two aliens, O grandee of the safety-deposit-vaults?"

"My two best friends in Barcelona? Of course."

Dupleix, willowy, cadenced even in his walk, his last good suit shining at elbow, frayed at the cuffs, ragged at the too-often corded lapels, was drinking in the zephyrous morning.

He was gay. "Good morning, comrade, and ex-comrade. I know you, Cristóbal Pinzón, once a friend of mankind, now shaking hands with yourself every morning. 'Good morrow, myself,' you bow in the mirror, 'I am pleased that to-day you hold a larger claim on the bread of Fellowman, your pathetic partner in the morality play of Life.' Then the other chap in the mirror bows too, he steps out of the ghostly frame, he enters you, he carefully peels off the human being, who embarrasses him with surplus weight, and then, with gilded abstraction, the wraith promenades to the Bourse. That's pretty much what happens every morning, Cristóbal."

"No, no, that is too simple, my Provençal friend. You have the rolling images along with the rolling phrases of your fatherland. What I'm hungry for is humanity by way of women. I'm a simple chap after all. One real love affair in a lifetime, recollected and woven in and out in over a thousand dreams! No, another Conchita, and I shall live once more—a man in man's good vestment."

"As a poet who in an age of wits remains true to womankind, our one reason for living, permit me to say that your Conchita can only come to *her* Cristóbal, never to the man walking beside me. My dear boy, you will have a love affair, a powerful one, but a love affair that will have the superfluity, excess, to speak in tautological roundness, of the rich Cristóbal Pinzón of to-day."

"Dupleix, my money is a paper power over flowing lava, and I know it. I am more the poet than you. When a system of Mars says to me, 'Bring me food, guns, metals, the children of men, I shall eat them all, yet I shall be forever more hungry, for the more I eat, the less I am sustained,' and he pays me, with what can it be? Not with substance, for that is what he lacks. With paper then? I am a man of this chaos. I am not overweening, for I know I have taken payments that are no payments."

"And I suppose," corrected Freimüller, "that the feverish life of the gamblers about Barcelona is also a paper castle? Cristóbal, Cristóbal, you know as well as I do that most rich men are enjoying

the war with a warmth that is hard to credit. Their lives are full. The newspapers are crowded with the details of the *danse macabre* in France and Poland. The Bourse is full of glistening hopes. Spain is not in danger, they have all the sweets."

"The poor as well as the rich," sighed Dupleix, "the onetime radical artisan, now foreman in a munitions factory, whose platonic socialism is overlaid with cash, the clerk in his English suit of cloth: these are the corrupted from the middle groups. If it were only the rich I would not despair. But they carry into battle their non-commissioned officers."

"It is for a day," Cristóbal said. "The surplus perfumes of Paris are not needed with the Prussian at the gates. They stick caskily to the sweaty skin of the ladies of our land. The sailors staggering into our bars and leaving their swag in exchange for poison, fear the subs, and would rather fling away their money than leave it in Davy Jones's permanent bank. The German spies, calculating with much learning the social situation here, and how to sinuate in this complex mass; the English relying on hard cash—all these rascals are children of the night. Why do you assume now that sunrise is for ever delayed?"

On the Paris train to the Spanish frontier, on the lace head-rest, reclined a dark-haired head, bored, obviously ill at ease to have a companion in the compartment, and that companion the funereal Frank Robinson. He studied her luggage labels with the attention of an ex-waiter. At Port Bou, where her twenty bags had to be examined by uncomprehending Spanish customs officers, he volunteered, "May I be of some service to you, m'lady?"

He had relieved his betters of little worries. Frank felt well. The lady thanked him for his work. He fell asleep. When they got off at Barcelona he helped her with the porters, directed the bags to the waiting coach of the Hotel Colón, and there met Anatole, who showed up at all arrivals and departures, the punctuation marks of his even existence. When Anatole saw the highborn lady, he who for three years had not landed his master a single inamorata, ambition seized him. He circled about, fiddling and aiding. He saw her luggage into her suite and drummed up a conversation.

Sanely enough, he advertised the wealth of his *patron* who, he

assured the noble lady, was the richest man in the world, although a Spaniard. She thanked him. He went out in glee.

The Lady Joan Fitz-Greville was in flight from London because her nerves could not stand the strain of the war, principally the boring tea-table *conversazioni*, in which the names of generals figured more often than the attractions of the body. The staccato amorous attacks of officers on leave were quite inadequate. The lady had need for varied and rich food. The regulations limiting sugar particularly annoyed her. Twenty-four, non-athletic, tall, epicurean, her speech loaded with a posh accent in which every consonant, suggested, was carried along as ornament on lush vowels, all over-breathed; and above all, a superhuman dancer, with the endurance of a ten-cent dance hall American contestant, she was carrying her *Almanach de Gotha* heraldic nonsense into Granada, there to listen to nightingales and intertwine her blue-blooded limbs with the superb hams of matadors.

This rococo Messalina looked at herself in the mirror of the dressing-table. She was pleased. She wore an elaborate picture hat, a Jenny gown, as was the fashion, down to the floor, with a panel of gilt cloth over the satin skirt. That costume, soon to be the mockery of young things, was still the stimulant of male enthusiasms. She was discontented with the clothing. This man Poiret was producing a "revolutionary" line she thought of accepting. But the total effect, including her own face and form, was excellent.

She came into the dining-room, and acknowledged Frank and Anatole, sitting at a table set for four and covered with flowers. When a third man arrived, he whistled at the decorations. Obviously he had not expected them. He pointed to the fourth plate with some surprise. She knew what was coming.

Frank Robinson walked over and asked the honour of her company at lunch. "You are alone in Barcelona, m'lady, I thought of being so bold as to invite you."

"And you anticipated my acceptance by a *convvert* all ready?"

"Not at all, m'lady, but should you graciously accept, I wished all to be in order."

"I accept, Mr. Robinson." It was a lark. Why not?

When she was introduced to Cristóbal by the combined *pimpish Puck laugh of Anatole and the grave underlining of Frank,

she stood marble-still. His beauty, address, poise, sense of concealed power, stunned and held her transfixed. She adored men frantically—she might find it easy to crash before this beautiful Spaniard. Why seek matadors?

"Madame," bowed Cristóbal, "my two friends here have tried their devices upon you so as to make you our guest. I hope you have not resented their rather obvious methods."

"Resent it? On the contrary, I only dislike long roundabout tricks, for the people who resort to them must assume that you haven't the intelligence to penetrate them."

"It's a pleasure to have as our guest a woman proud of her attainments. I mean, a woman that insists she should never be taken for a fool."

"I'm not so sure I am wise on all counts. Now take the simplest of things. I am astonished by your beauty. That is a bold and childish thing to say openly, but say it I must."

"A million women pass me by in the years of walking, none has been so gallant."

"Few have been so wide-awake, then. It is a pleasure for me to feast on your face. Waiter, no hors d'oeuvre." Everyone laughed at the compliment.

"And, Madame, am I expected to be behindhand in compliment and not to praise your beauty with equal franchise?"

"No, let me drink in your face. Adonis, no, he was too wanton and soft. Apollo Belvedere? No, too feminine. Apoxyomenos? No, too athletic. No, your face is not that of antique statues, it is too intelligent, too modern. Titian's young man with the glove? No, you are too strong."

"Madame, please, some measure and some truth in this most unnatural conversation. It is I who must, and by God, ought to praise."

"Contain me then, for I always woo men. After all, love is my vocation, their *passetemps*. I resent their amateur tricks. The art of love demands the best. What do you say, my Southern friend?"

"This, that I am too dull to race in this unusual track, your spring is too sudden for my wit, let me clod my way through this luncheon. I shall be equipped then to play with my forces."

"A terrible prospect, for, after food, I am surfeited and am the slower."

"All the better then, it will be more even."

In this banter, Cristóbal watched her without watching her. She was not "beautiful." She was of the same stock as Conchita Morales—loose-limbed, large-shouldered. Her cheek bones traced a viking in the ancestry; her eyes moved like a cat's at night, the grey passing into shafts of blue light. But she was extraordinarily brunette for one with such eyes. There was a chestnut tinge in the hair, but its dark brown nearly counterfeited black. The nose was that of a blonde too, like the women painted by Lawrence. The lips were not in consonance with the sharper nose; the lower face was that of an odalisque. It was an uncomfortable face at first, the upper section that of the English, to a type, the lower voluptuous, and in the Turkish or Caucasian strain. They harmonized in the intelligence of her speech, her animation bound her features.

They sat down at one, the lunch was over at four. Despite the alleged reticence of English aristocrats, she had poured out the kitchen swill of her family history in those three hours. She had three married brothers. Two had sold their escutcheon to Americans, daughters of a wholesale grocer and a steelmaker. One had married a Jewish lady whose father was a millionaire "turf accountant." She had a single brother "in the City, poor Evelyn," and a sister, married to a peer, who was borrowing from the Yankee sisters-in-law. She was undisturbed by prosperous vulgarity. The rising class of war profiteer, she explained, did not ruffle her unduly. Cristóbal asked point-blank whether that was a hint. She answered No, of course not.

That cooled matters for a while.

But she did not go to Granada. She stayed at the Hotel Colón and the answer was really too easy. She lay in her suite finishing a freight of French novels she had bought for her unoccupied hours. She liked women writers—Colette was her obsession. But she was wading her difficult way through the Catholic *voyou* romances of Léon Bloy. None of her sanguine literary immersions regenerated her. She waited with impatience for a new diabolic experience.

Cristóbal was not in love with her. She was corrupt,

complex, a selfish nature, indulgent to her own whims, yet ready, forward, rich in a personal flavour. But what was there to love in all that? His recent celibacy filled him with sententious reflections. One loves the generous, love is a pretence otherwise.

But he thought of her and nothing else. The first dispatches from Mundheim were on his desk: elaborate, careful reports on their initial progress. They had drained a large area near rich copper deposits. The Pinzón empire was being built. He fingered them, read them, but kept on thinking of how much he did not love this woman.

She stretched out on her chaise-longue, tossed away the yellow-backed French yarns, told herself that among the hundred adventures in the underwoods of sex, there was nothing in this unicorn that should hold her in the dark forest. He was beautiful, it was her only religion. But there was no need to be consumed by love, he was merely beautiful. She kept on thinking of how much she did not love this man.

For four days these two rejecters of each other kept on disdaining the thought of their passion. They met in the corridor of the hotel, on the way to the lift. The lift was not functioning, the bell was unanswered. They suddenly kissed each other. Why? They walked down dazed, and came into the brilliant sunlight of the Plaza de Cataluña, like bulls released suddenly into the blinding arena. The show was on.

Even so, they looked for the exit, exactly like the bulls. They held on to each other, not sure of the accidental kiss. They held on to each other, certain that they could not be indifferent any more. They went into a sailors' dance hall. The expansion of accordions, powerful wormwood drinks, the long whirling of languid tangos, the compliments of women, trying to take good stuff like Cristóbal from his biggish moll, reduced the remnants of sense and caution, flung out the last rags of doubt. They came back feeling they were in love, resisting only through habit.

The dawn looked on mad lovers, wearied with the exercise of their limbs, fused in their fatigues as in their pleasures. Cristóbal and Joan watched the morning hours; they stirred.

"Look at that pretty tattoo under your elegant arm, my dear. Why do you have that frightful fellow with the beard?"

"That's Edmond Dantès on the rock of Monte Cristo. He hasn't had time to go to the barber, he's been swimming so long."

"Why did you pick him, my penny-dreadful amour?"

"Because I believe in vengeance as a fine art."

"No cutlery for your faithless Joan, you horrible murderous don."

"No, my vengeance goes higher than the hips."

"You scoundrel, I thought our love was from the heart."

When the charms of the morning wore down, Cristóbal was still asking himself how the lover of Conchita Morales could want this woman.

His love seemed empty. He filled it with words, and his own words gave it substance. She met him that evening. They went out to the Tibidado and on the terrace there looked upon the city of Barcelona, over which a mist of violet had risen. There lay the rebel city. Its two hundred thousand hornets' nests waited for a tyrant to disturb them again.

The web of houses flowed in and out with the floating of the mist, they shifted their intersections and their minute, lightly engraved clefts. Montjuich weighed over the evanescent city and over the fleet of merchant ships loaded with war supplies, but that fortress was friendly to their mission. It was deadly only to the friends of man.

"Darling," began Joan, "this city is the fairest I have seen or wish to see. The beauties of Granada were those of love and romance, and I have found both here. I am not going further. To feel the snakeskin of cleverness falling off me, to be swung into an honest passion: I would have sworn these simple events impossible in my life. And here I am caught in the same happy love as every other girl, as those to whom it is their first payment on account of girlish dreams."

They kissed again and again.

Smiling couples, walking in the garden with the ceremonial organization of the soundly married, looked on them with approval. Approval helped. They embraced again. The primaveral gardens seemed to have grown in that hour under their example.

They passed the naked apple trees on the walk.

"I am Paris," he boasted. "I defy the Venuses." And he

began to comment but she said, "You award the apple to me, no beauty in other words, but Helen to you."

"This is Troy, and the Navy of England will come there with his proud confederacy of princes, to reclaim their lady, and return her to some dull Menelaus, a country gentleman in England. We shall fight for ten years, and you shall bear me ten sons in that time. There shall be five of them; clever, olive-skinned and Spanish; they shall be haughty in their napkins, they shall lie with dignity in their cradles. We shall have five sons and they shall be fair and stupid; they shall be ashamed of their napkins: the moral English will acclaim them as prize of war, and sail away, and we shall live to a green old age, adoring each other."

The next day and the day thereafter they met little. The bitter negotiations with an envoy of the Belgian government, seeking to modify the terms of their contract, required almost his whole time.

Cristóbal thought wide-eyed on her love. She was a predatory beast, however, overcome by love. Should he take her the less for that? How else, he reflected, can one with her training know of the common needs of men? Only through much money.

That night the fount of images, that had mostly been hers, found a new borer of its artesian depths. Cristóbal, with all the silly sentimentalism that makes it necessary to confess one's past loves to a present flame, spoke from the heart.

"You are for me the complement of a boyhood love. It is not an insult, it is the highest flattery I know how to bestow. I am more than twenty-four, a potent age. She alone had commanded my spirit until your day. Ten women have passed across my stage, some have marvelled in their tactile arts, another two wore the capturing smiles of the salesman. Some tried to wear me down by the friction of the will, others more downright by the friction of the body. Some leered, others jeered, at my honest declamations. I was the ridiculous lad. Some others played only their bovine acts, for they chewed the cud with their four stomachs of stability, ease, certainty, and acquisition, and their droppings were vile. I have judged them, as I always do. I am humourless and vain. Forgive me if I say that, in some sense, my beloved must have in her a memory of the first love of my youth. I am absurd."

"Why can't I stand for myself?" said Joan. "One love brings you surcease when you were sixteen, another is built for you to-day. Throw me off to-morrow, but keep me, me alone, for to-day. Hold to her of yesterday, but for yesterday and for to-morrow, if you have dreams, but hold on to me alone for now."

So the days went. His golden flow went on, she never wanted it to cease. The more she drank, the more she thirsted. The more she held out the cup of her enchanted heart, the more it filled.

"Cristóbal," she said, "you laugh so little, rejoice so much. A grave Spanish señor never laughs in our old plays. Are you so poor you must hold out for stock parts at the Globe Theatre? I have a card to Master Kyd, to Impresario Greene, to Ostler Shakespeare. A penny for your laughs, good Spanish sir."

Their talk raced in these unusual tracks, it pursued the hare of fancy.

That he was not poor, in fact that he was reputed the richest man in Spain, was not the least of his Jove-like attributes. Here he was covered with a shower of gold in Spain, that land of the setting sun, broad projection of the phallic Atlantis into the belly of raped Europa. But where were the castles in Spain of one so rich?

"Cristóbal, do you remember the opera of Da Ponte, with the strumming accompaniment of Mozart? 'Come unto my garden, come unto my castle, reach me thy hand, beloved,' sings Don Juan to Zerlina. Where are your castles, Don?"

"Questions are not to be asked by Zerlinas," Cristóbal answered. "They cry out, 'Boot, O boot me, dear Masetto' if they are naughty girls. I have three castles in Spain: my father's grave at Seville, he chose it among the rich; my sister's grave in the paupers' cemetery, where she must stay, for I am fastidious of the company she keeps; and thirdly, a mine in Huelva, along the reaches of the Coloured River, that I have yet to take."

The feverish days passed and she wondered whether so constant a light would not burn out the bulb. But the next morning found her paragon again illumined, with all the calculations and combinations that had made him the Spanish plutocrat. She made him weave images of capture for the fairest prize he had

ever striven for. Her authoritarian laugh beat against the shores of his reasoning, he dyked his speech. She knew her politics well, as he discovered. She had no confidence in the overlords of Britain to win the long succession of social wars which would follow a victory over their German rivals. "They'll appear to win, for they prize management and the deferring of evil days as a gallant art, but their substance will slip as their show grows the more brave." Her family, Whig for generations, was naturally political. It retained the aristocratic liberalism that despised the idols of the new plutocracy in England. When Cristóbal heard her Olympian speech on these unfeminine things he seized with a necessary, artificial delight on the remote analogy with Conchita. But by this time he adored Joan.

The memory of the other served as his warrant, but his heart was taken.

The lovers were mad about all in each other. They fondled ears, rolled their tongues in each other's hair, covered the eyes with kisses. He polished her neck with the black and blue evidences of their sport, his head rested in the hills, a galactic courser. The vast articulation of their conscious moments sank into low guttural grunts, sighs, and shrieks of the animal joys.

The earth span in heat, then the crust formed. They too had to remember the real world, the crust of others' interests covered their torrid zests. Her viewpoints helped in the maturity of Cristóbal.

She belonged to a caste that had seen Europe torn for centuries, and at the end of it all was enjoying the hereditary orchards of the four quarters of the world, and all their increase. Like her adorer, the present war seemed to her merely the first act of a hundred-year play. Her ancestors, she boasted, had had fluctuating fortunes in the hundred and fifty years' prize-fights of Crécy to the Wars of the Roses, but after their collapse in France, they picked the ace of spades in Henry Tudor, and won on the last trick. "Pick last," was her advice, "then you'll enjoy the fruits during the first breathing-space."

"Cristóbal, don't you see what we are? An empire of plutocrats, shielded behind old nobles like ourselves, because no one respects the new robbers as yet. Underneath them a sodden, drilled army of helots, and a mean Perioeci, with degenerate

postured artists sandwiched in between." She knew her state with the sureness of a natural landlord.

He told her of his theory that England could not lose.

"Of course not, so long as the American farmers are paid three times for their cheese if we win, and lose all if we lose. *América, Cristóbal*, is our only real colony. We don't help her upkeep. She rebelled against paying a just part of her expenses in keeping us going: now she will pay all. She is bound to us, we involve her in everything, pay her nothing, and she pays us an immense tribute, for which we kindly go through the ceremony of giving her coloured paper. They love coloured paper, those sweet people. What is India compared to them?"

She proved to be an encyclopedia of the knowledge of England's foes. Her view of the world was based on her caste, which she regarded for all that as over-horsy, *Sphere* and *Graphic* and *Sketch* nonentities in tweeds and plaids; *Punch*, with its permanent parade of puns, dear old ladies, vicars, two insolent cartoons devoid of the *souçon* of an idea, embarrassing moments, topical bromides. She had *Cristóbal* in laughter as she pasquinaded her own people. She pressed him to read the recent poison blast of Frank Harris, one-time editor of *St. James's Street's* darling *Saturday Review* and now in New York.

"He can get tired waiting," she opined. "They are no more wanton than the same crowd in the days of George III, and they are still there and will be time without end."

She had among her books an old invective against England by a Yankee named Adam Badeau who compared unfavourably the court of old Victoria with the fireside spitting contests of a Kentucky saloon. This impish satisfaction in reading the enemies of her class and country, as *Cristóbal* soon discovered, was a source of strength. She rejoiced in a national health so great, that like an old squire, hale at ninety after seventy-five years of drink and wenching, old England would down them all.

These political discussions were only a ripple. Basically, politics to her existed as a personal register of Algie in the Foreign Office, Bertie so unhappy as Governor of Madras, and Phyllis, who married the Bore of Peterhouse. The remaining 99.9 per cent of England were faintly gathered about the margins of her eye. She knew something of finance, however, for dear Evelyn

was in a discount shop in the City, run by pothering Jews, but dear Evelyn wasn't much in the know.

She urged Cristóbal to visit London as she wanted to show off her superb prize. Her love was frantic as they talked and tousled each other through a swift succession of joys. He knew that she was rich in her own right. He could not suspect that motive, but he had been waiting to suggest the trip to London, as it was the confirmation that it was not merely a foreign romance, but deep, serious, permanent.

The trip through France was made by car in the early days of April. It was punctuated by sharp winds and winter odours from the pine forests of the Landes, by the marshy exhalations of the hunting lands of the Sologne. They came into Paris on a gusty night. In every restaurant de luxe elegantly tailored officers were assuring *grandes dames* that the new Aisne offensive would be "*La dernière, ma chère. On les aura, leur peau et tout.*" The icy Seine rising high was creaking against the bridges and swirling about the Pont Royal.

The enchanted passage to England was accomplished along roads crowded with Tommies and *poilus* going to the war less than forty miles away, and the guns provided a long contra-bass accompaniment to the ride. To the enraptured Croesus they were doing nothing unusual. He was in an exalted state. To the Lady Joan they were just another among the hundreds of millions that had kissed each other since the time of the apes, and the soldiers were just others, doing what even the apes had done in the primeval forest. They laughed without bravado as a German plane thought them worthy of a bombing attack. The splendid limousine must be that of a marshal of France, so near the lines!

Their love was built on human exclusions, so deep was their romantic involvement with each other, each other alone.

When the white chalk cliffs came over them and the pudgy mass of Dover Castle told them they were safe from the subs, they laughed. He lamented the cruelty of the war, purely as a routine reflection. She stopped him. "Show some taste, dear boy, and drop the platitudes of decency. You don't want my countrymen to think you one of the turgid leaders of the Labour Party, with amorphous, modest humanity."

They shook hands with clever congratulations. They arrived in London on the afternoon when the King was to give thanks for the American alliance (or association, as Mr. Wilson nuanced) at St. Paul's. London was an amalgam; hopes because of America; fear of the new Republic in Russia, and the intense and apparently invincible submarine attack the Germans had launched.

The imperial diadem of England was set loose in a submarine-infested sea; the imperial diadem of Russia had just been thrown to the mob. The Lady Joan was optimistic. She parodied:

*Not all the periscopes in the rough rude sea,
Can scrape the balm from an anointed king.*

The others were not so persuaded. The Yankees might be too slow on the uptake. It might be better to take advantage of the anæmic peace offers being peddled around Europe by cadets of Hapsburg and Bourbon. A good old aristocratic wash-out of the whole mess. The new parvenu crowd led by Lloyd George were for pushing these royal lilies into the crannied wall. Cristóbal was sure he would prevail.

He saw an England he had never before known. Lady Joan ran him about like mad. Between her terrifying demands all night, and her permanent social demands all day, it needed twenty-four years of resistance built up by *paellas*, olive oil, and garlic to hold the line. It was the time when Charles à Court Repington gave the tea-time view of the secret history of the war, Scawen Blunt the honest squires' Jeremiads. The keen *millionnaire* saw that the silly veneer of imperialism covered its strictlywilled, cruel, solid core.

He never forgot that the tea-drinking nonsenses of Cheltenham were the same old fellows that had blown Sepoys from cannon mouths, and then retired to osier Bath chairs, commiserated on the massacres of the Armenians by the unspeakable Turk, and sang lusty Christian hymns. That breed had done in his father. He still fumbled with revenge, but he was the faithful stallion, harnessed to the chariot of Lady Joan. He had no will for anything else than his present delights.

He thought of only one thing besides love. He was convinced that the unadvertised methods of the Admiralty would succeed and that the subs represented no greater danger to England than the mutiny at the Nore, or the threatening manœuvres of Ville-

neuve before Trafalgar. Any fool could see that England was worried, few were those who saw how she could escape. This was the time, for, as after the first wild news of Jutland, a year before, men were in a funk and values were down. He plunged wildly into buying factories in England from panicky patriots. Lady Joan took his purchases for granted: it took no guts, for, of course, the subs must be beaten. Dear Edith was married to Lord Chittleroy in the Admiralty and the inside crowd all knew that there was a system of netting that was getting the U-boats, so that even sharks were now caught by trawls.

Cristóbal thought it fortunate that Joan was not male, for he saw her face altered into a permanently insolent gentleman, with drooping moustaches, puffing away with cold tranquillity on a pipe fed by Gallaher's Mixture, silently, but very silently indeed, entertained at the doubts some perfumed Gaul might venture on England's future.

The lovers went to a succession of theatres, dances, and other wartime sorrows in the beleaguered island, and Cristóbal was about to propose an early marriage when Frank Robinson arrived and advertised, "Chief, they are censoring everything, but get back to Barcelona at once. There's much to attend to."

"My dear, there's no need to go," urged Joan, fearful that the expected proposal of marriage might never come through, once the continuous spell of her presence was broken. "You have very small interests in Spain now."

"None, in a money sense," Cristóbal replied, "but it's impossible for me to stay away when there is anything important going on in my own city, among my own people."

"Don't be silly enough to court danger—it is the most vulgar thing possible: so many soldiers are doing it every day."

Cristóbal was annoyed. It was the first time he had recovered from the intoxication of her clever speech and class tricks. The situation in Barcelona, which, he learned, might lead to civil war, required him, a Spaniard, to be home.

"Why don't you go to New York, then, where you would be safe? Why do you stay in a besieged country? Because it is yours! You will have to forgive me, my dear, much as I love you. I am going."

The next day he left his sorrowing love, and rushed home.

XXI

THE RICH HAVE A MISERABLE TIME

THE lover rode back to the Red City, a Vesuvius over which the pine-tree cloud of social eruption had just begun to form. The workers had been demanding an increase in wages to catch up with the steep ascent of rents and the almost day-to-day rise in the cost of living. The ministry in Madrid not only refused to hear their representations but read them a homily on how grateful they should be for steady employment in a war boom.

The old embers of anarchism were stirring. Accordingly the government then closed all arguments by a memorandum, drawn up by six economists. They proved with the rigour of bootlicking logic that the upward spiral of costs and wages would result in an uncontrolled inflation which would annihilate the workers' savings. It was the duty of the rich to the poor to refuse them any bettering in conditions as such a bettering, by reducing the national savings, would destroy the very capital that should be devoted to employment.

To protect the ignorant mob against its shortsighted demands was the proper duty of a paternal government. If these syllogisms failed to convince, the pistols of the Guardia Civil were loaded, and the cavalry horses fed more bran. Political economy was to be made a compulsory educational subject. The unforeseen result was that the working class took an absorbing interest in chemistry, more especially explosives.

For the moment Cristóbal dropped his lady fair from memory and rushed in to counter a new European war—one with different actors and waged for different ends. He arrived not a day too soon. The bankers in Barcelona were changing their underwear three times a day. The catharsis had come about, for, ignoring the advice of Talleyrand, they were sitting on bayonets.

Cristóbal moved at once from the Hotel Colón, which was an option on bullets, to a modest flat in a lower-middle-class district. Frank, who considered a marriage with Lady Joan Fitz-Greville as a folly, rejoiced in the new interests of his employer.

One morning poor Anatole rushed in, a mass of jelly jitters, cowardice stamped all over his yellowing cheeks.

"Have you heard? They've blown up the railway bridge at Lérida? The soldiers prodded the countryside with bayonets but nobody spoke. This Durutti is leading the wreckers! He swears to destroy every railway in Spain. The terrorists are winning everywhere, *patron*. Oh, let's get away from this terrible country where everybody's killing everybody."

"I thought they were doing that in your own France."

"But they're not killing each other. A thousand kilometres behind the line, it's all quiet."

"Anatole, I release you if you want to go. You're always saying you do nothing for your pay. Go back to France, alone."

"No, *patron*, I'll stick, but I think you're wild."

"I never leave Spain when a showdown comes. I never shall."

"Big words, *patron*. You don't mind if I hide?"

"No, get yourself a pretty servant girl, and you and she will be all the more closely embraced, as you hug each other in an inside room for fear of the bullets outside."

When the laughing was over, Cristóbal rushed down to hear the news. Despite his silly manner, Anatole's story was substantially correct. From the region of Bilbao, among the phlegmatic Basque workers, cranes along the river Nervión would spring into the air and come down a mass of wreckage whose thud was heard out in the Bay of Biscay. The Asturian coal miners, in the secret of the night, rushed out and poured sticks of dynamite into round houses of the railway. Twisted locomotives, like the limbs of rheumatics in the grip of pain, evidenced the social infection of society, its chronic arthritis. The newspapers were full of grandiose denunciations of the poor, and of their threats to the fruits of men's labours. The same journalists who viewed as natural the murder of millions of men and the blasting of products of generations of toil in the European war were aghast at the barbarians who did the same thing for the benefit of the oppressed. Never had such strikes been seen even in strike-infested Spain. The theory of the general strike,

creed of anarchists and syndicalists, was being tried out with resolution, planning and guile.

The deeds that haggard agitators had conned over in candle-lit attics, hidden from the police, now occurred daily. A frightening thing was that it came when there was no unemployment. It was stimulated by news from abroad passed on by volunteer heralds, despite the Madrid censors.

The Russian ministry that had sought to make a gentleman's revolution out of the fall of the Tsar, had been booted out on its swallow-tails. Lenin was back: he would soon wash out Kerensky, mayor of the palace for the neurotic Merovingian industrialists of Petersburg.

News then came from nearby. The French army was on the march. From every section of the trenches, they cried out that they had had their bellyful. They wanted to go home to wife, parents, children, brethren. The Prussian could damned well take Notre-Dame and Saint-Denis. All the stones of the planet could not be cemented with so much blood.

Further news came. The French generals, so stupid against the Germans the month before, showed positive genius in mowing down the mutineers. Russian troops now had a country to fight for and wanted to leave France. "*Ça barde.*" The monocled generals of the Faubourg Saint-Germain taught the Russians liberty, equality, above all fraternity, by massacring them in the compound at La Courtine. Ribot hurriedly proclaimed an early peace.

Francis Joseph had died. He had held out as Emperor for sixty-eight years before ceding to death. "No Hapsburg ever lets go until there's nothing to hold," commented Durutti.

Ratty Vienna court officials fortified the cardiac new Emperor with the peace mission of Bourbon-Parma. The Reichstag stood on its hind leg, insulted the mandarins of the Kaiser's court, and demanded a peace without annexations and indemnities. The ice was cracking.

The intellectuals were in misery. For three years they had been proving that the revolutionary movement was dead. "The states of Europe had not been able to destroy each other with cannon. How could they be overcome by the naked fists of the people?" They smiled at their sage analysis. Nothing pleases the superior

intellectual more than when his talent for analysis cancels out the simple aspirations of common men, and the learned pessimism of timorous polyhistor is confirmed. Despite their wisdom, in Spain, the people wore the Phrygian bonnet. The upper classes were frightened, they multiplied their conferences.

Cristóbal sat in the mahogany room of a French bank with frightened bankers who had tied up all their money in Spanish contracts. Cristóbal, on Champvallon's now justified tip, had sold these very contracts to them. They viewed him as a crystal-gazer, and wanted him to devise ways and means for countering the curved images they saw in the bowl. Lanson revealed a plan. "We have obtained the co-operation of an unofficial section of the German embassy. Our own was not imaginative owing to the negative recommendations of Monsieur Champvallon. This unofficial section can conveniently be disavowed. The most savant *provocateur* has been sent to trap the Saragossa rebels into the ambush of the Army. Once we get them, the backbone of the revolt is broken. The man is my former associate Herr Leichtentritt."

Leichtentritt! The mathematician, logician, philosopher, violinist, æsthet! Cristóbal made his onslaught. "You have fallen into the trap of the Germans. They wish to use Spain as a bastion against the Allies. If the Germans win, what good are your contracts with Britain, with France? You are ruined either way."

The crazed bankers countered in fear. Anything was better than social revolution. Nothing he could say turned them from their jaundiced reasoning.

He went home. The showdown had come. It was eight years since Ferrer. There had been no serious challenge since that time. What should he do? He paced the room all night. His money was practically all in America. He had nothing to lose. There was no virtue in his siding with the revolution, since his risk was nothing at all. He rummaged the dressing-table. There was the yellow typewritten copy of the Oath of Montjuich. There lay the belt with its inscription burnt in. He put on the belt. Should he fight with that on, the Oath of Montjuich pinned to his shirt next his heart? How could he stand with a Lanson, a Frenchman who had sold out Spain to the Germans to save a precious part of his money? He gazed down at the barricaded city through the

nearly closed shutters. He looked at the streets crowded with poor men in miserable clothes, proudly slinging rifles on old leather belts or pieces of string. Why did he hesitate? What were all his vauntings of revenge for years? Phrases? No. What was pulling him back were his possessions. It did not matter that they were not in danger. They pulled him back, subtly, powerfully. No, no, they must not obtain. He must hurry and get details of Leichtertritt's errand. Freimüller had certainly known, when he said that he had an altogether special task assigned him by the German embassy.

He went to the Crédit Agennais. He repeated the incantation of the Oath of Montjuich to keep him going. "I swear I shall prove worthy in my own person of this high resolve." The startled simple workers' guards let him through when he showed his belt. They were cheered as they read its inscription. He had to take it off to admiring groups. They repeated, "My children, aim well, you are not to blame, I am innocent." "*Viva Ferrer.*"

As he entered the directors' meeting, he saw the plutocracy of Catalonia assembled under one glass dome. A professor of jurisprudence was outlining the legal modalities for declaring a state of war. With the vigorous octopus movement of a cerebrum seizing upon the lesions of the heart, he went over these methods of defeating the strikers. The sycophant decided Cristóbal.

"*Caballeros,*" he began, "it is all very pretty to have a German serve us in counter-revolution, but prudence tells us that a Spaniard must be there to supervise and test his work, for after all it is our country, not his, our money, not his. Which of you are ready for this assignment?" He knew them well enough. There was no conversation. "Then I will go. We must not falter."

There was general approval. Cristóbal received letters from the bankers' committee recommending him to the civil governor at Saragossa. The chamber of commerce at Barcelona were confident the brilliant young millionaire would see to the job being carried out right. Wonderful Pinzón. Back from London to do his bit. And a radical as a boy, with a police record!

He got to Saragossa in a crudely armoured car, going through bad roads in detours, as the highway was picketed by volunteers, peasants with eyes so keen that they could detect the differences between individual plants in a waving field of wheat.

The civil governor's palace looked like a beleaguered castle in the days of chivalry. From its frightened towers could be descried the twin cathedrals, one the symbol of Spanish reaction, the Virgen del Pilar. The civil governor was plain scared. He told Cristóbal that a German gentleman, resident for years in Spain, was representing himself to the workers of Saragossa as the agent of Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. The German had gained a large following among the socialists for co-operating with the anarchists. They were to make a joint terrorist onslaught at four in the morning beginning with a general jail delivery.

The governor preferred to trap the workers, as he had enough arms to clean them up in one operation, but the poor communications made it essential to avoid the attrition of long guerrilla conflict.

Leichtentritt was an invaluable man. An amateur musician, he knew how to set words to the languid but beauty-laden Aragonese folk-songs, and to write revolutionary slogans for their lively *jota* dance tunes. His mathematical knowledge awed and terrified the toilers as they followed his elaborately calculated designs for surprising the jail, and also his chemical formulas for making up bombs, improvised from chance ingredients.

At twelve o'clock Cristóbal slid out of the palace to join the tours of inspection around the apparently peaceful town. The tours were in routine, as the officers knew that Leichtentritt would lead the workers into the four o'clock trap, for which their men were ready posted. Cristóbal remembered the address of Comrade Ruiz, an old agent of the Modern School bookshop. He was pleased with the thought that the richest of all Spaniards was going into this mean house to serve the opponents of all the money he had striven for.

He rapped at the door, and was met by two guards with pointed pistols, extremely trigger-conscious. As he conjectured, the anarchist committee was meeting at Ruiz's house. He asked to talk to the committee, blindfolded. He appeared before them in his fine London clothing, his eyes bound with a cheap red cloth, his ears stuffed with cotton wool, so that he heard voices distorted in quality. He was before six cadaverous men; they were clothed in dungarees and wearing torn espadrilles, but he saw nothing.

He told them the Leichtentritt story. They were handed the

paper of the chamber of commerce authorizing him to act and check up on the services of the German agent. He showed his card of introduction to the civil governor.

The audience listened with cataleptic attention. They and all their fellow-workers by thousands would be wiped out if they did what the German "comrade" had arranged for.

The committee did not ask why Cristóbal did all this. In his excitement he had forgotten the social implications of his clothing. A police spy would never forget his make-up.

Comrade Ruiz was a sensitive man. He whispered, "It is a rich man in the luxury of atonement. I know them. I remember that boy, he worked with Cristóbal Litran in the bookshop in Ferrer's day."

The committee had his hands and feet bound. The trussed-up millionaire was placed in the corner. They wrote to the Socialist committee to send over the German comrade and four leaders, to arrange for the assault on the jail.

Leichtentritt, fat, pudgy, blond, was content. He at last had achieved his hoped-for collaboration.

The socialists were ushered in before the Ruiz committee. Ruiz wasted not a second. "Comrade Hans Frisch, your name is Fritz Leichtentritt, attaché to the embassy at Madrid, graduate of the Technical High School at Karlsruhe. What reasons have you for not being passed before our arms?" The socialists gaped. The Anarchists bound him as he made for his holster. His weapons and papers were surveyed by the committee. He could not deny anything. They knew a hundred details. It was best to die like a man. Recrimination was absurd. Excuses and evasions would sicken the last moment, not delay it.

He spoke. "I have no excuses. I have done my duty as a subject of my Kaiser. I was ordered, I obeyed. I love Spaniards—it was not my personal choice. Spying, double-agency, is terrible to me. I knew what I was leading you into. It was to save the lives of even more Germans. I ask the last favour of writing to my mother. My sister was killed only a month ago in a French air raid over Karlsruhe. My mother now lives in Switzerland. May I?"

Ruiz was opposed. It might be a code message. He was overruled.

Fritz Leichtentritt, sobbing, wrote:

Dearest, ever dearest mamma,

I have been called away by the service of our Kaiser to a distant land which official orders compel me not to disclose. It is a land in which I will be in no further danger. The fragments of knowledge you wore your fingers to the bone to provide will there be used in a more harmonious way. Here in Spain I have served well, but a youthful trait of always looking forward and rarely sideways, has led to an imprudence, and, I must confess, marred my diplomatic career.

The violin I have I am returning to our home. Please ask the embassy to send it on to you, as otherwise I will reveal my address and the terms of my new mission.

I have so often played a Concerto Grosso; I have played with too small a tone. I hope to learn better in my new destination.

Loving little old mamma, I kiss your wrinkled hand, I go over every one of your worn fingers.

Your loving Fritz

As soon as he handed over this letter he was shot down; and buried in quicklime within the hour, on the outskirts of the city. There was little left of him at four o'clock, time of betrayal.

Cristóbal was held by his captors until dawn. In the meantime their scouts had confirmed the truth of the posting of the jail. He had saved the lives of comrades by the thousand. They thanked him. He replied by advising them to rely on mass industrial action instead of terrorism, as the latter offered too much opportunity to police *provocateurs*. Several anarchists replied that they still thought it superb reserve tactics.

They let him out into a remote street. He got back to the castle and was admitted as the committee restored his own useless papers. He advised the governor that he was seized as a bourgeois, and his captors must have been *au courant* with the trap, as they had taunted him with thinking they were so naïve as to fall into it.

In the blinding morning sun Cristóbal, without one scrap of sorrow for the lifeless intellectual, citizen, and son, Leichtentritt, walked on the balcony with the unhappy governor. The sweat not only came out of the governor's frightened forehead, it stuck in cakes, as he wondered why his coup had not come off, and what must be the next move of such wonderfully informed conspirators.

Cristóbal, to confuse him further, suggested that men like Leichtentritt were really Azeffs. "You see, Your Excellency, they are

agents of the police against the rebels, but they take a triple dealer's delight in mystifying the police also. They love to wreak vengeance on their employers for what they esteem to be the degradation of their employment." This complicated set of dolls within dolls, like the Russian roly-poly varnished wooden toys, was too much for the Boeotian mind of the governor. He was happy to see Cristóbal depart. He feared so much thinking.

The anarchists were guaranteed. The fate of Leichtentritt was never clearly known, except within their circles. His farewell letter was posted from Barcelona by Cristóbal.

Cristóbal, at last, remembered his love.

Dear Joan,

I have delayed my return to London on account of the events of which your newspapers give a better account than a lover need rehearse. It has been necessary for me to bring about the death of an old acquaintance in one of those crises where the choice of our acts is not in our hands. It is better that you come here. If not, let me meet you at Perpignan.

Has your love gone that you never write me?

Cristóbal (in attendant love)

The answer was direct

Cristóbal,

You have come into my life as a portent, you cross its orbit as an assassin, I am to judge. Stupid travail: that joins you to a million others in field, wood and wave. The nights are hot and close. I miss your cool breath on my body. I shall come to the South of France as you suggest, that I may live again. Await me at Cannes.

"Not love but love's embodiment."

Joan (a round hand, a heavy heart)

It was all too trivial. The life of Leichtentritt deserved more than badinage.

Back in Barcelona Cristóbal found a more clever policy than that of the bankers, advocated by radical politicians who were impressed by the danger of the continuing labour disorders, and convinced that guns were no permanent answer.

Their idea was a revival of the one he had suggested two years before to Lanson, the patness of which showed how natural was his

arrivisme. The scheme was to utilize mass discontent by forcing compulsory unionism in industries, raising wages considerably and rallying the liberal sections of the Army to overthrow Alfonso and establish a quasi-Socialist, but pro-Ally republic. The rich were to be reimbursed for their concessions to Spanish labour by the subsidies of England and America, America, above all, that geyser of wealth.

"Nearly every Latin-American country has been towed into the war by that mighty tug, the United States; even Portugal has thrown her worthless soldiery into the war. Spain alone of the Latin sisters will be neglected in the peace treaties! She may even be plundered. She has done too well out of the war." It was Lanson repeating the stolen argument of Cristóbal in all its deformation.

In the cafés along the Ramblas, vociferous radicals seemed one howling mouth for this "progressive policy." Lerroux, under his fierce moustaches, attempted to rally the pickpockets of the Paralelo. Blasco Ibáñez called out for cloudy idealism. The French private bankers, through their indirect representatives, were rumoured by Lanson to be backing him. The Circes sought hard to convert the workers into the swine of the profit trough. They had to reckon with the newly rising forces of the C.N.T. and the more wary socialist trade unions. Both had seen the fate of other national parties that listened to the same swan song in 1914.

Cristóbal thought it over. Only about a fifth of Spain lived on industry and commerce. Socialist revolt was therefore impractical. Half the people, more, in fact, could not read and write. In most of the country, the priest and the *cacique* ruled everything. Why not strive for the best possible? If the Allies paid for the cost of improving the condition of the workers, everybody would be better off. Labour would gain solid and permanent advantages. So long as no troops were furnished to the Allies, who would be the losers? Only the clerical pro-German clique of Alfonso. Who cared for them?

Cristóbal, half-convinced, pleaded at the C.N.T., headquarters of anarchist trade unions. He promised an advance of 20 per cent in wages, he revealed his services at Saragossa as the gauge of his sincerity and title to gratitude. He was shown the door. His money rang, but found no echo.

The rebellion reawakened and was worse than ever. The main

line from Barcelona to France was blown up for a mile. The signal stations were all burning. The next day long trains of munitions wagons were dynamited, the workers using some of their load to explode them. The remainder was utilized for the revolt. On Thursday all railways in Spain stopped working. Every move of the General Strike was beautifully, efficiently, sequentially directed. Every attempt to turn the strike into other channels was blocked.

The military juntas offered compulsory unionization if the workers joined the anti-Alfonso-Maura policy. The next days passed quietly, then the walls of Barcelona were covered:

TO THE GENERALS OF SPAIN:

You invite us to join a pronunciamiento.

You have always acted hitherto as the enemies of the people.

We have no reason to trust you.

Move first.

Overthrow Alfonso and his clique. Establish the Federal Republic. Legalize workers' councils. Put the control of the police into the hands of the trades unions.

Then we shall co-operate, but not a moment before.

We shall co-operate for Spain and for Spain alone. No alliance with either the Allies or the Germans.

For our fellow-workers abroad, everything; for the governments abroad, nothing.

We await your acts.

THE FREE COMMUNES OF CATALONIA

"The ideological fools," murmured Cristóbal as he passed the flaming red posters with all the insignia of revolution. "They are so mad about their symbols they have forgotten the purpose of anarchism."

The reply closed the doors. The prestige of the banking clique of Lanson and the brilliant Cristóbal Pinzón went down before that of the Jesuits and grandees, opponents of even the appearance of concessions.

That afternoon, the lank Freimüller, and the Provençal lyrist, Dupleix, visited Cristóbal. His old chums had become the intellectual animators of the strikers. They personified, in their friendship in wartime, the International.

"You wretched schemer," began Freimüller *accelerando*, in choler, "with your new plans you have sought to deflect the hopes of a million workers by throwing before them the corpse of Leichtertritt. He should have been killed, but not by you."

But Dupleix protested. He had an infinitely gentle manner. His measured speech was imperiously necessary by reason of his scansion; he spoke without harsh stresses and in warm Catalan sought to convert, not accuse.

"Dear Cristóbal, strange rumours have reached me of the wealth in your pockets. Alas, I see no such wealth in your veins. Money is of little service to our cause. Sometimes in the twilight when we try to catch the last gleam of the sun, as we dare not illumine our secretariat for fear the police might spy us, I think that what every rich man spends on a strumpet in a cabaret would pay for three manifolding machines, and spread thousands of circulars.

"I try then to enlist rich men to help redress this tipped balance of so much money on one side, that of power, so little on our own, which humorists call *freedom of the press*. But I don't want a peseta from you. When you entered the Crédit Agennais, I said to Champvallón, I recall, "He is twisted, thwarted. There is a sediment of viciousness but he is capable of great adolescent enthusiasm." I have watched you become rich. I, Dupleix, poet, have never lost faith in you. Your immense schemes, so learned but so vain, prove you are a giant. Your ungrateful task at Saragossa cried high your need for salvation. Stop seeking to be practical about the cause of labour. As an old anarchist I appeal to you. Your wealth is only a fever of youth. You are ripening—you will soon be rotten-ripe. The tocsin of freedom is heard in Russia. It has the bass clang of socialism to my ears; but still it rings.

"Cristóbal, what holds you back? Can you buy anything as good as the love of a free woman? Can you command other men? Who can? He thinks he commands, he influences their outward behaviour towards him. We need your special ability. We are

not good at stratagems needed to match the dishonest, clever agents of the State. Join us, old companion, old friend."

The moment had come. There was no escape. To gain time, Cristóbal fumbled. "And your country, Dupleix, at the foot of Prussia?"

"Am I fighting the battles of the rich French?" said Dupleix. "When one is dead, one is no longer French. I am faithful to nearly two million French dead, to a million wounded, and to the Germans martyred to the same fetishes."

"The man follows his money," cried Freimüller. "He sees nothing that he cannot measure and weigh. Honesty, sacrifice, love are outside his world. Dear comrade, we have more useful tasks."

They shuffled out, and Cristóbal, in a shower of shame, his head reeling at the hatred of his only dear friends, rushed into the hall. They had left. He bumped into Lanson.

"The boys just passed me on the staircase in a hell of a hurry," he reported. "Able boys, those, though they never just seemed to get the spirit of banking. You, on the other hand, caught on just a little too fast for my comfort, eh, Cristóbal. Both those lads have a ticket a kilometre long at the Sûreté, their fate will be pretty bad if they are taken in overt acts in Barcelona." He cleared his throat. "It was they that wrecked the Port Bou munitions ship." He chatted nervously for a second. He then excused himself and went downstairs. He got into his old Levassor car, and thought over why, as head of the chamber of commerce, he had not denounced the two anarchists. No, it was impossible. He could not sink so low—even he was restrained by his boyhood Lycée radicalism.

He was spared the temptation. His car drove down, and as he passed, he saw the two men in the hands of police officers, protected by soldiers. That night, in the strike-breaking news leaflet issued by the emergency council of the chamber of commerce he read:

TWO FOREIGN TROUBLEMAKERS SHOT AT MONT- JUICH, DURUTTI SOUGHT

This afternoon in the Caspe in front of a milk bar the valiant Lieutenant Cabanellas, accompanied by two men in plain

clothes, approached two individuals who were speaking in French, and declared, "You are Durutti, you his aide." He accused them, "You blew up the Lérida bridge." The two men stated they were tourists and showed passports in the name of Étienne Marat and Claude Baboeuf. A cursory examination showed, of course, that these were the names of sanguinary terrorists of the French Revolution, assumed by these emulating assassins. The passports were genuine, issued by collusion. After the usual police persuasion they avowed they were named Freimüller and Dupleix, ex-employees of the Crédit Agennais, whose manager, M. Lanson, dismissed them for disloyalty, and, we understand, dishonesty.

It was proved they were not with Durutti at Lérida, but were guilty of sabotage at Port Bou. Dupleix, a Provençal poetaster, is undoubtedly a separatist from France, and only illustrates to what depths particularism can descend. A warning to Catalan nationalists who would reduce the unity of Spain! It was decided that the Austrian Freimüller was an agent of the Central Powers, utilizing the naïve Provençal sentiments of Dupleix. They were brought before the Council of War at Montjuich. The court gave them an unusually long and thorough hearing of ten minutes for each case. Despite the eloquent plea of counsel, named by the Captain General, they were found guilty, shot instantly and buried in the common ditch beside the fortress. The Captain General declared, "So perish all enemies of the King! Spaniards are rarely capable of such crimes. It is only when the alien tongue seduces that trouble occurs in our beloved land, pearl among nations." We applaud the exalted sentiments of His Excellency, vindicator of order, the scourge of terrorists.

Monsieur Lanson sighed, and took some more *café fine*. He had eaten well, but he did not feel altogether too happy to see young men dead, despite the congratulatory peroration in the strike-breaking paper issued by his committee.

Cristóbal read it that night, overcome. The last speech of the pure Dupleix and the sentimentalism of Freimüller rang in his memory.

Cristóbal could not wait. He went to the police and used his

prestige to obtain full information. He was allowed to proceed to the fort late at night. He claimed the bodies, as old friends, but military regulations denied them to him. The officer of the day greeted him. It was the retiring Don Jesús Larranaga, companion of Captain Francisco Galceran, defender of Ferrer, of an old Liberal family, and an exceptional army man in everything. He recounted the story with great care.

"Half dead the two men were taken before the council of war. Their lips were swollen, they had obviously been kicked about, their thumbs were squeezed to compel them to reveal their identity. When Freimüller came to, he smiled with an angelic sweetness and said, 'Comrade Dupleix, are we dead?' The other prisoner murmured, coming out of his half-dream state, the old atheist phrase, 'Death is Oblivion.'

"They were dragged before the council of war and given a hypodermic injection to make them stand up and be aware of the horrors to befall them. They rose in statuesque style from their swoons like the monuments of the dead arising to testify for all eternity. It was ghastly and awe-inspiring. The Captain General raged for a few minutes. Again they began to lose their understanding. The accused men were kicked into listening.

"The defence counsel was Major Montijo, of the family of ex-Empress Eugénie of France. He said, 'I hereby record my belief that these men are not guilty. That is all, Mr. President.' They were pronounced guilty of sabotage and ordered shot. As they faced the squads they were denied blindfolds. They held hands and spoke quietly to each other: 'For the International. Where is Cristóbal? Oh, not with us.' The other replied, 'Let us hope for our countries.' They tried inarticulate phrases in French and in German, but they were very weak. The volley covered their pathetic words."

Don Jesús Larranaga had always been proud of his meticulous précis-writing at school. Don Cristóbal Pinzón was sick and could scarcely make his adieux. Don Jesús understood and ushered him out.

Cristóbal turned from the scene and was condemned like the murderer to pass the house of his victim. He was compelled to descend by the very spot on which he had given the Oath of Montjuich. "Preserve me from the corroding vice of cynicism

from the steadying hand of a warning sanity." He could not hear his own voice, he was terrorized. Buy off those echoes, Cristóbal, buy them off; you have a billion dollars.

He descended towards the Paralelo, filled, since the police repression, only with the *Lumpenproletariat*.

His weary brain was comforted by the electric lights on the lively main streets. They were modern, insistent, garish. They helped to drive away the sombre thoughts on the lonely, dark mountain. He walked quickly down the Calle San Pablo past the darkened shops with their fat garlic strings, dark-red sausages of horse and mule, and double-beaked wine carafes. In every shop were humble people whose ardent support had been lent to the crushed revolution. They were back to the permanent jail of the poor. But what of this? There is so little to be made out of them, so much out of the grand markets. Where are the grand markets? In the high places. (Cristóbal, hear again.)

There is one refuge for men. Think of the Lady Joan, Cristóbal, her words so jewelled, the eyes of Dupleix and Freimüller so cold. Her wit is so quick on rich food, her spirits are so nimble on fine wines, her carriage is so stately on rich stuffs, her passions are so fiery on the broad base of idleness. That billion dollars, Cristóbal, it rings out the wedding bells; and Dupleix and Freimüller hear only an ugly tolling.

A woman sleeps in Gerona, and asks, "Where are the odourless lilies of Montjuich?" She gives you promise: "I shall bloom again but in another name." (Hear her again, Cristóbal.) But I am in a hurry, I think of Russian bonds. What a fortune on the bear side. Conchita, how little is your dead voice, how it cries like a sick child under the clink and the clank of a billion dollars.

Tear out of your heart the talisman. The belt of Ferrer is of cheap leather; there are such beautiful ones at Swaine and Adeney's in Piccadilly. The tattoo is crude; art is so finished! Take back the ugly old watch with its comic old picture, it cannot compare with the retouched beauties of fashionable photographers. Tear up the Oath of Montjuich, it was sung by a young man for poor men. There is money everywhere, and Dupleix and Freimüller are too dead to grasp it. O potent billion dollars, that takes it all.

I have saved the lives of thousands of comrades in Saragossa (I who could save millions). Thank me for that, damned ones

of the earth. Do not relax your grimace of gratitude, for I the rich man have betrayed my glass in betraying my class. Pretty alliteration, but a billion makes a tinkle—a pretty noise in a brass heart.

He recovered himself. The first refuge of a banker, when in mental confusion, is to plunge into speculation. Dupleix and Freimüller were rejected into futility, and the uneasy spirit of Cristóbal went back to the absorbing pursuit of profits. The revolt of Spain was over for a fair time, the revolt in Russia was advancing. One was "history," the other "illusion." Money can only be made on history.

In Paris and in London, despite the Moscow government's decree of absolute repudiation, speculators were still paying 50 per cent for Russian bonds, convinced that German intervention or the subsidized rising of tsarist officers would soon put an end to the Red conspiracy. Then the coupons of Russian imperial bonds would be dipped again in the vodka of revived Russia, and their pungent odours delight the nostrils of *rentiers*. Cristóbal recited to himself the old English nursery rhyme of Humpty-Dumpty his mother had taught him. When an institution like tsarism cracked, it was clear that forces sufficiently powerful to dynamite that mountain retained explosive powers. No matter what happened Russian bonds must continue to fall. The supply of these bonds was practically unlimited. There was no danger of being squeezed for delivery.

It was an ideal market. The alarms and rumours about Russia would always result in panic sales so copious that a bear could frequently buy back to advantage, then sell again. He went to the reopened telegraph office, and sent messages to London, Paris, Zürich, New York, selling Russian bonds for thirty days' delivery.

Within thirty days, the definitive victory of Lenin sent the bonds from 50 per cent to 40 per cent. He profited. Before Brest-Litovsk he sold again. The fearful terms, onerously placed on Russia by Hoffmann, reduced their value to 20 per cent. Again he profited. He had to reduce the scope of his operations because the market was one-sided. There were fewer and fewer gamblers who would back their hopes of Russian restoration with hard cash.

There was an automatic need for Cristóbal to pursue the bear

speculation in Russian bonds. In an obscure way he felt he was equating the death of his two comrades by cracking the confidence of finance-capital in the possibility of overthrowing Lenin. He contributed to the defeat of reaction at its own expense, like the Irish Catholic navvy who was astounded to find that one could be paid for the pleasure of tearing down Protestant churches.

At last his sensitivity, honesty and maturity got the better of him. He rejected the idea of gambling in Russians as a propitiatory offering and continued it as just another business.

One night Frank Robinson brought him a letter from Mundheim. He read:

Dear Don Cristóbal,

The American Army has found me in the savannas of the Congo. I have been summoned to serve in France. You and I can go over the work in Africa at intense length and depth. I believe that you have here, what you originally expected, the greatest copper deposits discovered in half a century, and that you and your Belgian associates have an empire in hand, perhaps greater than Cecil Rhodes dreamed of and nearly achieved. The vision of Cortez is certainly in you. But regrettably, I think. It will be ten years before you can recover costs. Empire building is for young men who have acquired already the patience of middle-aged men. In Europe you will hear from my unconvincing and loud mouth the results of two years' work.

Sincerely,

Fritz Mundheim (U.S.A. Reserve)

So the empire was a ten-year job! Disappointments and tragedies were a moment's affair, but construction was to cover a decade.

When Frank Robinson read that ultimately Cristóbal would have an empire in hand, he had an idea.

"Chief," he said, "I must ask for an increase. You know, I co-ordinate your hundred companies. I am busy here in the offices at the Colón, in the Basinghall Street offices. It is a feat to keep them going, and £5,000 per annum is a pretty poor payment for what I do."

"Frank, I am going to do something that will shock you. For the first time, I say, 'No.' It was my genius that conceived these hundred companies, all adapted to the laws of different lands and states, all constituted curiously, interchanging losses and

profits in such a way that we pay only such taxes as we must, so as not to look like obvious criminals. You suffer from the illusion that he who has to be a clerk in a crystal cavern of illusions has participated in the brilliant setting. Now, here is what I suggest. You remember and remember to your dying day that I have genius (with faults I will discuss later) and that you have the cheaper virtue of common sense, more steady, but also, as its name implies, more common. I am reserving you for a task in England for which I will pay you beyond your present hopes. I have to kill four men. Not like Pokorny, but with turns of the knife as elegant, complex, brilliant, as the cluster of tax-evading companies you now command with your little army of unknowing clerks. In the meantime draw yourself another £1,000, so that you can hate me for my refusal with a better grace."

"Chief, you have never been the same chap since Dupleix and Freimüller were done in. Twenty letters from Lady Joan, no reply from you. Six months without seeing her, still you do not fly to Cannes. Not that I mind!"

"Nor she to Barcelona."

"But that is fear, fear of civil war."

"Frank, you are damned disrespectful. No, what is bothering me is a fit of introspection. Am I a cad? Am I a weakling? And I am now determined. I am only a kid. A billion dollars at twenty-five has fooled me into the belief that the rest of me equals the economic lunatic. I will achieve my dreamed-of vengeance on a system that produces only misery, despair, and death for nine-tenths of mankind. But I can only scale this height if I make good on a smaller hill, just as I could not make big money until I held up the Arequipa crowd for a forced commission on the money I got from the gospel-spreaders of the Rue de Babylone."

"Chief, you have to get these four chaps first."

"Precisely. Now let me have the sheaf of letters from my lady. It is time to answer the last one, at any rate."

It was sent from the Hotel Miramar at Cannes, and read:

January 25, 1918

Cristóbal,

I have been moving from one luxury caravanserai to another, but though the hotels are different, the flirtations are the same. The fourth winter of the war has given us a change: the Americans.

Some mouth the quaint Wilsonian idiom, others are frankly play-boys. Most pose as hard-boiled, but for the jaded palate of a British lady of quality such as myself, they are a fresh taste. I was dancing the new jazz dances, or melodies, or whatever these new things are, with a vegetarian poplar-tree from Texas or some other windy spot. This single-tax Yankee hay-eater is full of dry theories that have as little scope as the one step. He tells me our European dances are based on larger floor space, because they originated in country castles, based on rents received for wide areas of plain and valley, whereas the restricted space, high land values, and intense rent per square foot on Manhattan Island compel dancing in a circumscribed area. Hence the fox trot, ideally adapted to an American landlord's exigencies. This cadastral theory of dancing wore me out, as did his heavy tread. Besides there is a chaste odour from the mouths of hay-eaters: I yearn for the Andalusian singer, dancer, image-pourer, word-drunk, who once ate up my flesh, and who shall do so again, I pray, in the near future.

No love until then.

Your Joan

Joan's letter was answered mechanically. At the moment nothing in her thinking, nothing in her charms, corresponded to the worries, fevers, hopes of Cristóbal. He spent much time thinking over whether his love for her was still living: he decided it was, and as the days went on, it came back in all its warm colours.

He was about to leave for Cannes when a new curse came upon Barcelona and transfixed him in that theatrical city.

XXII

KING PEST

THE "Spanish influenza" began with the accompaniment of humour of the journalists; witty columnists in Paris, in the intervals between funks caused by renewed German cannonading, referred to it in the same way as "Spanish lotteries," the "Spanish fandango," or, above all, the "Spanish prisoner." "A common cold has taken on a new name, at last it aspires from its plebeian state to the dignity of special disease." The poet André Salmon, in the birth throes of futurism, wrote

*On l'attrape, on la donne,
La peste est dans la maison.*

It served as a brazen burlesque on the scourge of Spain.

There had been influenza epidemics before. The feature writers were busy discussing the 1889 visitation, and the doctors, with the waving-away hand of Sir Oracle, dismissed as childish the typical "Spanish colour" of reports from Barcelona.

For all these soon-to-be-bedridden wiseacres, there was an uneasy feeling that this was a pandemic, not comparable to previous visitations. It made a grim running commentary in the newspapers to the competing death weapon of shell and poison gas. Never did the Seventh-Day Adventist have better reason to think that the surfeit of evil and horror was so intense that the Millennium must be at hand to redeem all souls.

The pandemic reached such proportions that it soon engulfed the rich, the cynical, the eaters as well as the starvers. It took back in compound interest in the coffin what it had loaned out in profits for the short days of the war.

Barcelona was terrified by a mad professor of plant physiology, who walked through the Rondas with the same hoarse cry of science as that of the awful prophet in the Plague of London

who had croaked all night long, "Oh, the great and dreadful God," until the cry pierced the windows of the stricken, and they yielded up the ghost in terror.

The mad professor pointed out with crepuscular glee that all the chestnut trees in New York State and other places beyond the seas, had been attacked by a malady absolutely new and one hundred per cent fatal.

"Yes, friends," called out the botanist, "the chestnut tree that has graced the earth for countless millenniums, through every variation in climate, through infinite changes in the soil, has at last found its specific foe. The germ emerged late but he spared not one tree. So it is with us, fellow-men. The Spanish influenza is our end. Man, you pestilential ape, you have swung from trees and lost your tail, you have fought the ice age, you have escaped storm and war for long, long, ever so long ages. But, insensate ape, your day is at hand. Your passion for destruction has become so indecent that nature will spare you from consuming each other. She has sent this germ, your relentless foe. Not one of you will escape."

The learned professor pirouetted his way through the streets. He was disconsolate when anyone recovered, but he swore their immunity was temporary. He would rather have seen all men perish than his darling theory be disproved.

He was eagerly sought after by the sensational newspapers. This man, whose laugh was clothed in cerements, declaimed on the pest. It would destroy only as much as the Black Death, from a third to the half of Europe. Then it would spread to the Orient, where the debile constitution of the natives would give way before it, exactly as the consumption and syphilis of the white man had ravaged the South Sea islanders. Gauguin, the exotic artist, had found the men of the Marquesas become citizens of death's realm by reason of the new diseases brought by the immunized Europeans. The white man's plague would bring down the whole of Asia, more surely than Genghis Khan. It would then come back on the miserable remnant of Europeans, still further wasted by war, and decimate the survivors. The professor, everyone noted with some relief, permitted of some survivors. Man apparently was a tougher growth than the New York State chestnut trees.

Partisans formed in the grim debates. Some thought the plant physiologist right, and resigned themselves; others clung to the older solace of the crucifix, notoriously inefficient throughout the Middle Ages.

Charlatans did a thriving business. A hundred useless nostrums were sold in every apothecary's shop until the dispensers of healing syrups and tablets themselves succumbed and shut up shop. Gas masks and protection nose guards, fabricated in any old way, were sold quickly by hawkers who reaped ten pesetas for devices to hold off fell death, where the same buyers could not have produced a centimo for the comforts of life.

The cafés were crowded with doctors, their pockets stuffed with pesetas. They were smoking fine Filipino and Havana cigars. The medicos were looking more and more beefy and prosperous as the whole of stricken Spain poured offerings into the laps of these useless servants of unknowing science. They were so avid of profit that they disdained the risks of infection from close assembly, and in their few spare hours from attending miserable patients, they played chess with Spanish fury, and drank excellent coffee.

The lawyers buzzed everywhere to make up wills and codicils in the city of the yellow flag. As they fell before the malady, the surviving lawyers worked themselves into fevers to reap the unexpected harvest of money. The priests were equally busy in collecting votive offerings and other rewards for conspicuous inutility. Actors and dancers entertained the healthy and the recovered with gruesome parodies on the disease, now the fixation of the town.

Never before had the real function of the "cultured professional classes" come out so clearly, as in their rape of the poor, under the constellation of the plague.

The undertakers, the cemetery associations, stonecutters, nephews that had waited far too long, sons-in-law coming in on dower remainders—all that masquerade did well. On the other hand the life-insurance underwriters and directors met with sick, soulful glances, and were so weak from losses that they themselves fed the carrion crow in short order. Mathematicians vied with professional actuaries in revising life-expectancy tables,

but the more they loaded the dice against the policy-holders, the faster death shook the bones out of their actuarial hands.

The fat churchyards of Spain disquieted the rich. Despite France's being at war they went in droves to the Azure Coast to escape what they fondly thought a local affliction.

King Pest dragged and tracked after his rebellious subjects. He caught them in Nice and Monte Carlo. They fled to St. Moritz for sun and air: he had an Alpine agility surpassing Whympers.

Cristóbal, Anatole, and Frank Robinson were unaffected by the disease. The three exposed themselves in the avenues and public places of Barcelona, without fear or protective apparatus. Cristóbal had a nearly astrological theory that he would be spared. He refused to leave for Cannes in any case, for if he were mistaken as to his immunity, he had better get the disease right away. Frank Robinson disapproved of nerves on principle, and Anatole was too busy with other physiological contacts to pay too much attention to the more subtle invasions of germs.

For the first time, Cristóbal found the schizophrenic prattle of his parasite a complete solace. He was stuffed with new money out of his fantastically large profits in selling down the bonds of an entire empire like Russia. The management of his money was now beyond the clerical abilities of Robinson. It took up the slack of his interests. Cristóbal waited for the end of the pest as a good merchant, with ample resources, looks for the end of a bad spell in business.

In March the plague abated, and spread to other countries. The French consulate had now traced Anatole, and ordered him to report at Toulouse for military service, which he had so long dodged. He haunted brothels more than ever from the twin fear of influenza and conscription. No one could ever catch him at home. He was so convinced that in the sexual embrace, the dangerous fluids of the body were eliminated, with all their humours of disease, that he held on to women with, even for him, extraordinary devotion. No Japanese samurai of the feudal age was ever so assiduous in attendance at the Yoshiwara.

He begged Cristóbal for extra spending money. If he could only drink champagne 1915! He had a conviction that the superb crop of that year was due to a mixture of shells sunk in the soil,

powder in the air, dusting the grapes, and the excrement of a million soldiers in the fields of Champagne. Nauseating brews, ever the favourite of alchemist and wizard, voodoo man and wise woman, have been reckoned the sure cure of obstinate disorders. Cristóbal wondered whether happiness is not found in the childlike smutty brain, its native home, perhaps, since it serves the reproductive needs of the species.

A sincere letter from Lady Joan, practically an ultimatum, arrived. She had a touch of the new disease: would he come to Cannes there to sit beside her? "There can be no coward fears for you, you have sat for months at the bedside of a nation: you can resist the infection of one woman." He was about to leave for Cannes, when a second wave of the infection set in, and carried along the three heroes of the first wave, with a power denied to the first crop of victims.

Frank Robinson slept in the next room to his master and took on a servant's jaundice. Cristóbal rediscovered the green tones always implicit in his olive complexion. The Leporello was brought back on a stretcher from the red-light district, murmuring in fever some strange Breton invocations. His memory evoked the resources of early superstition. He cowered at the idea of death, it was strange to hear the continuous child whining in the foyer where the poor little pimp breathed so badly.

The three men reverted to their original patterns. The selective germs of influenza called up the deeps of their childhood, and stripped them of the overlays of youth.

The three wisely refused all aid, except that of professional nurses, who kept them clean, comfortable, and lightly nourished. The champagne, which had been drunk too much previously by Anatole to help him now, was poured out to the sober Cristóbal and Frank, and averted pneumonia. Peremptory letters from Lady Joan were concealed by the nurses so that Cristóbal had no worries to interfere with his recovery.

He was propped up on his convalescent pillow and read with enjoyment the long description of the plague at Milan in *Il Promessi Sposi*. He continued to absorb, in an appropriately black bathrobe, stretched out on a chaise-longue, the verisimilitude of Defoe's gloomy journalism in his account of the Plague year.

After carefully examining Defoe's inimitable trick, he decided that the specific chestnut-tree theory belonged to the yellow journalism of science.

Anatole was the last to recover. Love, in which he had hoped for a cure from the influenza, had given him another malady. Cristóbal had the inspired scheme, upon his full recovery, to submit him to the consul of France at Barcelona for army medical examination, since in his weakened state from two concurrent disorders he was sure to be rejected for service.

Alas, he was passed. As the consul observed justly, the ravages of influenza immunized him against further attacks, and the other malady, if used as an excuse, would result in the war being fought only by anchorites, eunuchs and spiritually intact members of the Evangelical Church, and thus be reduced to the dimensions of a football match.

So Anatole was taken by painstaking jailers, to be drafted into the Army of the French Republic. He was held in quod at Toulouse, and was to be examined in a week.

He then thought of a delicious subterfuge.

He would appear before the military council in Toulouse, immediately take out a lipstick, rouge his lips with ostentation, powder his nose with a large downy powder puff, and kiss violently the examining officers. He would then be rejected as a moral leper and as a danger to the discipline of the French Army. He carefully rehearsed the business, even to the extent of darkening the eyes with kohl. His cheeks ran with mascara as he laughed to tears about this trick.

At Toulouse barracks he passionately kissed the colonel commanding and was amazed to see himself accepted with intense enthusiasm. The colonel was quite of the same manners as his imagined self. He was rejoiced to have a mistress as his orderly. Poor Anatole was in the Army now.

Then, to incur the colonel's indignation, he revealed his true character of irrepressible lover of womankind, and the chagrined and rightly indignant colonel punished him by making him clean lavatories, especially those fouled by Berber conscripts.

The succession of miseries, of losing his easy post as non-functioning pander to a billionaire, of influenza, of acute venereal disease, and finally of punishment by degradation for having

normal appetites, was too much for the miserable fellow, who covered the toilet seats with tears before he scrubbed them. He was almost glad to die when he was sent up to the Hindenburg line to vanquish the Germans.

At Bergerac he bought *La Vie Parisienne* and *Le Sourire*, old rusty copies, and regaled himself with them on the freight truck on which he and a thousand other donkeys were being conducted to the universal abattoir. At Paris he regained recollection and found his way to an ex-lady-love, who was busy in a house of joy assigned to a regiment of the line. He promptly deserted. The ever-faithful dame secreted him in the attic, where she covered her lover with warm, loyal, wifely embraces. The madam of the specialized regimental house used him to count up the receipts at night and do the book-keeping of the money culled from the heroic defenders of liberty in their weaker moments.

Cristóbal, while regretting the loss of his garrulous rabbit, was agitated by the fate of Joan, and received no reply to his wires. He was tired of Barcelona, so full of money, so empty of fun. He wound up all Spanish commitments, no matter how slight, and closed the office. Frank was exiled to London, to stew from nine to seven every day in Basinghall Street. It was with a bit of emotion that he took down the brass plate: FRANCISCO PINZÓN Y HIJO. Poor papa, your unworthy son has not yet honoured your testament.

It proved later to be an excellent move. The peseta was to smash against the dollar, and values in Spain were at the top, to suffer a rude shock when armistice rumours circulated. But Cristóbal's real motive was to rejoin his lady.

He left the crowded lazarettos, the fresh-dug graves, the fat doctors, the mad Bourse, the rabble of gilded war evaders. The poor had revenged themselves. They turned their undernourishment into influenza and in this way paid the rich with infection. The stonemasons were busy on splendid new mausoleums, built out of war profits. The railways passed the route of stonemasons, swung into clean hills, and then entered France, now a double charnel house, war and disease preying together on her disappearing people.

It was the end of May. The trains moved at under twenty miles an hour, as the good rolling stock had been commandeered

for the first concerted offensive of the Allies that summer. This funereal pace seemed the correct rhythm for the then state of Man. He repeated to himself the sonorous ode of Jules Laforgue for the interment of the terrestrial ball, when its day should come.

Jules Laforgue? No. It was the time of a Jeremiah walking in the valley of beasts. There croaked the raven Lansdowne, there mewed the eagle Lenin, and, circling over the lot, there cawed the crow Woodrow Wilson. He let the cheese fall to the flattering fox Balfour. Only money and love survived: they were his.

He hummed the old refrain of *The Magic Flute*: "*Dies bildnis ist bezaubernd schön.*" Mozart's hunger too: the genius needs somewhere to sleep, somewhere to recover his forces.

A stillness had come over the southern parts of France. Troop trains were arrested, for the yellow flag had replaced the tricolour over the barracks. Pale soldiers in fatigue-clothing jerked coffins on to open wagons to be sent back to those peasant and artisan families that had fed these corpses soup and omelets for so many years, to this end. The accompanying guard sat on the crude boxes, and smoked the new American cigarettes that at last made the war tolerable.

Everything was late that year. The grass was brown and dry, and the red hills of the Maures and the Estérel had more than their usual appearance of blasted antiquity. Nature mourned for Man.

At Cannes there was a general silence. The railway station, ordinarily a hive of gaiety, was still; not a porter anywhere. A kind military governor had replaced the ranks of railway employees (for they were ill) with still healthy reservists, to help officers and decorated gentlemen. As an officer of the Legion of Honour, Cristóbal was saluted.

The waiting limousine carried its dead soul and passed by two hearses carrying *hoi polloi* to their rented homes in the soil, for the poor are denied eternity in the Latin lands. But Cristóbal was wrapped in his "problem" of love, as they passed the luxury villas on the road to Super-Cannes.

They drove into the grounds of Les Glycines, the villa rented by Lady Joan, above it a temporary crest of the Fitz-Grevilles. The villa nestled behind a wilderness of evergreens of all stocks, the pale blue of Norwegian pine and firs contrasting with the dark

umbrella pines, mournfully cutting the clouds. There were two old date palms standing guard on either side of the horseshoe staircase.

The villa was in the Provençal colours of pale green, deep blue, florid pink, and creamy-white walls. Into this laughing style came Cristóbal, to find it hospital-hushed. A nurse walked about with the nursing-home tiptoe that indicates money is ailing and must lie undisturbed in the safety-deposit box of hygiene.

He was escorted to the room of Joan, lying immobile on her back, tucked carefully into an invalid bed, smelling of heavy, fine, clean linen, her warm, sick eyes tilted upwards to the permanent sky of the patient, a white ceiling. He walked in with priestly quiet. Her eyes turned steadily. With a suggested smile she acknowledged her sight of him, and her sight of him as a friend. She was helpless, perhaps mortally ill. She wanted no explanation. She could not have acted like her constant self, the pretended vixen of a Restoration comedy. The many pert speeches she had rehearsed for the occasion fell out of her senses on to the soft pillow, there to be forgotten. She was so glad to lose them there.

His presence helped her to rise in the bed. Her head was honest and free and new strength came into her from her lover's presence. The simple decency and earnestness of the business was new to these complex souls. They were refreshed at being one of the many, of sharing the deepest of all emotions, those that have been the succour of all men in all times. Their hands were clasped with soft, perfectly adapted pressures, theirs was unity. She fell asleep within the minute.

A bed was set up for Cristóbal just outside her room. The peaceful sleep of Joan brought about by happiness and simplicity, lasted fourteen hours, and turned the crisis. The doctor announced that the danger of pneumonia was past. He charged parasites and wasters so much—he gave trading stamps of impudence.

Cristóbal returned to the sickroom more mundane in spirit; conflict with a nasty fellow broke the charm of exquisiteness that had kept him in awe of Joan. Their kisses were more like those of healthy lovers, the spiritual softness of yesterday was past.

The Lady could not speak much, she was still too weak. Cristóbal went out while she slept, and called at the Bank of

France branch in Nice. The Allies were winning some smart successes. If this kept up there would be peace by autumn and the end of war profits. Perhaps (though of this he was not sure) his theory of permanent war was overstated.

It appeared plausible to retreat from the whole of his investments, except the grip on the new copper empire—the Pinzón family tradition. He might be guessing wrong; once a speculator loses form, he rapidly takes the toboggan. He held his hand, but was ready.

Besides which the recent sequence of pest and death had brought up the fashionable desire to "escape to a desert island." There Cristóbal, a mélange of Robinson Crusoe and Paul Gauguin, would lead a peaceful life with his one true love. There the breadfruit would replace *pâté de foie gras*, and the flowing brook be softer than Pommard or Berncasteler. The ukulele would replace the celestial harp in a terrestrial paradise. The seventy-two permanently chaste houris of the Moslem Eden would be fused in their charms in the eternally unchaste Lady Joan.

The recognition that money had made them what they were, and that island life would be without money, broke the spell. The Lady Joan was soon ready for him. They pastured in the paddocks of physical love, resumed in all its luxurious compulsion. The threats of death, just beaten by both, were added to by the warm zephyrous days of June. They soaked in the humidity of passion, their deliquescent loves were fierce.

But they still wanted some strange setting. "I have heard of Castellane, beloved, not far away—grey, dying, deserted, neglected, in rocky hills. I too want a scene in which we are engraved into the horizon, not fused in the vegetation."

They were at Castellane that evening.

They left the coast of pleasure for that fourteenth-century town in the gloomy, sorrowful Lower Alps, there to bury themselves from the world. The crumbling walls, smells of death-damp cellars, romantic stone houses, straggling olive trees, were remote from the war-torn cities of Europe. It was inhabited by peasants, the average age nearing seventy, by a few insolent children whose fathers were at the front. There were a few viable women to do housework. They were lonely, hard-working, tortured by the undisciplined youngsters who knew Daddy was away. The town

was a stake in the past, quiet for the present, no bet for the future.

Cristóbal was at peace. At last he had found something resembling the dreams he had of Conchita Morales, but with a woman how unlike! The walls of Castellane recalled those of Tarragona, but were much smaller. (The innuendo was lost on Cristóbal.)

The fields outside recalled the memorable picnic of his youth. In the crude old farmhouse, without a single convenience, they led the much-needed pastoral sonata, but only in the *andante*.

He wrote one note weekly to Frank Robinson in London. It had two queries:

A—Is peace likely within a month?

B—When will the Americans stop supporting the
£ and the franc?

It was never varied: it reminded Frank to concentrate.

Cristóbal retained a simplicity of outlook in spite of the Homeric catalogue of his companies, his investments, his placements in commodities, factories, currencies. He knew the accidents of history fall under a few crude headings: he did not involve himself in useless detail. He knew how to enjoy a holiday: it was founded on the oblivion he was able to enjoy. If those two questions were answered correctly by Robinson, he had a programme that could be carried out at once.

The lady Joan, lost in caves of degenerate writings, paintings, harmonies, pleased him. He had no governing motives during a holiday; he felt himself in a labyrinth at which each tortuous turning reveals unexpected poison flowers, but in the semi-darkness he never lost his way for he drew after him the silken string of money, which traces all routes.

At night they sat before the old house. He played for her on the guitar the lovely melodies that he had sung as a boy. For every touching *canción típica* his eyes wetted as he thought of his unrevenged papa, of his sister, better, he felt sure, than any other woman, even his lady-love.

His voice held in liquid suspense the mighty sob of his people; then he released it by the hysterical falsetto variations of which he knew a score. He played nightly the gamut of Spanish song. They

slept in the wheat fields at night, and there he intoned in a cathedral-wide baritone, the pearl of Galician songs, the most manly of peasant outpourings, "*Una Noche do eiro in Trigo.*"

His lady reciprocated with the tonal delicacies of Duparc, and tried to adjust that psychically nuanced poetic treatment to the truly musical outflow of Spanish song. Occasionally she escaped from the salon, and sang Hebridean dirges, the wild chants of the Cumberland fells, but in a folklore-ish way; a musty feeling of tomes in the Royal Institution dimmed her rendition. The sweet nights of Provence were not tolerant of this educated style. Their balm rejected all but the natural song of the people.

Cristóbal went afield too. He sang the sun-nurtured songs of Verdi, he rang with the praise of fair Provence from *Traviata*, he cursed his enemies with the ferocity of Battistini in the "*Eri tu*" of the *Ballo in Maschera*, titillated and taunted like Figaro, and proved once more that every son of Seville carries a mordant barber in his razor-case. The subtle lady wondered at her lover cherishing these old opera airs, long after the cultivated taste of musical circles everywhere had left them, a nearly forgotten legacy, by way of barrel organs, to the humble and the backward. But she understood the vitality and suave breath of his singing. He would have traded a thousand Deliuses for one twang of the mandolin tone overtures of Bellini and of Donizetti; the comic *agitato* of *Don Pasquale* was his joy.

They had a good standard holiday. It ended like all good summer holidays in a formal engagement.

A letter from Colonel Mundheim. *Primo*, he was now a general. *Secundo*, he was at Blois, in a base hospital. He wanted Cristóbal to meet him there, or on his next "perm" to Paris. He was reconditioning officers who had failed to adapt themselves physically to the strain of the war. He did not mention copper. He was mad about his assistant, Major Ernest Bosch, another American Teuton, engaged in a pitched battle with older cardiac specialists who insisted that what he termed a "nervous heart" was a chicken liver. Mundheim, stout old fighter, was backing Bosch, who was sick of being termed a "gull for cowards" by dumb higher officers. Bosch saw the opportunity of his life in the Congo. He believed in social medicine and regarded Park Avenue as having quagmired American science.

"The war will be over in a few weeks, my dear Don Cristóbal. I am no fool, you know, I prefer truth to flag-waving. But it is coming to a speedy end." That determined Cristóbal. He must act.

He had lived among aged peasants all summer and had spoken to them of their universe, hay, and rheumatism. He was not overtired with discussions as to the probable end of the war. He had a detached point of view. The holiday paid even in money. For he had lived in a town consistently decaying for five centuries. It lived in chronic defeat. No enemy could harm it more than time itself. It had been an education to inhabit for three months a place so low materially that it was unable to furnish plunder to marauding enemies. He decided to continue the idyll to recuperate his forces, and leave at the end of September for Paris. It would be time enough.

The wedding with Lady Joan was to take place after the imminent victory, when she could have the satisfaction of being married in some stylish pile like St. George's, Hanover Square, or the Margaret chapel that pimples the face of Westminster Abbey, or St. Peter's, Eaton Square, devoted to the landed interest. There she could slap the faces of the men who had braved the enemy for four useless years as she espoused the colourful plutocrat and profiteer from neutral Spain.

She hated dragoons and waxed-face Life Guard officers. She wove into her love her social dislikes. Cristóbal did not suspect that he was an item in these taunts; he fancied she wished to be married in the swank churches of the West End, with full bridal array, only because of the habits of her station. It also befitted his rank as papal count (he laughed), as knight of St. Gregory, as officer of the Legion of Honour.

"Cristóbal," she said, "we must buy our trousseaux in Paris. The morning dress in which these men are married in London is frightful. One needs a moustache to go with the fawn waistcoat, and I shall never permit it. You must be outfitted in Paris. My own trousseau, too. Don't think I am going to allow the court dressmakers of London to bedeck me in any Kate Greenaway costumes. Or in their frights that the ladies of Byron's *Don Juan* got into. No, I like Paquin. He has a really modern line. One that comes from the war. More simplicity, I mean. Now I

don't like our ancestral lace. Our family has worn it and our family has always preferred the heavy to the clever. And none of those cherub children to hold trains and strew flowers. They look so miaouling. I can't stand such goody faces and fairy costumes."

Approaching marriage had certainly converted the futurist lady into the same bride, obsessed with ceremonial and costume, as the long legions of her sisters to whom the day of marriage is the triumphal time, the high and gay time, the *Hochzeit*.

In Paris, there gathered under aeroplane-assaulted skies the jumbled villainies of twenty nations. The war, in fact, was not a hundred kilometres away; it was a thousand away in practical safety. It sat in the city in its domination of thought and talk. He had hoped to see Mundheim, but he had to wait for a few weeks. There was nothing to do but go about buying their wedding outfits, and see when the war was to end.

"Joan," he stipulated, "no matter what happens, our home is to be in Andalusia. Let us say in the winter at Málaga, in the summer in that Granada you were going to when I so kindly interrupted, and once a year to Paris for fashion, taste, and cerebration."

"Agreed, but when the war is over, a dash of Vienna. I am a bit more Central European. You do not understand their immense contribution."

The long autumnal evenings came. They lived in separate apartments in the Place du Palais-Bourbon, so that the omnipresent scandal reporters of London might not find material for their columns. They led a correct life. Lady Joan visited the Castellane family in the rue de Bourgogne, logical after their stay in their ancestral home. Cristóbal dined with bankers. They met for lunch at Marius's, thronged with ministers, under old engravings of historic debates in the Chamber of Deputies, or at Carton's, crowded with deputies, not wholly arrived but pulling strings, or at Foyot's, dedicated to senators, where floral beards wagged state secrets over plovers' eggs.

These statesmanlike blabs were carefully noted by Cristóbal. Peace apparently was a matter of under a month. The surrender of Bulgaria and Turkey were not mere episodes but genuinely indicative.

Cristóbal devoted every waking hour to cleaning up his affairs

for the peace. Everything was to be made as near liquid as possible. War was to be rejected as a basis of life, for a time. He hated even to take advantage of the interval, but common sense reduced his fevers. Even a permanent war epoch must appear to be otherwise, if the statesmen are to jockey for position. They must not wear out the patience of their people who might then use their guns the wrong way.

The two lovers led exalted lives. In the excitement of the coming victory and of their marriage together they felt the richness of days, the fullness of time. The increasing casualties towards the end saddened many Paris homes, hitherto spared, as the German generals, uncomprehending, sought to hold off the evil day. But the chronicle of the fallen was now as wearisome as any other tale that has too long been beaten into the ears. By that time those who wanted to find joy were finding it unalloyed. Everyone was ready for peace. War had spun out its tale of horror. The listeners yawned.

XXIII

PEACE BREAKS A BOOM AND MAKES A CELIBATE

ON November eleventh the brown leaves of the forest of Compiègne looked upon apes in uniforms, covered with trinkets, declaring an armistice: their four-year jungle play was over. Paris celebrated. It was, in a sense, the celebration of an absence, the abscessed tooth was gone, the tongue was licking the open cavity.

Cristóbal and Joan walked pleasantly in the relighted city. Shopkeepers failed to lower their iron shutters for the sheer fun of wasting money on lights. The Rue de Rivoli, illuminated in war only by the moon, saw its once ghostly arcades swell with the lamps set in by the ambitious Napoleon the Third. The Place de la Concorde, with the mobs cheering around the veiled statue of Strasbourg, the redeemed city, was full of the song:

*Rendez-nous nos légions,
Rendez-nous nos provinces perdues.*

The balconies of the Crillon were crowded with American officers who toasted the happy crowd. The decorated taxis were carrying everywhere officers, and men in evening clothes, women dressed as they had never been even in Paris. The sweep of the new styles was something stunning, a four-year chasm separated women from the unshapely *grandes* of the age of Réjane. There was the promise of a new Directoire flowing style. It was good to be alive that night, why think at all?

But Joan did. The happy crowd was too much for her exclusive, pasquinading spirit. She had no wish to taste the joys of commonalty. They decided at ten o'clock to dine at La Pérouse, temple of quiet, immensely wealthy gourmets, in its out-of-the-push location on the Quai des Grands-Augustins.

They crossed the Seine on the Pont des Arts, and looked down the roped lights of the wonderful city, born out of the night, whose...

lamps had gestated these soft lustre pearls for four years in the oyster silence of the war. Before them rose the cupola of the Académie Française, custodian of the shattered traditions, nurse of the dead words, resting place of generals and clerics, the morgue of style. They held hands through these scenes. Even Joan was silent.

At La Pérouse the same incrustated crowd was there who were there every night. The day's news to them was just another boring item in the millennial vicissitudes of France. They drank better *crus* than usual, their spirits were heightened a *rentier's* cubit. Their desiccated ladies felt an anæmic emotion, there was some buzz of conversation.

Lady Joan celebrated for herself with hot hors d'oeuvre, *coq au vin Chambertin*, a *pannequet* for dessert preceded by Porto reserve 1811, then Nuits-Saint-George, Château-Latour, and, for dessert, Château Lafaurie-Peyraguey. She tasted Eau-de-Vie d'Alizier with the coffee. Three of the richest dishes, five of the warmest spirits. Cristóbal retreated, and surprised the waiter by ordering, for that enclave of the servants of the belly, the comparatively simple dish of *Côte de veau forestière* and an ordinary sauterne. "My dear, you are absurd, they will think us greengrocers. I suppose you will even have coffee with cream after your meal? I suppose you are in a rebellious temper, though, dear?"

That settled it. There was always an underlying ill-at-ease aspect of this overlaid romance, for the ex-anarchist. This type of nonsensical upper-class slang boiled up a quarrel. But for the moment Cristóbal was abstracted. Lady Joan found it hard to steer his interests into the harbour of love. His argosies were on uncharted seas. The day's news opened up infinite perspectives. He did not see the pink silk panels, the curtains of Alençon lace, the flowers brought from Corsica, the violets of Parma. His mind was far away, his brain chopping ideas.

* "This is merely an interruption of the cycle of war; from now on it is endemic, mostly civil war. But civil war is cheap compared with those between nations. How can I make money out of short-term internal struggles? I have no war positions, thank God; my decks are stripped for action. Over £300,000,000, the Congo, some English peacetime-use factories, £200,000,000 of it all in American war bonds, the rest in American short-term securities,

or cash. I am out of commodities. Is that intelligent? And my eggs in one basket, America? Her prosperity was made by the war; how good is she in a peace slump? She will have less profits and heavy taxes. Will she retain her supremacy when bunged old England goes forth to recover her lost markets? Why shouldn't I invest in European recovery? Here the appreciation must be fantastic. In America, the factories are over-equipped for peacetime demands. Europe will have to rebuild. Copper is a superb investment because once they rebuild, they will modernize, and go in for electrification on a big scale. My money is large in amount but dead in function." He gulped his soup unknowing.

He thought again: "In wartime speculations of billions can go on unnoticed in the universal reservoir of government buying. But reconstruction, despite government aid, must be done principally by separate capitalists: market manoeuvres are restricted in scope."

The worries of a billionaire are always frightening. They reduced the legendary Rockefeller to living on dry wafers; they reduced the taste of the *Côte de veau forestière* to Cristóbal Pinzón. All flavours, from the palate to the overtones of love, were dulled in the elaborate deductions in which the rich spider wove himself a new cobweb of preoccupations. From the day of Château-Thierry to the armistice, his job had been automatic: stop betting on War. This ease and certainty sustained the seemingly unruffled idyll at Castellane: there he had eaten the lotus leaves of assured profit.

He reflected on transferring his wealth to factories or commodities employed in fabricating goods for civil consumption. The woollen mills at Bradford and Roubaix, the fine cotton spinners of Lancashire, cement factories at Boulogne, brickworks near Soignies, all for the rebuilding of the devastated areas. Why bet on destruction? There was more money in upbuilding. But no rich man can bet only on one pole of the axis, he must hedge on the other. He must sell as well as buy. He looked across the room.

A merry trio of tsarist officers were toasting the restoration of their class in Russia. The power of world capitalism, they laughed, now free, would turn united against Russia, and in a few weeks they would be consuming *blini* and Pojarsky cutlets in Moscow once more. The more Cristóbal heard their vacuum brainpans spinning.

the more he was convinced that such ponderous imbeciles never come back, no matter what outside support they obtain. They were like the French émigrés of 1792. It took the aid of all Europe to make sure they lost their country. Bet on reconstruction in the west of Europe and on revolution in the centre and east. There was the see-saw of cash.

Lady Joan kept on prodding him with vicious remarks. She did not like being neglected, even for errant thoughts. She pretended to rejoice in their "last ghoulish dinner," the last elegant dishes sprinkled with the life of young soldiers, "the garnish of your profits, my donnish darling." Her hitherto attractive and easy inverted epigrams against humanitarianism seemed to her cooling lover to have suffered a change in quality as a result of the peace. While the war was raging, her amusing and intensely brutal, or rather rationally calculated callous remarks, seemed a magic stone of cleverness, set in a swamp of nauseating sentiment. But it seemed vain now that there were so many real tasks to perform.

Across the restaurant, her eyes, cat-concentrated, fixed a brilliant pair of reflecting jet-black pupils, a glinting shaft of light across blue-black hair. There was a horizon-blue uniform, of a captain of the French Army who was carefully scooping snails out of their shells and tasting, with unbelievable slowness and precision, some rare private brand of Chablis. The gentleman smiled in that ambiguous fashion that seemed to say, "There is no dishonourable intention to make a play for you while you are with a handsome escort, but I see no reason why I should not participate in so fine a lady at some more appropriate time." This unsaid telepathic speech was received by Lady Joan, who turned to Cristóbal, and said in a stage whisper, "It is a pity for so lovely an officer to be lonely on armistice night."

"Bring him over," agreed Cristóbal, "our duet seems to need a third person of lively conversation. He might coax some brilliant conversation out of our dull mouths." The waiter was sent to invite the officer, who bowed with court-inflections, and introduced himself: Captain François-Étienne-Marie Carnot-Lesdiguières, captain of artillery, and sometime professor of physics at Grenoble.

"I come from vague connexions of the great Carnot," he said, "and I inherit his talents in war and physics." He was tired

of the war, it was a poor exercise of talents, for the fire of artillery was worked out by ready formulas and not by individual calculation. He began a rapid tête-à-tête with the lady, determined to ignore the gentleman with the minimum of courtesy.

"Madame," he said, "you are not, I suppose, one of that dull breed who are uttering the banal humane phrases about peace and war?"

"If you are so disdainful of such formulations," said Cristóbal, "why did you permit yourself to be a servant of the State in the first instance? For if nothing is worth while, neither is war."

"For the love of contradiction," sneered the ex-professor, "I did what every other Frenchman did, to sense what it felt like to act like one of the collectivity."

"And you sensed?"

"I sensed, or rather discovered in it no true passion, little art, no justice, much blood, and the hangover of pre-war stupidity. I have satisfied, myself alone, then, that to be one of a collective is a mistake. The thing that counts is one man, hard irreducible, refusing to learn the essence of anything, rejecting symbolism, and projecting his own expression and his alone into the world, not for it to be impressed, but to be spat upon. Have you heard of Guillaume Apollinaire?"

"Very much so," said Cristóbal. "The futurist poet of the cane chairs of the Café du Dôme? He is gazetted as having been killed this morning, in the very last hour of the war."

"A fitting end," said the captain. "He was a futilitarian; he dared not see a consummation. No matter what the German thought who fired the bullet that killed him, he was the projected expression of Apollinaire's need for suicide. For as soon as Apollinaire saw a deed being fulfilled, he lost the artist's sense of futility."

"Why didn't he do a simple job and kill himself, instead of inspiring his opponent to have done with him, because, as an artist, he could not tolerate an armistice?"

"That's easy," smiled the cheerful Carnot-Lesdiguières. "Because he would not have known there was a definite armistice until it had happened, and then the beauty of his gesture would have been gone."

This game of *passé-passe* intrigued the Lady Joan, who said

openly, "Oh, my dear Cristóbal, you are a dull chap with your mushy ideals, fat money, moony soul. I much prefer the tough sentiments of the captain."

"I thank you, Madame," answered the officer. "I love discomfort in lovers."

Cristóbal would have hit him, but his cooling passion for Joan allowed him to act as spectator.

Carnot-Lesdiguières began a long gibberish about new movements in French literature, how, as result of the war, sense and logic were to be dispelled as rectangular illusions and a representative world of conventional, unrelated patterns was to take the place of images and symbols based on experience. Nothing in the education of Cristóbal, singer of Verdi and lover of Ferrer, enabled him to understand this patois, except that it confirmed his shrewd notion that the post-war world required new thinking, and that the older signposts pointed to destroyed cities.

But to Lady Joan, the remarks of her Andalusian lover sounded unimaginative and even routine compared with this etched, inverted patter; she desperately felt she would not be *à la page* until she mastered it. She remembered the *furor* caused by "Blast" before the war, and she said to Cristóbal, "Dear dove, you must think the work of Dalou at the Place de la Nation beautiful. The lovely Republic, with her mother's breasts surrounded by Labour and the Peasant. How touching, you know."

"Despite the weaving of the laurels of ridicule about my Bottom-jackass head, I do. My fair Titania, know you that your gods, Gaudier-Brzeska, Boccioni, and their camorra are known to me, and I prefer the image of the Republic, dream of a nation of Frenchmen, honest and laborious."

The two laughed at the idealist speech of the Andalusian. "I've been listening to that democratic rubbish for four years," sneered the captain. "The artist knows it for what it is, bad literature *tout simplement*."

The talk went on long past midnight. The captain graciously informed the lady that she was "stunningly ignorant" for she knew not Joyce, who was giving new harmonic values to English and creating a suppleness of idiom and a musical strain not known

since the Elizabethans, "a mixture of Donne, Lyly, and Almighty God."

He bade farewell to the two officially, but only to the Lady Joan psychically. His address was the Meurice: he was obviously wealthy. He ate the best and drank the most rare.

In the taxi they quarrelled about the captain. Joan summed up: "He is a man of this age, as you of the last."

Cristóbal now knew that his lady had no need, strictly, of her sentimental inflexions. What she really needed was a counterpoint to her ennui. No marriage could be based on the sands of worldliness. He was not sorry to lose her, but he hated to think of so much money being defeated by so little gas. She told him off with the hauteur of her origins, they parted, and he determined to be brutal, and write her his true sentiments. The next morning, near noon, the yawning lady read his note:

To my beloved Joan,

The end of the war, dear, is the end of our love. I am another casualty, and a rare beauty, the only one after the armistice. Be assured that in losing me you are, according to your new friend, losing nothing, since nothing concrete is plausible to an artist. I am painfully opaque, you must now seek a translucent passion, Carnot-Lesdiguières, for he is not a mirror to reflect you, nor a pane to look out upon the street; he merely passes through abstract light and rejects all images.

In view of the painful certainty that he is a rich man, I wish you the joy that would have been yours had our love endured.

Cristóbal

She read it with absolute relief, and replied:

Cristóbal,

You love money too much to understand any idea that does not pay a profit. I was a bad gamble. I can only pay losses. I regard you as dense, boy-like, jealous of no riches but terrified by hard ideas; you once loved ideas too intensely to allow of poorer men playing with them better than you. Our captain of artillery is not so rich as you; with him I cut life on the bias. Love to you, you have made me happy.

Joan

Cristóbal looked out of the window. He saw Joan being escorted into a splendid Daimler sedan, her trunks, packages,

valises and hat-boxes piled on top, by the fastidious and tidy captain of artillery. Cristóbal knew what they would do.

His instincts took him the next night to the terrace of the Café du Dôme, where the two were surrounded by a platoon of genuine artists, sixty unrecognized artists (so it seemed), some pseudo-Bohemians, many kibitzers, panhandlers, true Bohemians, an impromptu congress of art, postures, pennies. He learned that they had taken a second-story flat in the Rue Notre-Dame des Champs, which had stuffy furniture, so that they had a permanent object of scorn. On her café table, he spied from behind, she had laid the *Egoist* of London, and the latest lucubrations of Wyndham Lewis including, "Architects, Where Is Your Vortex?" Ragged-cash Bohemia received its monocled disciples. While he was spying on the two, Frank Robinson, who had been non-avoiding him for two hours, came up, and congratulated him.

"Chief, I thought you were too far gone. But you're the old head of the crowd again. It may pain you to change your ex-Joan for Anatole, but I have traced him to his hiding-place."

"Not at all. I cherish my poor frightened mouse. Where is the shabby nonsense?"

"Around the corner in the attic of the Odessa Hotel. His girl works in the Sphinx diagonally across in the Boulevard Edgar-Quinet. It is too swell a house for Anatole to be tolerated, so that his girl steals across to give him petty cash, when she has ceased pleasing grateful British and Yank Army officers. She is in the officer's department, promoted, you know."

Cristóbal and Frank raced down the Rue Delambre, festooned with drunks, individualists, and artists, maintained by believing mammas in Pennsylvania and Indiana. At the mean *carrefour* of the Rue de la Gaïeté they mounted up the sagging stairs, lit by circumscribed gas jets, to room 35. They noted some candle-light through the door-crack. They knocked loudly. No reply. They yelled "Answer!"

"Don't smash the door, I am the deserter, I surrender," a voice cried.

They roared, and there found the trembling Anatole, haunted by the fear of the military police, ready to meet his ignoble destiny. He blinked, and when he recognized Cristóbal, his Christmas

tree come like Birnam Wood unto Dunsinane, he clung to his benefactor like a child, murmured, and glugged strange noises.

He then explained that twenty years in Cayenne, at least, so he imagined, awaited him, preceded by a long stay in the Cherche-Midi prison, unless he were spirited out of France. Cristóbal slowly got Anatole's nerves back, compelled him to come downstairs, the trembling leaf resisting at every stage, and forced him to abandon both his malodorous clothing and his semi-faithful strumpet. He was put into an old dark, pre-war Renault cab, driven to the flat in the Place du Palais-Bourbon, bathed, clothed, made presentable, and taken for dinner in another dark cab to the Tour d'Argent, where rich overstuffed geese, in cannibal fury, ate the celebrated pressed ducks of Maître Frédéric. In these ultra-rich surroundings Cristóbal felt persuaded nothing could happen to Anatole.

But, for a surprise, the colonel at Toulouse, who had hoped to make a mistress of Anatole, was supping there with a major he was courting. He was infuriated when he saw the rotter who had held him up to such contumely. He cried in purple-blooded voice, "*Lâche*, you were listed for desertion. Let me see your papers."

Even Cristóbal had no resource for such a moment, as a private soldier from the lowest ranks socially ought surely to be safe in a restaurant whose prices read like the national debt. Anatole produced no papers, but much slobbering. The military police were summoned, and took miserable Anatole to the prison of the Cherche-Midi where he had the unsolicited honour of being thrown into the very cell that had harboured Alfred Dreyfus, when he was tortured for confession, by the ridiculous Du Paty de Clam.

He was bitten by bedbugs, valiant and fat and repetitious, and sniffed at by military-minded rats, with the souls and the dash and nearly the bodies of cavalry horses.

Cristóbal, in the meantime, tried to reason with the irate invert, and finally brought him around from crooked human tastes to straight money love. The colonel agreed, for a consideration, first not to press charges, but to state on the word of a soldier, that he had forgotten that it was he who commissioned Anatole to stay in Paris, that he advised him to await orders, that Anatole

had served as his orderly, and that it was all one big mistake. Besides the cash, Cristóbal covenanted that Anatole would never breathe a word of what had happened and that the colonel's good name would be safe.

The cash was paid, on his word, and the officer swore to his error. Anatole was discharged from the Army, without honourable mention and the whole unpleasant episode was very soon to be forgotten. But when pathetic Anatole walked out of jail on to the Boulevard Raspail a free man, he received an avuncular talking-to.

"Your precious hide has cost me too much money," lectured Cristóbal, "and I am now crossed in love, so that I require four solaces. I do not want to seek them out. I wish your low-class talents to work overtime. With each one of these tarnished *inamoratas*, I propose a short love affair, and a dowdy one. For each girl I shall choose one suitable manoeuvre in finance. The two relations are so similar that a man can be guided through all the sewers of finance by the fetid smells of hired love."

"I know several first-class possibilities," echoed the apparently witless Leporello; "not so high-class as the one you just gave the gate, but mighty good, if I say so myself. Before covering me with reproaches, *patron*, please decorate my palm with a bit of old-fashioned French gold, and remember how nicely I helped to murder Pokorny."

The bargain was struck, and the four ladies were fished after in the bars of Montparnasse.

The first lady was from the quarter, trained by her father, a bistro-owner in the Rue du Départ. His parental zeal, not only for the future career and income of his daughter, but for her celestial destiny as well, was shown by his sending her to a good convent school, as is prescribed by all the wearisome French *bordel* plays. He also looked out for her health by consistent medical examinations.

This good father had his daughter christened Jeanne, after the sainted deliverer of France. She embraced no man on her saint's day. Still, the stake at Rouen pictured the perils of virginity.

Jeanne Durand was smart, sharp, peroxidized, medium height, wholly undistinguished in dress, and, in fact, Anatole's idea of a reasonable catch. She had absorbed from her sailor clientèle a

wealth of ordurous slang, itself a liberal education to a philologist. Transferred to the Place du Palais-Bourbon, whose existence she had scarcely suspected, she knew it was too lucky to last, and started saving money in the nearest post office at once. She waited with complete self-control for the gate: in the meantime she did her job professionally, adequately. This blotter-affection moved Cristóbal from high emotional attitudes down to damp money matters. After consultation with expert valuers he bought to the tune of £40,000,000, twenty large cotton and wool-working plants in the devastated areas of France and Belgium, and in the over-capitalized centres of Yorkshire and the Oldham district of Lancashire.

Cotton and wool were exactly the sensations of Jeanne Durand. She added some little items to his knowledge; sailors had a rolling style of making love, derived from their hammocks at sea, and in these low-class sports Jeanne was an ace. But when Cristóbal went with her to her favourite bars, and "le beau Espagnol" was threatened many times with knife-wounds, he retired and the lady went out with the textile transactions.

The second lady was a quiet Jewish girl, born in Warsaw, extremely short, perhaps not four feet eleven, twenty, *mignonne*, with a soubrette glance doubled with racial sorrow. The witness of starvation was in her tiny bones, and in their tiny, though plump-inclined flesh complement. She weighed under ninety pounds, ten in breasts, ten in tummy, one in brain (maximum). She interspersed all her manifestations of love with a minor key of wailing, in which all the woes of her family were recited; her uncle a persecuted rabbi, the aunt a vixen, witch, tyrant, her father a ne'er-do-well, and so on babblingly, until any pleasure derived from her squab embraces was dulled and finally extinguished. Her Jewish sorrow was primitive and unconsolable; it had a one-to-one correspondence with the equally infinite possibilities of receiving cash. Cristóbal was driven frantic by her long-distance yammering, and at first admired Torquemada for having picked the right breed, for his unusual but decisive methods of conversion, and he soon said farewell to the lady and her problems.

She was a ritual lady. Therefore while her company lasted he went back to old ideas. With Lord Shammass, scion of an Irish brewing family, he financed the copper purchases of the reorganized

post-war electrical undertakings of France and Italy. His shoddy dame kept him from listening to the equally shoddy and equally lachrymose financing demands of Hugo Stinnes.

She introduced him to the kosher restaurants of the Rue des Rosiers, the *maatjes* herring market of the Place des Blancs-Manteaux, the *conscons* restaurants and cafés of the Algerian Jews near the Folies-Bergère. There he saw the cadaverous eaters of three-franc meals, made up mostly of rye bread and thin soup: the dreaded race at which Spain had trembled for centuries, and, according to fly-sheets all over Paris, a secret *camarilla* of finance, dominating everything behind the scenes.

"Never have millionaires better kept their secret," he decided. "Imagine that for their entire lives these masters of the earth disguise their royal selves in rags, eat like nomads, live in foul slums. Surely they must be playing for a reward somewhere else, since on this side of Jordan their play-acting to deceive the Gentiles takes up all their lives." When he was so sympathetic, his maiden cried out the onions on her herrings. She was fat with sorrow from chicken-livers chopped in goose-fat, her soul soured by pickled cucumbers, her wounds rubbed in by salted beef. All night long, every night, she divided these surfeits between kissing and keening, until as Cristóbal expressed it "their pillows were a lake." It was hard to get rid of so much tragedy, but three thousand francs and a ticket to Grodno did the needful.

The third lady was a great improvement. She was an artist's model, pug-nosed or *retroussé*, as Anatole explained, a Bretonne from Sainte-Pazanne near Nantes, comely in her muscular build, full of the Montparnasse line about modern art, a *chaser* for the obscure art dealers of the Rue Campagne-Première, a commission hound, reasonably chaste, rationally covetous, limited in all things except the giving of herself, of which she, daughter of an honest grocer, gave full measure. She was a pocket edition of her country. She thought in discounts and the discounts came.

From her Cristóbal learned the preoccupation of the Montparnasse girls with rates of exchange. They were more sensitive than bankers. Before quoting the tariff of their favours to alien clients they turned to the foreign exchange column in the newspapers. They were all convinced that the *Anglais* (*égoïstes*), the *Italiens* (*véreux*), the *Allemands* (*sales boches*) were going to the Devil,

as they deserved to, but the Americans (*généreux, avec larges vues*) had a future. Cristóbal swore by the acumen of his third lady. He sold French francs at 16 cents, pounds at \$4.75, marks at 6 cents, and lire at 13 cents. When women are bears on their customers let the men of wealth follow like humble lambs.

Adding machines in New York groaned under his pessimism, and little suspected the motor of his reasonings. After three months, he renewed his contracts, and still kept the lady. His sales, amounting to £30,000,000, yielded him immediate and steady profit and he left the Nantes naiad with real regret. He put her on his pension roll, and for a decade she received five thousand francs a quarter, with which she bought herself a fashionable milliner's business in Nantes. But his agreement with Anatole (one girl a season, one financial manoeuvre) required a fourth woman.

He regretted the rational lady. Her love was honest; she gave a fair amount of considered love for so much pay. More pay, more love, less pay, only a little less love. That was really nice of her: a decent soul. When they went to dinner, she ordered in medium style, as befitted her pay. When he bought her dresses she got them in the middle-class sections of the Trois Quartiers or the Samaritaine. She never came up to his flat. They stayed in a studio room; she preferred hard couches. She explained that the soft beds brought about by luxury were great enemies of the arts of union. They deprived it of elasticity, invention, relief, and were, she was convinced, the cause of the nervousness of modern women.

The fourth lady came in the shape of the Princess Nitzinine, maid of honour (she said) to her late extinguished majesty, Alexandra of Russia. She was a dancing lady in a Montparnasse night club, and she looked with contumely on the hideous bourgeois men with whom she was "forced" to dance, and before whom she warbled all the canonical songs of archaic Russia.

Her refinement, though, precluded any other type of work, and she sighed as she told Cristóbal she was compelled to sell herself to this Latin, an eater of garlic and out-of-tune with the Russian soul. She resembled his Jewish girl in her capacity for endless injustice. She was never tired of being misunderstood. She palmed *pourboires* as a favour to the giver, but she never faltered

in acceptance. She recounted circumstantial yarns about the former glories of her family; how they were all intellectuals and liberals, and how suddenly a wave of brutality swept over her fatherland, and she had fled in an ice-boat or ferry boat, or some other *Uncle Tom's Cabin* contrivance and landed kerplunk into a regiment of Uhlans and how these Prussian barbarians sought to ravish her, and how she, who had resisted the free-lover leers of the Reds, rejected the equally black proposals of the Whites (the colours worried Cristóbal), and, how, alas, weary in flesh and spirit she was finally forced to do the very things for which her refusal had entailed the penalty of exile.

The more this noble-born and useless nitwit retailed her woes, the more certain Cristóbal became that Russian bonds were the best short-sale in the world, and that the millions he had made on them before were as nothing compared with what still could be made on them.

Lanson was visiting Paris, was in the head office of the Crédit Agennais, and was pacing up and down the four hundred thousand square feet of its second story. He was flushed with orders for the expeditionary forces to Odessa and the Crimea, and with munitions for "the democratic Socialist Georgian Republic." His idealist voice broke down as he assisted that free corner against the tyrant and distorter of socialism, Lenin.

He used his large profit to buy Russian bonds at 30 per cent, a true bargain. They would be funded at 75 per cent when the Whites won. Cristóbal discovered that the floating supplies of the French *tranche*, for one, were practically unlimited. He plunged without fear and sold £20,000,000 worth of Russians in every market they were traded in.

At first he was forced to put up differences, as Kolchak swept Siberia and finally when the Soviets commanded less than a tenth of Russia, and that tenth torn with civil war, and Moscow seething, the bonds were at 40 per cent and Cristóbal was out £7,000,000. Lanson now saw the bonds at par, saw Cristóbal ruined, and determined to destroy that over-bright young man. He had never forgiven him for having outdistanced his seducer. He had not the remotest idea of the colossal wealth of Cristóbal. Even a Rothschild, he thought, would smart under £7,000,000 in open market losses. Lanson went wild with the craze for money of a

man of seventy-eight. He had buried ten revolutions; he would bury the Russian one at a good profit. He plunged all he had. The victories of Wrangel, Yudenich—they were all too much. The Soviets were doomed.

In the meantime Cristóbal suffered his losses, and listened to the rejoicings of Princess Nitzinine.

"This girl is as dumb as the forest primeval, an evergreen glade of imbecility," he thought. "And her breed is to beat Lenin? The Pompadour was damned smart, and she failed before tough old Pitt." He plunged further and backed Lenin for £50,000,000.

When he read that the anarchist leader, Gay, after an anticipatory celebration of victory with fine pastries, had been beaten to the ground by the Bolsheviks, he was sure Lenin was right. No one, not even his own anarchists, could resist them. The weary roll call of generals and statesmen of the war had produced mediocrities, heightened only by the fierce yellow glare of the sensational press.—Were these the men to outwit the Scourge of the Rich, the new Tamerlane?

The tide turned with the new moon of revolt. The English dock workers refused to load the *Jolly George* with munitions against Russia, the bonds fell from 40 per cent to 33 per cent. The French fleet, led by the engineer Marty, revolted at Odessa against their job. The bonds fell to 25 per cent. The generous American General Graves withdrew from Siberia, in disgust at the tasks he had to perform. The bonds fell to 15 per cent.

Cristóbal had made over £30,000,000. Lanson was ruined. The shock was too much for the old engine of iniquity; the mummy was taken chattering and mumbling to the nursing-home, and there his life ebbed away slowly. But his hallucinations gained as he was dying, and he imagined old Don Francisco as a fiend, sent by the Arch-fiend, to introduce into his bosom this snake, Cristóbal. And he had flattered himself that it was he that had seduced!

As the news of the Russian victories came in, Cristóbal became more tender to the miserable princess. He gave her warmer tokens of devotion as her class interests declined. It was her only compensation for the bad news. The Princess Nitzinine was polished off with a rude psychic kick, and the episode of the quartette came to a profitable end.

And so the winter of 1919-20 came in on a dancing mass of

speculators. Commodity prices were at the highest level seen in all memory, no prices recorded in capitularies, charters, roman decrees, inflations, assignats, wars, had equalled them. Cristóbal determined to sell out. He reasoned that one could never have a better situation than one in which every fool could make money, every tip make good, every bootblack be a speculator. When the shoeblack bought, whom could he sell to? The supply of mugs and money must soon give out. He must liquidate.

He slowly sold his textile mills, at the stupid profit of 100 per cent made in one year, to a pack of once timid manufacturers, now all Caesars of finance. Lancashire and Bradford in Yorkshire had at least two hundred supermen buying and capitalizing everything. He covered all foreign exchange contracts at less than half what he sold them at, except Sterling that had declined only a third. He even got out of copper, when the silk market died in Tokyo in the spring of 1920. He saw that under every hectic market-place yawned a bottomless pit. When he had cleared all his commodities, factories, gambles, he was worth over two billion dollars. He began to think of humbling Morgans or Rothschilds as the sailors of Kiel had the Kaiser. The thermometer at two billion was at boiling-point, but it passed off as latent heat.

Into this forest of redwood trees, there drove through the greatest trunk a wheezing Ford car. It contained General Mundheim and his assistant, Major Bosch. Both were "demobbed," and they planted themselves on Cristóbal Pinzón. He forced them to stay with him.

"Make yourselves at home, gentlemen. I have decorated this flat with four strumpets last year, why not two decent——?"

"Strumpets," added Major Bosch. "I don't want to contradict you, but a fashionable doctor is just that. I am fascinated by what Mundheim tells me of the Congo. I want to go. Let him speak first."

The overjoyed Cristóbal looked at him. He was thin, old, tired. The jovial, pot-bellied officer was gone. "You sold me a pup, Pinzón," he commented cheerily, "or rather an old duck like myself ought to know better than to go in for tropical medicine. You don't mind if I throw up the contract? Between my army pension, and an endowment policy now maturing, I can click my bones at Santa Barbara and snooze off with one leg in the grave

and the other stretching its toes in the sunshine. The Congo is a whopper. There are the mines of Solomon there, but the job is for the young. By the by, Cortez, Pizarro, or whatever you are, why don't you imitate those great bozos and land yourself in the realms of destiny? What are you doing here, conquering at a distance? Oh, I forgot those heroes were before wireless telegraphy. The modern conquistador hires sub-conquistadors at so much per Conq."

"Pardon me if I interrupt," said the angelic Major Bosch. Cristóbal faced him. He was the perfect girl-man. He was pink-cheeked, almost rouged it appeared, blue-eyed; wore a precise pince-nez, precise stiff white collar, neatly starched shirt; had delicate shoulders. In him nature had effected economies but in proportion. The relations were harmonious but the substance skimpy.

Dr. Bosch began quietly. His speech at first seemed as finished and little as his frame. "Dr. Mundheim has hinted at my taking his place in the Congo. Are you agreeable to my discussing the matter? I do not wish to presume."

"Go ahead," said Cristóbal, faintly amused by his careful manner.

"Here it is. I have been looking for a job for many years in which I have to build from the ground up. I don't mean one where no work has been done, but one where the preliminary work is not sufficiently big to impede radically new methods if they are thought desirable. I don't want to do glorified hospital work, and I detest private practice."

"Why?"

"Why? Because the ideas of the old Chinese were right. Doctors should be paid to keep their patients well, and be forced to pay for every case of illness in their charges. But I would make that practice social instead of personal."

"You mean in plain English, you want to do sanitary engineering and be your own boss?"

"Yes. Preventive medicine has always been my hobby. I tend to over-emphasize it, as against individual therapy, but I can't help it. I would like to be like Pasteur, a man who can say he saved the beer, wine, vinegar, silk, pastoral occupations of his people. I would like to save large numbers of natives from the sleeping

sickness. It is a first-rate opportunity for constructive medicine. Your treatment of Mundheim has been so liberal and co-operative, that I have decided to ask you to take his place."

"This boy came to me, at Blois, the object of derision of all the old army surgeons," added Mundheim. "My tendency is to back up the army. I am a natural party man, so to speak. But on the question of the nervous heart, I soon saw that Bosch had a human approach that made him see things the hard-boiled army surgeons could never see. Not that they're not good fellows, hell they are, but the old routine got them, and they don't like diseases not listed on their report sheets. Now I've come to love Ernest like a son, except, I must warn you, he is a bit pernickety. A big man in big things, a little man in little things. But it's not bad stuff in the boy: it's that he's too young to restrain his indignation at men being stupid. He'll get over that too, when he finds out that you might as well get angry with the law of gravity."

"I can't help it," seriously remarked Dr. Bosch. "I am madly ambitious. I want to be famous. I know how native people think. My father was an ethnologist. He became a leading satirical poet among the Eskimos, a distinguished medicine man in the Ontario reservations, a priest in the secret societies along the British Columbia coast. I went with him as a boy, and so I can understand the primitive brain intimately. I don't care if I die among them, I just can't feel they're different. Let them bury me on a hill, and call me the good magician, sent by the Spanish chief. They will think of you as a white god, distant, who sent the wonder-worker to save them. But I want my name also to be as famous as Ronald Ross and Walter Reed among the civilized races."

"Very creditable," replied Cristóbal. "But are you as good at administration as at science, and can you handle men as easily as you can concepts? Remember you have not only colleagues to deal with but tough mining engineers who won't give a ha'penny for natives' lives."

"I organized the base hospital at Blois, introduced new methods of handling cardiac complaints, controlled forty officers who resisted my ideas, managed thirty hoity-toity volunteer nurses with the vanities of prima donnas, finally got their respect if not their affection, and even received commendation for my accounting system for pharmaceutical supplies from the War Department.

They have introduced my drugs inventory system in our base hospital at Kerhuon near Brest where we are sending our boys home."

"Now I think I can put it right," Mundheim added. "Ernest accomplished much, but nothing like in the manner I would do a job. My idea is that you can do so much, and then you meet one devil, laziness, say; then you coax him, and after that you meet another devil, routine, and with him you settle, fifty-fifty. Ernest spent his time among savage tribes, and by God, I think he believes in exorcising evil. Unfortunately for him, he is undersexed and overbrained."

"Undersexed?" asked Cristóbal. "Is that a common weakness among physicians?"

"Not if I am any test," chuckled Mundheim, "except that since your tropical job got me, I have been unfitted to enjoy my life here in France. I really hold that against you, Don Cristóbal."

"He fluttered a nurse or two every day," Bosch revealed. "What he calls weakness, most physicians would give their fortune to attain. But back to business. Do I get the job?"

"I don't want to disillusion you," said Cristóbal, "but the copper mines are not being developed for the benefit of the natives, and the mine dust may give them T.B. faster than you can beat the tsetse fly. My object is profits."

"Disillusion me?" said Bosch. "Now be reasonable. Do you think I believed in the objects of the world war? If I wait to work for angels, I will never accomplish anything. No, a proper system of heart treatment, though, saved thousands of men who might otherwise have been added to war's casualties. The same with the natives. You try to exploit them, I to save them, and I should win on the whole."

Cristóbal said, "I want to make hundreds of millions of dollars out of this copper empire, but not to keep the money. I have another reason, truly diabolical. Not charities or foundations, nothing benign."

"You mean what?" asked Mundheim. "You sound mysterious."

"I want to avenge my father on four magnates in the copper industry that ruined him. I could do so now, I have the money, but I want to ruin them by way of copper. I've been nursing

schemes for years, and if Bosch is the man to overcome the disease difficulties, he will give me the weapon with which to attack them from the inside."

"I don't care what your objects are. I care for mine," said the young doctor indifferently.

"Good. Well said. You are ambitious, so am I. I am happy to meet a constructive man. I have just lived with a woman in whose world I have met the vicious, the discouraged, the fantastic or the coldly over-sane. I love only one thing—primitive hatreds. That sounds like a street orator to you? But I feel I can speak to you, for the Congo is my only constructive activity, and you want to be associated with me in that activity. But the end of it all is not only to punish these four men appropriately. I intend to go further. They are my guinea pigs. I would like to place immense wealth at the service of revolution. Can you understand that?"

"Not easily," said Bosch. "Do you, Mundheim?"

"I am too weary to understand the inflated ideas of you young men. Fight it out between you."

Dr. Bosch declaimed: "Why not put your money at the direct service of humanity? What I mean is not as babyish as it seems. I am a socialist too. But even under capitalism there has been an immense development of ordinary humanity. The insane are not treated as they were before Pinel struck off their chains. The deaf and the dumb are educated. Waifs are preserved, orphans are not made slaves at the age of six, the feeble-minded are helped. In the eighteenth century as you know, Don Cristóbal, they were all maltreated. Why not concentrate on good?"

He let his cigarette fall and burn the carpet. Don Cristóbal picked it up and said, "Because I burn: it is my nature too. But if you feel that way, why don't you help the humble in your city of New York? It is as humane as work in the Congo, more patriotic and a damned sight more comfortable. I'm just curious."

Bosch shifted his legs nervously. He was getting ready for a windy and impassioned discourse, but Mundheim interrupted. "Because he doesn't like snobs, and New York is the beehive of those stinging rascals. He'll probably tell it to you in a thousand words, but that's all there is to it."

"Mundheim has a trick of deflating me before I start," regretfully commented the little doctor. "New York!" Bosch stood up.

"That city where everyone knows everything, and suspects the past, since it cannot catch up with the present. That city where the latest development of science is always the best, where the literature of men who have striven before is 'superseded.' The city the top of the top in everything, whose hospital executives pity those in Europe, whose methods in surgery are perfect, where all other human beings do poorly (except the myth of Vienna), that hell-hole of culture, where it is *de rigueur* to attend every concert of the Flonzaley Quartet with scores in your lap; where the opera has the best conductors and only the best singing, so that all the denizens of little German and Italian cities must cull out thousands that these flowers of perfection may arrive, all bundled for their damned æsthetes. We cannot tolerate any roughness in our orchestras; woe to the master of string tone who is not mellow throughout, woe to the choral conductor who would dare direct the *Matthew Passion* of old Bach, with a wheezy band and noisy grocers, as he did in the Thomaskirche at Leipzig! The lapdogs of perfection: I cannot breathe in that awful city, snob foe of all that makes culture possible, the mistaken strivings of the humble, the search in all corners of the misguided. To hell with New York, city of critics, citadel of envy, where the captious triumph over the inspired naïve, where acerbity of wit is at a premium over the heart."

"True of every metropolis," smiled Cristóbal. "Your honesty has made you dishonest. You forget the humble boys, children of tailors, practising sonatas on their scratch violins, the tired delivery workers eager in night schools for borrowed light. You forget the unnoticed work of physicians in dispensaries. I believe in the necessary discipline of science and art by critics, however overrated their temporary prestige. Above all a metropolis is a diffusion point for the civilization required by poorer communities. A social picture of New York is more complex."

"Not for Ernest Bosch! No, I see it my way—the way it has thwarted me. Do I go to the Congo, yes or no?"

"Yes, on the same basis as Mundheim. And it is a privilege to have you. In all my crazy ventures, I can occasionally be made more human for my associate is Dr. Ernest Bosch."

"Then I don't wait a day. The Union Castle steamer sails in three days from Southampton for the Cape. I'll get my supplies from Bell and Croydon, and also from Burroughs Wellcome in Snow Hill,

and off I go. Make arrangements for me at my bankers, Brown Shipley, Pall Mall." He shook hands nervously and darted out. Mundheim was not astonished. Cristóbal was taken aback but impressed.

"What a trite little man!" was Cristóbal's comment. "But tell me, Mundheim, what made you think I would pick him?"

"Because you picked me in a minute, because you make all your practical decisions at once. The reason is simple, you have the certainty of a man whose permanent objects can never be changed. I watched you at Washington, and I noticed that. I saw that you will be deviated into a hundred bypaths, but you are like a homing pigeon, you must get back. If you had no permanent objects, you would attach far more importance to immediate decisions. They would be your life."

"Thanks for the thumbnail sketch. Anything I can do for you?"

"Surely, money. Much money."

"Ten thousand pounds?"

"Can't think in pounds. Real money."

"That's fifty thousand dollars. Enough?"

"What's fifty thousand to you? Europeans are fearfully stingy."

"And will continue so. A life annuity of twelve thousand dollars, payable one thousand monthly."

"Thanks, old fellow. Only one thing. Don't include me in your revenges and send me strychnine to save the money."

"Mundheim, I never joke on that subject. It was the vow I made my father, my mother, and the memory of my dead sister. Bosch is the man, dedicated to his job as I to vengeance. He will clear up the labour supply there in the Congo. I will produce copper at a price that will ruin those four thieves. For you it was a job, for him it is a religion. You have brought me my servant, I will double that annuity. But no joking on vengeance. That's my obsession. I am getting restless. I cannot wait ten years. It must come soon."

"Good-bye and good luck. I respect your constancy."

"Good-bye, Mundheim. You have brought me what I needed, a sincere and competent aide. I feel for the first time I am on the road that will get me to my goal. Good-bye, dear friend."

The door closed on Fritz Mundheim.

XXIV

THE EXPECTED APOCALYPSE

ARMAGEDDON was over, the apocalypse was at hand. The nervous statesmen of France and England rushed to khaki and blue-horizon elections as soon as the war was over, to forestall the inevitable. They won at the polls, but the strikes and shop-steward movements gave a different understanding of the wreckage the war had made of the older sentiments. America too was rent by class warfare; the garrison of the Gibraltar of Capital, the United States Steel Corporation, fought against the scratch labour levies of Foster.

Cristóbal was born to this disorder. He found his way easily through the breaking and reforming battle lines. The three empires in ruins, Austria, Germany, Russia; socialism victorious in the East; the currencies of four-fifths of Europe shaking or destroyed; famine gripping most of the continent: the signs and portents of the end were here. Would it take thirty years, could it develop its temporary appearance of recovery, as he had once thought? Now he thought not, the final struggle must be on its way.

What a riot of colour in fireworks! The folk rises in Bavaria, poetic Landauer and eloquent Eisner proclaim the Soviet in the architectural museum called Munich. The bullet of Arco-Valley slays Eisner: the cafés of Munich resound with applause for the titled assassin, the terrorist heroes are transferred from the anarchists to the Right.

Cristóbal viewed the picture of Tzibor Samuely, fallen in the Budapest Soviet struggle, that flat pitch pipe of revolution. He lay there stretched, his thin ribs stencilled, his long face sunk in pathos. He saw it as the pilgrims of the dark ages had seen the skeleton-sculptured sarcophagi of saintly archbishops. Was he stronger dead than Cristóbal living, or did faith always make mistakes?

Cristóbal walked in the strange visions of 1920. He no longer saw men, only these dissolving and reappearing dreams. He was shaken one day, when crossing the Observatoire mall, to hear his voice travestied by a lusty mocking bird. He turned. It was the giant Burgundian, Champvallon. The old friend whistled and laughed, but not with the old heartiness, that came from ten thousand Burgundian stews, eaten with wolfish appetite for over thirty years.

"Don Cristóbal, *mon brave*," he saluted, "what do you on your humble feet, provided free by God, when you could be whirled about in a lovely Rolls-Royce? Or perhaps your wealth is flown like my good looks and you would thank the man of Auxerre for a sandwich?"

"No, but I will sit down with you on the free seats of the garden of the Observatoire, since you pity me so much."

"Pity you, you rich dog, I envy you. I've been jacked out of the diplomatic service: my country thinks my mind suspect. I did not even whisper the truth. I have no mind."

"I remember a very profitable tip you once gave me. It was well above the limit of the feeble-minded."

"No mind! Fool that I am. For three years they wound me, and smash me, until my large corpse is a museum of surgical attainments. And the crooked men of Versailles say, 'Donkey, we reward you, here is the kick on the rump of your illusions.' Never again, Cristóbal. I have been swindled out of my youth. Look at me, a hulk of defeat."

"Who tells you to be born a fool?"

"My mother and father apparently. They fashioned so much in my muscles that they just ran out of materials at the ears. It is so windy there. That's why I'm a philologist, Cristóbal. I only hear sounds and grammar in that empty space, there is no sense there."

"You heard about Dupleix?"

"Yes, and Freimüller, the happy men. They died firm in faith. They were intelligent, sensitive. Had they lived they would have grown cankers. They sleep in Montjuich. I stink in Paris."

"I just hired a chap to go to the Congo, a doctor, a firm servant of humanity. And a realist too, for he knew me for a rogue."

"Ah well, that's different. Voltaire was right, let us cultivate——"

"How can you be so banal? Is there no shame left in you?"

"Don't be so clever, Cristóbal. Yes, cultivate our gardens. The newspapers make us sick, but thoughts that are eternal cure us, make us whole. I am going back to philology, to see why the human animals vary sounds, when only a few noises would do to exchange their silly sentiments."

"You speak like a Quaker, a quietist, a bucolic swain."

"What of it? We can do so much under tyrants. Even under the worst, the scientists have come into new high ground."

"Champvallon, if you speak for many——"

"I speak for all. I was not a warrior. War was unnatural, it strained me. It strained a multitude of others. For one fanatic full of vitality there are a hundred who want to put on carpet-slippers, and spend their lives on a shell-shock basis. How many men have your fund of energy? You'll go wrong on everything if you calculate that way. There is no revolution coming. The war has done us in. Worse still, a supine generation of veterans will experience no new exaltations. They'll glorify their achievement in the war. The very American soldiers will forget that they were all drafted, they waited until their conscription machine took them by the scruff of the neck into an activity they never suspected over there. They will forget they cursed their officers, grouched all day long, uttered little but obscenities; they will become super-patriotic, their only little achievement in their grey lives, their only *éclat*."

"But their kids won't be worn out. You are tired, Champvallon, you see with dark-brown spectacles."

"Cristóbal, you golden ass, you talk of yourself as a war man, but you flatter yourself. You still want the post-war world to come around to your ideas. It must adapt itself, thinks you. The Don Cristóbal had ideas in 1909; the 1920 laddies must conform. You are a peace type, unknowingly. The kids? Brought up by their mammas, heads of families at twelve, spoiled, with no sense of the long curve of work, the years of travail in building knowledge and achievement. A yawning gap of dead between the men of fifty and the babies of eighteen. What cement has held the bricks of history? The continuity of the generations. The

revolution wrought by death, king of all revolutions, and cripples and mashed phizzes, that is greater than all your tricks, my dear millionaire. You are a millionaire, aren't you, man of destiny?"

"Yes, man of the present. But what are the kids going to do?"

"A riddle, a riddle, my Cristóbal asks riddles." At last he laughed like old Champvallón. It was good to hear. "But first to your being a millionaire. You must pay for answers to riddles by the magician, the charade lover, resolver of anagrams."

"Agreed, what do you need?"

"Five thousand francs. I'm out of a job. I have been appointed professor of semantics at Poitiers. I start to eat in three months. I could live on my own fat, but——"

"A million francs. I resolved to reward you for that tip."

"No, Cristóbal, five thousand. I like to earn money, I feel fatty, with no tegument, when I get it your way. Forgive me, I am a man, not a financier."

"Now answer my riddle. The kids?"

"They see the remaining fathers as discouraged as I am. They take from them no spark of vitality. They have already gained a woman's love too freely, their mother's and aunt's. They are hard, cold, expect to win easily. They despise workmen. They are an élite. They will follow condottieri. They are born to inflation, disorder, what should they know of democracy? We have seen them before, Cristóbal, the *incroyables* that followed the revolution, the swaggering sons of Belial that spat on a Milton after the best men of England were killed in the Cavalier wars. After every yawning generation, the same thing."

"I remember in *Les Misérables* how they spat on the old *grogards*, put salt into the battle-scars of the cripples of Marengo, of Wagram."

"And when Napoleon went, their hero was pudgy Louis XVIII. Men love quality only when they sense history is on the upgrade. Otherwise they rally to brass, not to pure gold."

Champvallón rose. "Thanks for the money, Cristóbal, I must excuse myself. I am going to propose marriage on the receipts to a lady who nursed me in the hospital. She already knows my body, has housewifely confidence in a big boy, is sane, ignorant,

kindly, loyal! Good-bye, dear friend; my address, Poitiers. I will have a garden there."

He ambled off in elephantine ease.

As he left Cristóbal he turned back and waved in the friendliest manner. A sound boy, a shrewd friend, not effusive, but one with whom you could break bread for a long time if you had to.

When Cristóbal went to the newspaper stall, he read in the *Temps* that a Mr. Harding with the face of an Iroquois chief, aided by a machine politician, Daugherty, had been elected in America. The boys in the Elks lodge had cleaned up the debris of the Princeton quads. For Eugene Debs, victim of the World War President, a million souls had rallied. The indifferent ones were twenty-five millions.

Champvallon was right. Everyone was weary. The epochal symphony that is America ended on a coda of sour notes.

He was soon to meet another old friend. Cristóbal elected for nightly walks, for he was alone, having removed Frank Robinson to his London office and retired Anatole. He was twenty-eight. His face, while handsome, was no longer carefree. Women were out of his existence, he could buy nothing he wanted, and the quiet, white streets of Paris were his nightly absence of vocation.

He chose the streets that had once seen the greatest disorders and were now the still glades of plutocracy. In walking down the mournful Rue de la Banque one night, abstracted in his shuttling visions, he bumped into a bowed-down small fellow with a wide, swirling cape. The proper apologies, profuse and natural to Hidalgo and Monsieur, were interchanged. The full moon revealed to the over-polite cavaliers their respective features. One was the Andalusian money lesion, the other the seized scholar, Falloix. There was loud cheek smacking and wild embracing, and clearly, great, sincere, deep affection and respect. They wandered over to the Palais-Royal, arm in arm, and got to the little garden café, where the most miserably poor chess-players of Paris matched their wits and also their sneers, at the better-off adepts of the art at the Café de la Régence.

The air was smoke-solidified from the worst cigarettes of the French State. The opponents were all in tune with the humming incantations of chess-players, compounds of Hebrew ritual sing-song, czardas, and the special motets of the game. A hoarse

piano was being strummed by an asthmatic artist with a torn red-figured waistcoat. The statue of Victor Hugo overshadowed the café of scarecrows: the spirit of *Les Misérables* was present. The vague poplars of the fountained gardens of the Palais-Royal threw a shadow on the votaries of the intellectual game.

Falloix began a series of zigzags commencing with relics of their last meeting after the papal elections of 1914, the usual horror story of the trenches. His resentment had been turned from the great who betrayed, to the little who did not sufficiently resent being betrayed.

Falloix had a job on *Le Populaire*—a mean job. He simply looked up data for the other editors. All his former esoteric connexions through his brother in the Foreign Ministry were over when his brother fell in battle. He had thought the Foreign Office was being used by him. They had thought he was being used by them, and they were the more powerful. He had been married. He wedded a girl, daughter of a peddler of fruits, who had believed in him when he was a poor scholar and helped out with the few coins she could scrape for "l'intelligent." A shell ended her life and love in the spring air raid of 1918. She was killed at the Métro station Bolivar, while going to work in a *passementerie* establishment in the stench-carrying Rue Saint Martin. As a result of the war housing crisis his mother had but one room. She slept on the horsehair sofa, he on three chairs—all they had.

His one dream was to obtain a tiny two-room-and-kitchen *pavillon* in the suburbs with a miniature flower garden. He loved hawthorn bushes: he talked about their April beauty.

He began the story of his troubles by cautioning Cristóbal against either sympathy or the offer of loans. Unlike Champvallon he was in no mood for acceptance. They had taken away four years of his life, and he demanded payment, payment for his services in a garden, in flowers, in a happy old age for his mother, in a fine life to be worthy of the memory of his dear wife, to whom he had given only a few fleeting moments on permissions of leave from the battlefield. But although he demanded his price, he was not sure the bargain would ever be struck.

His high Gascon nose arched as it covered his fast speech, his moustaches wavered nervously as his lips carried them here

and there. When he emphasized a point they suddenly drooped decisively.

"Cristóbal, come with me to the congress at Tours. The Socialist party meets there to decide its fate." Falloix was for affiliation with Moscow; most of the leaders were timid, some hostile. They drank a little toast of benedictine to the defeat of Kapp in Berlin, and the purposeless Cristóbal agreed to join Falloix at Tours.

Upon the decisions of that congress would depend the next financial moves. France was the only country with resources, in which a revolution was conceivable against great capital. As against little capital it was impossible even in the tricolour land. But what interested him was the fate of monopoly-capital. If the French Socialists went over to Lenin, all his interests went to America, and at once. There would be no considerable rallying point for the system on the European continent. Then the shop-steward movement might become ugly instead of co-operative in Great Britain.

He left with Falloix in a second-class carriage (a compromise between proletarian modesty and a rich man's regard for his bottom) and four hours later they were carried by the rumbling *navette* train into the captivating capital of Touraine.

Across the main square they saw within the first minute the tall figure of Anatole France, swinging lustily down the Boulevard Heurteloup, under immense naked horse-chestnut trees, his three capes making him look like an old postilion. His pointed beard and eight-inch nose revealed in him the archetypal Frenchman. He saluted Falloix, who had often interviewed him. "He is pro-Moscow but will not say so: his reputation for irony requires a certain reserve."

"He was a friend of Ferrer. I always admired the complete nihilism of his *Pierre Blanche*, but guts is also an asset to a writer."

"Guts? He backed the diplomacy of Poincaré in journalistic patter when the war was on."

The streets of Tours were agog with a multitude of flowing ties, large pince-nez glasses, framed, with heavy cords, crushed black felt hats, broad brimmed, cocked long idealist faces, squarish, red-cheekboned phizzes of trades union delegates, gross party bureaucrats, talking from their waving pot-bellies of "experience"

and "realism." The beer flowed into their thousand contentious maws, the cafés, tea-rooms, hotel lobbies, schools, rang with opposition theories, all nursed by the same drinks. Falloix needled in and out among them, on behalf of the Third International point of view.

The heavy Renaissance Hôtel de Ville, large enough for New York or London, was crowded with leaflet distributors. It had many spies sent by the Second Bureau of the Sûreté Générale. They had orders to mess up the proceedings. There waddled some Russian fraternal delegates carrying cyclopean brief-cases with statistics and arguments. There were three Slavic-looking German fraternal delegates, with hundred-page theses, *ersatz* clothing, and tattered portfolios.

Behind the desks sat journalists: the Bel-Ami type, looking at the humanitarians through the soul of a shiny waxed apple; weary semi-sympathizers; feature writers who sniffed the congress as they would a dog show; ponderous commentators from the *Temps* and *The Times*. It was futility to all of them.

Cristóbal was in the balcony. As the debates moved on, he observed, "Nowhere do I see a scope of vision, an intensity of will, to compare with the great robbers these men want to overthrow."

"They may attain it yet," hoped Falloix.

The debates moved on slowly, the trickle of ideas had to come through the muddy dam of procedure. The wagonload of motions were deposited, they creaked heavily, then were suddenly jolted out of their rut by hot words and maddened reasonings, then relapsed into the by-ways of committees. The little difficulties in each subsection foretold the crack, when the full session was to be held. At eight o'clock the delegates, flushed with cheap local wine, *apéritifs*, thin *entrecôtes*, and *marron* pastes, and all the other ingredients of four-franc meals, came to discuss the future of French Socialism, and, in a way, of world socialism. It was a future that was as flushed and uneasy as the delegates.

Every motion gave itself the vesture of reason. The timid held that logic showed decisive moves to be premature. The bold urged that the disordered state of capitalism made this the ideal moment for a body-blow. The circumstantial suggested the needs of more careful organization and of documentation.

The buzz of discussion, agreement interjection, insult, opposition, compounded the many ideas as a pestle, in the mortar of nothingness. Blum and his group had the greater parliamentary eloquence; the Moscow advocates the assured air of owning destiny. The final vote took place in a beautiful solemnity. Cristóbal was struck by the new dignity of everyone when the last moment of decision came about.

The decision was to follow Lenin. The minority, who had defended democracy by majority rule against dictatorship, promptly seceded. Cristóbal heard the fruitless appeal of Falloix to Blum and Renaudel to stand by their own philosophy. They replied that democracy would decide outside the hall. Falloix was boiling. He poured out rhapsodies: the workers would punish the men of bad faith.

At the railway station his fellow-editors of *Le Populaire* gave him the sack, then and there, without advance pay. *L' Humanité*, party official paper, was seized by the triumphant communists; the party machine as a whole was seized by Blum. Like the mantle of Christ, it was ripped according to the lots, and, as a result, the Praetorian Guard of Capital took over the purple raiment.

Cristóbal was speculating on the helplessness and poverty of Falloix. He offered him money and a job in his own ventures. Falloix had anticipated these two moves. At Paris as they parted he said, "Good-bye, Cristóbal, and for a long time."

Cristóbal held on to his sleeve. "Dear boy, wherein have I offended?"

"In being a rich man."

"Abandon the oracle, speak plainly."

"Cristóbal, a rich man is a lonely man, no, worse, he is the most accursed of humans. He can never have a friend. He has bought one certainty with his money, that all human relations are ended. I can never have any relations with a fellow-mortal, in which it is even thinkable what are the motives that sustain me in this intimacy, apart from honour, respect or love. You will never know what I feel," he explained simply, "you can never know whether my laughter at your jokes is real or simulated to curry favour, whether my agreements with you are because of conviction or management, whether my spleen at you even is

honest, or the distorted resentment of a servant. My good Cristóbal, suspect all men, that is the cost of your money. And this is reasonable. For love and respect are free. Why then are riches attained? For lust of Power, for material goods or claims on material goods. The rich also want to purchase the talents and affections of men and women, but they get them in modified form by reason of their having been bought. But you can purchase no soul for delivery unless it be fitted for such delivery. Why do I speak like this? Because I note I am not talking ever to Don Cristóbal, but to Monsieur Pinzón, millionaire."

Falloix was mournful. His poverty gave him concern. His mother was seventy-two. He left Cristóbal in the dawn, turned away in sorrow. Everything against him: misery; the viciousness of man at Tours; Cristóbal whom he had had to drop as an honourable necessity. He went past the Foreign Ministry he had once known so well, crossed the gilded bridge of Alexander III, centre of all the *recherché* suicides in Paris. Well? He had a policy for £500 in an English insurance company. Should he kill himself, leave her the margin above the loans (up to the hilt) on the policy, and have her buy an annuity for her last few years? But what would those years mean to her without her only reason for living, her son, of whose brains she boasted to the neighbours and the shopkeepers? Should youth be thrown away for mere survival of the old? If he killed himself, his mother would die. A mother of seventy-two, a son of thirty-nine—what a reward for four years' service to France. Be proud of it, O blue-streaked Champs-Élysées!

But what do the aged want with suicide, they who live with death? Why live? For the windbags of Tours? No. The workers? Cursed be the supine—servants shall they be. The Cristóbals shall inherit the earth. He passed the Grand Palais and looked up to the Arch of Triumph. Triumph! What a joke. The rich were still rolling along from night clubs: they were rolling so smoothly on the bones of two million Frenchmen.

The dawn came up bright now, the indecisive lights were ended. His dry mouth and drooping head welcomed the light of day, harbinger of reality, silly, without character. He paced back to the Place du Palais-Bourbon. He would ask Cristóbal for ten thousand francs. No obligation! His mother was at

least as important as Cristóbal's mistresses—he would ask for her. He could then devote his time to organizing the majority at the Tours congress.

At six in the morning he tramped into the Place du Palais-Bourbon. He watched its freshly-painted, aristocratic fronts. He despised the mendicant in himself. Later he took the autobus to the Rue Damremont, and met his mother, going to buy one hundred grammes of poor coffee—all she could buy for her dearly loved and tired son.

It was half-past six. She waited at the grocer's with the many black-clad wives of workers, their pretty girlhoods all fused into this job.

She came upstairs, happy, and when the coffee was made, and the crescent crumbs scooped on the oilcloth, he recovered his grip, the importance of man in social movements, the determination not to ask favours, whatever his need, even without a *contre-partie*. Cristóbal had to be forgotten. Otherwise in every crisis one would think of him, he could "solve" everything with his money.

Falloix was open. He told his mother everything carefully; the Congress, the farewell to his Spanish friend, the suicide thoughts, the last loan reflections. His mother boiled it down: "My son, if you had drunk some of your mother's excellent soup you would never have had any of these black thoughts. You know our neighbour, Madame Oberlé, the Alsatian. She used to say to me, the Alsatian, 'Madame Falloix, one taste of your Saint-Germain soup, and no one can have troubles.' A smart woman, the Alsatian. It is restaurant food that shows you everything wrong." Falloix laughed.

"Don't laugh, you fool, you nothing. Old as you are you are a fool. To the neighbours I boast about you, but I know you well. Food is the real foundation of everything. I forgot air. Yes, air, sunshine. That's what we need in a garden. If God is the author of air, mothers are of food and drink. When you stay with your men friends it is all talk, talk, talk, so you forget what everything is about. Come back to Mamma's cooking, and you will recover yourself. Our second-floor neighbour, Madame Pinelli, the Savoyarde, said to me, 'Madame Falloix, one taste of your chicken and I don't care if my husband leaves my bed.'

A gross woman but smart. That's it, my beloved boy." She kissed the forehead of the scholar. "*Hé, bien!* Donkey, mental dwarf, do you feel better?" His throat choked: if only his wife had lived!

"Oh, you think of Madeleine, I know that by your eyes. It's right you should. The dirty Germans, may they die for that."

"Mother, that is imbecile. They were victims, like ourselves."

"A German, a victim? Boches. Don't make me laugh. They drink in bayonets with their mother's milk, they do the goose-step in her womb. You remember that German neighbour, the milk-lady, Frau Haasenberger" (she pronounced it "Haasen-bergère"). "Was it for nothing that all our children got stomach-aches from the milk she sold? Orders of the Kaiser, I know."

"Don't give up. When you were a little fellow and I lost my Adolphe I went out and taught piano lessons to everyone in the district, a franc an hour. Even the sisters were not so cheap. Then I made my good soup for you. Well, look now, could we be worse off than then? A mother knows everything, a son—a son, pooh, is a fool."

Falloix did not even smile benignly at her publicity for her occupation, there was truth there. He felt rested, clean and ready for any contest. He swept into *Le Populaire*, demanded his advance wages and got them. With an access of ambition he went to a language school, and got a job teaching Spanish, Catalan, Portuguese, Roumanian, all of which Latin tongues he knew inwardly. He had all the resources of a shell-ear, a perfect instinct for grammatical form, a subtle refining of idioms. His best hopes were fulfilled. He had a job that was honest, called for competence, was poorly but not disastrously paid.

Cristóbal in the meantime was going over the lessons of the congress, the first he had attended, the profound defeat of the far-seeing Champvallón, the terrible indictment of his loneliness by the high-souled Falloix. He was busy combing history and the future for a line of action.

The Congress showed him that revolution was over, for the moment. Champvallón showed that the most intelligent resentment did not do any damage to the powers that be. Falloix in

his poverty and retreat emphasized the weakness of enthusiastic opposition.

How could he escape from being detected as a rich man? That was primordial. It poisoned friendship. It poisoned love. But still more important, it revealed his assets to enemies; it showed them where to direct their fire.

He was determined to keep nearly all his fortune in paper. Otherwise he would be a target for confiscators. He had no time to look for enemies from behind, if he was to strike for a greater fortune than mortal man had ever sought.

Unlike all the other capitalists who owned factories or industries and banks, he was to be a unicorn, the only billionaire ranging in the forest of paper, his body the exact colour of his surroundings. Like the phantom of honour, he could be apprehended but never seized. This would enable him to act as an invisible man, always sensed, never discerned. Such dreams as fill the stories of H. G. Wells, to wreak your will on others unseen, to alter the course of events by ukase, would be made reality by him and him alone.

Everyone traced even the so-called "secret" Zaharoff and Weyerhauser fortunes, the mystery men like Gulbenkian. No one spoke of the Pinzón billions. He was known only as a rich man. No one dreamed that he had outdistanced Rockefeller, Mellon, De Wendel, Krupp.

No petty journalists shadowed his moves. In his anonymous universe of bearer bonds, non-taxable securities, balances belonging to dummy trust estates, and a hundred other intimate dodges, he could play hide-and-seek in the labyrinth of money.

In 1921 the world-wide collapse in commodity prices, the piercing of the bubble of war values, offered the goods and factories of the optimists to the ready cash of the phantom billionaire. Like marriage, in Shaw's definition, the situation combined the maximum of opportunity with the maximum of temptation. The Pinzón fortune had possibilities that made the two billion dollars look like a mere vestibule!

He would buy and sell only in the name of these disguised artificial persons he had surrounded himself with. "Married men have real children. I am surrounded by legal ghosts, playing in my strong boxes with lawyers as nursemaids."

The great age of money had not yet been ushered in! All the big money in the past had been made out of indescribable confusion and disaster. What made the English rich; created their Stock Exchange, their Bank of England, their bonds? The long wars with Louis XIV. What built up their capitalist system, their coal mines, steam engines, their empire in India? The almost uninterrupted long, fluctuating, and frequently disastrous wars from 1688 to 1815. What made the wealth of the smug middle class in France? The September massacres, the country torn by civil dissension, the holocaust in La Vendée, a cycle of war in which Bonaparte wasted their resources, the culminating collapse of Waterloo. The fruit? Ten years later, the finance minister, Baron Louis, boasted that never was France's economic condition sounder. And America? Before the Civil War smashed a third of the union and strained the rest, there was scarcely a millionaire about, here and there an Astor, that was all. After? The most powerful plutocracy the world had ever known!

War and turbulence, confiscations and inflation, debts and taxation, had not prevented the development of millionaires. Why worry? "All fluctuations of fortune are profitable to the knowing men," sang Samuel Gurney, the Quaker banker. The present disorders were opportunity itself, that was her historic dress. There never had been justice anyway. Money survived slavery, freedom, protection, free trade, free land, monopolized land, religion, atheism, feudalism, capitalism, order, disorder, war, peace, common law, Roman civil law.

Sing loud the hosannas of money: it is God and master, for all things pass—yet it survives.

Cristóbal looked at his positions. \$1,000,000,000 in Liberty bonds. These were bought at 10 per cent discount, when American millionaire confidence cracked under the Carmagnoles of the Comptroller of the Currency, the theatrical John Skelton Williams. What did he get? Interest. That was a dribble. Interest was for cowards, profits for capitalists. In the permanent danger, to govern from now on, profits would only accrue to those holding the *leviers de commande*.

Cristóbal assimilated the situation with the completeness of an eagle studying the relations of flocks in a panorama. He

swooped in a straight line. The State was, as he read in his missal, the pamphlet of Lenin, the executive committee of the governing class, modified only by physical pressure from other classes. That meant that from now on, the State would change the rules as soon as the bosses lost under the old rules. His Arequipa maxim: "Heads, I win, tails you lose." He must identify himself exactly with the group who must survive if all else goes. It would not be the helpless breed to whom they dish out interest and dividends. Still he must be in paper, and his acts untraceable. A task for a modern Merlin.

He thought it out more and more. Most of the shares and bonds were owned by women—widows, daughters. What would happen if the directors squeezed them? Armed rebellion of aged spinsters, old widows, helpless wards? His interests could never be identified with weakness, only with brute strength.

Why were they paid dividends, interest? Because they deposited the proceeds and bought more paper. The rich get richer by taking in, not by handing out. The same with all else. The stock exchange is necessary to give the middle classes a five-year come-on, a one-year kick out. He would be with the robbers, not their prey.

No! there was nothing for a multi-millionaire to worry about. The coming apocalypse he feared had come. It showed the lightning of revolution; he heard the thunder of the clash. The reverberation came back with cosmic noise: MONEY! MONEY!

XXV

CRISTÓBAL EXPLOITS CULTURE

FALLOIX walked out of the Language School gaily and (what in France is the worst of manners) whistling. He passed through the Place de la Bourse, with full strides and a clear glance ahead. The shouting of the brokers before the peristyle came to him like the croaking of the frogs in Aristophanes. He turned to the left to join some comrades at the Café du Croissant, a sacred rendezvous since the murder of Jean Jaurès on its balcony, the night before the war.

Under the Bourse, from the telegraph office, Cristóbal beckoned to his companion at Tours, and invited him to company and lunch. "Old boy," said Falloix, "I have a job at being honest in four languages. My solemn advice to you, who speak only the esperanto of money, is to eschew living genius and concentrate on the dead. There's money in it!"

"My exhuming talents are small. What do you mean?"

"Buy the embalmed spirits of men, in Bacon's phrase. That is, buy first editions, manuscripts, canvases. Do you know why? Because the rich are going broke, and culture is the surplus cargo they throw over at once. You will do little harm. Be a rich vulture, feed on the carcasses of talent, especially the by now conformist carcasses of the classics."

It sounded good. Unashamed, Cristóbal thought this a superb money-making suggestion. He went down to the Rue de Martignac where ever-old Vollard was selling precious books, such as those containing superb reproductions of his prodigy, Cézanne, or new formats de luxe of Rouault's woodcuts. Since the decline of the war fortunes these had not been selling so well. He cleared out the sets at a third of the prices paid by profiteers in the late unpleasantness.

Paris is the treasure house of manuscripts of the Middle Ages, of prints, lithographs, engravings, water-colours, paintings, both classic and *à la mode*, Negro fetishes, first editions of books, precious bindings (the city's symbol), art books de luxe, and all the varied collection of man's handicrafts from lace and jewels to antique furniture, tapestries, glass work, statuary, *bibelots*, swords. Thousands of polished dealers and dirty dealers, sold both genuine and false specimens of the embodiments of man's eye and hand.

Cristóbal did not wander about long. This was a business to be organized like any other. He went to the École des Beaux-Arts and impressed an expert in enamels, majolicas, Persian pottery; to the École des Chartes and conscripted the most learned authority in Europe on incunabula and illuminated monastic folios. He drummed up masters of valuation from sworn *commissaires-priseurs* to learned and authoritative curators. He was surrounded by archivist palæographers, bibliophiles, philatelists, numismatists, valuers, *cognoscenti* of the unclassifiable, such as masters in old painted books of botany, and of ballet prints in colour and the whole array of *expertise*.

He went to Germany where the intellectual class, annihilated by the inflation, was selling its last possessions to get a *Wiener-Schnitzel*, and where the whole *gelehrtes Publikum* was strung along a projected bread line.

There he seduced the acolytes of Goldschmidt, who verified texts of the early operas of Monteverdi, the ascetics of the Bach-Gesellschaft for comparative study of the genuine choral-prelude manuscripts, drafted the British dilettantes in madrigals, and listened to the disquisitions of the students of Dr. Bode on true and false Renaissance paintings, and the exact colour of eggs used by Tintoretto to help in his effects.

Asthmatic experts scanned the equally dolorous-looking Byzantine icons, fat little happy Jewish cherub-faced professors from Budapest studied sinological works, gave their clattering appraisals of jades, also cried, "*Fabelhaft!*" over the pretty babyish family colour pants of the Swiss provinces.

Cristóbal was careful that he got the perfect goods. The Musée de Cluny furnished him an expert of Gothic statues; there was much scandal about owing to recent counterfeits. The same

in orientalia: the Musée Guimet had two poor chaps at twenty francs a day, impassioned over the genuineness of Cambodian stone sculptures. For classic and Gallo-Roman antiquity, a student of the mighty polyhistor Salamon Reinach was brought from his dry-as-dust classifications in the museum at Saint-Germain-en-Laye. The experts in anthropology assailed each other as fakers on the ornaments of Melanesian canoes. It was a great circus, and became an immense business.

Surrounded in his flat by this concourse of experts, counselling them, correcting them, going over the luxury catalogues of all lands, tossing away in fatigue the offers of a Sotheby or a Quaritch in books, of a Spink in silver, sneering at the Romanica of Harrassowitz of Leipzig, cunningly disembowelling the plausible lies of art merchants, analysing the naïvetés and frequent obsessions of his collaborators, steering through the channel of common sense between credulity and fraud, he felt a great intaking of breath, an understanding of the building-up of values, far beyond the easier market-place.

The ruined inflation fortunes, the broken war fortunes, the smash of hereditary cash, owing to too great a belief in the other fellow's paper, put the blue-blooded acquisitions of Europe on the mart.

Cristóbal, lonely, wandered into French châteaux, was received by haughty but dented châtelains, or sometimes by notaries in black silk torn jackets and by long-nosed bankruptcy receivers. He went into English castles, built-up and ivy-grown Norman keeps, where they tried to sell him the outmoded canvases of Lawrence or Hoppner; to German castles with large empty wine tuns, where hungry pixies tumbled about at night in the free moonlight. In these bastard combinations of robber-fastness and factitious Palladian restoration, he bought their chased goblets, their smoked craters, for less than the song to which they had been quaffed.

All Europe was a cemetery of soldiers, of old and new fortunes. All these mortuary chapels of cash yielded up their ornaments to the gambler of Palos. The Spanish wonder-child, who until now had thought only in terms of investments, cash balances, factories, mines, ships, was taken aback by the large part played in the inventories of the rich by

what the American Veblen so happily styled articles of honorific waste.

This buying craze held him until the spring of 1922. In it he placed the colossal sum of £100,000,000—a fourth of his estate. The stream of dealers that flowed into him, pitying the fool, into whose reservoir they poured their mistakes of the past, implanted another idea in his receptive head.

This new idea was to make him participate in speculations on the future value of present-day art, as well as the scarcity value of older art.

He read with closest economic intention and attention the spate of periodicals in Paris devoted to new painting and the plastic arts. He saw nothing of the exquisite lines in the thin faces of Modigliani, the economy of vision in Derain, the superimposed analysed images of his countryman, Picasso. He saw little talent in the childish but impressionable imagery of the *octroi* official, Rousseau, or in the strangely broken anatomies of sculptors like Boccioni.

But he heard that an American multimillionaire, a pharmaceuticals manufacturer, was laying hands on these specimens, and building for himself a museum *raisonné*, acquiring therewith the rank of an authority on the assumptions of the modern vision. Cristóbal had no desire to be a range finder in the thickets of modern art. What bothered him was how many possessed millionaires would get the new vision and how much they would pay for it.

He thought it over. A new economic era would require a new set of perceptions and sensations. This would justify its conquest of cash to itself and differentiate it from previous bandits, engaged in exactly the same game. Would they want simplicity? Utrillo looked like a good bet. The nostalgia of classicism with interspersed modern inflexions? Di Chirico might pay. Jewish nationalists? Stand by Chagall, Pascin. He moved more warily, since this was untrodden ground, and sank £5,000,000 in the new, no more.

"If this futurist and dada dodge is good enough to enable a Captain Carnot-Lesdiguières to steal away my Lady Joan with this abracadabra, it will be good enough to sell to all the Lady Joans wherever they are."

Cristóbal noted the success of D'Annunzio, with his corrupt outcries, in rousing a barbarous gilded youth to ha'penny glories in Fiume. It coincided with the sickening toryism of Marinetti, and other wild futurists, beating tuneless tom-toms. The preoccupation of neurotic post-war society was not with the job of reconstruction, but with psycho-analysis. All these crystallizations of the need for escape into a represented universe convinced him that there was ahead a new era of luxurious postures, to be paid for at a high premium. When there was another boom, he would sell the whole shooting match, as ten years later their manias, fixations, tastes would require a new patter, equally profitable to a sane Cristóbal Pinzón.

Fortified with the dark-brown backgrounds of Rembrandt, the light backgrounds of Utrillo, the jewelled chests of Byzantium, and the chaste phthisic faces of modern sculptors, ornate Caxton and delicate Elzevir, Cristóbal converged them all into one art and one colour: bank-notes.

A Mellon might surpass his collection of painters, a Barnes of modern art, a Beatty of manuscripts, but none had a tenth of the fortune in "art" of the nominees of Cristóbal. They held Gothic statues rivalling the Cluny museum, book bindings competing with the jewelled library of Chantilly, precious stones that equalled those in the Museum of Natural History in New York, craters more varied than in the British Museum, primitive sculptures surpassing the ethnological collections of Berlin. It was some time before Cristóbal could turn his attention from his new fat pastures to the older grazing lands of standard capitalism. It all came again from the anti-economic Falloix.

Falloix was now studies director at the Language School. Whenever Cristóbal called on him, he stuffed his mouth by pressing a pamphlet in his hand. He did not like to talk to millionaires; he feared the strange turns of their brains. He insisted in a hundredth good-bye to Cristóbal: "Your counter-hero Lenin declares that all the uprisings in the West have been examples of what he calls infantile leftism. Think it over, but don't bother me with your deductions."

Cristóbal did deduce. If these uprisings were infantile errors in theory, then the rebellions in France, Germany, Italy, the disorders everywhere in fact, were the fertilizers of a rich crop

of reaction. Otherwise Lenin's qualification of them as mistakes would mean nothing. A capitalist revival was coming, what could be done?

Lenin was out. He would have his hands full for a decade between cranks, intoxicated with a permanent set of grand phrases and crooks who wanted to corrupt his work. Money was safe while he worked in his Russian hide-away of revolution. So much was certain.

Sustenance must be drawn from the milk-choked udders of America. If Yankee money was to be loaned out, why should he not anticipate their moves, and use his own American money first? But he would buy back only the properties he had once held. He was too tired from studying art values to deal with industries he did not already know. He had sold factories to optimists at the highest prices, since only when things are high priced do these dolts know it is good. Now he would repossess, and they would be grateful.

A letter from Dr. Ernest Bosch pleased him:

Dear Don Cristóbal,

The hospital and laboratory constructions are finished. Your engineers will report separately; the first production, on a try-out basis, will take place this spring. The neighbouring old Katanga property is a world-beater: they smelt in America.

I have reduced native mortality here so greatly that I am now high wizard of the Bantu tribes. They call me in to make passes before the new moon to aid the harvest. I am also one of the honourable secret society of males, and you should see me shake a war-dance! They are anxious to work in the mines; it doubles the amount of food they get, and I feel sure I can best the T.B. from dust.

I would be ever so happy if I had not received bad news. Mundheim has been quite ill in Santa Barbara, result of his African journey. But I will work here and die here.

Cordially,

Ernest Bosch, M.D.

P.S.—Look into pitchblende. I see radium from the Congo a remarkable affair. But don't do it for money, *please*, cancer is nothing to exploit. You understand my sentiments. E.B.

He felt better. Now he was not wholly a gambler. His venture was real. Encouraged, he took lightning trips to Cardiff, Manchester, Lille and bought back a good number of his previous factories.

Despite his caution some of his activities became known. Pink-faced young men with rabbinical training called on him to invest money in Germany, where the national wealth could be bought for less than what Cristóbal had. Gesticulating Italian cambists tormented him with propositions: this Mussolini was a lapdog of their banks: a lapdog with rabies could not last long. Please, sir, money.

Cristóbal loaned to no bankrupts, it did not matter how cheap their offers. If they went down once, they would again, and no one knew when. Germany was the succubus of America, she was a deficit that cost \$1,000,000,000 a year to keep going so as to keep capitalism going. Objectively she was a blackmailer: he paid no blackmail.

He backed England for basis, France for savings, Spain for sound money. Four small countries were also good, Sweden, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium. Why? He wrote to Robinson. "They suffer from a circulatory disease that prevents them using up all their juices, they have to excrete investments abroad. It is a healthy disease, so to speak."

As for America, half of his interests were always to be there. If it was able to go ahead under a Harding cabinet, it was as tough as a hickory nut.

He definitely declined to count his profits or measure his fortunes. It looked near £600,000,000. As he sagely observed, valuation implies a market value; a market value implies possible buyers; and possessions such as he had become impossible to shift as a totality, and harder and harder to shift in large sections. What was the absolute wealth towards which he was heading? Where tribute must be paid forever, yet the control that compels that tribute is so great, that those who pay it can never afford to buy it off. When it became too complete, when those who had to pay tribute were milked dry, then the swollen fortune would be taken over by its victims. They would find out like the dupes that entered the temples of antiquity that all they were taking over from the crooked priests was the relation between those

false shepherds and themselves. In other words they simply cancelled their folly. He was afraid to count his assets, but behind it all was not the rational story he recounted: it was the superstition of the evil eye; that the devil is looking over your shoulder to take away from you the wealth you count so fondly. The primitive Andalusian in Cristóbal was now covered in syllogisms, but still peered out every so often.

XXVI

ONE!

"THEY got my father by the simple device of recommending silver investments, when they knew of the enormous risks involved, and when they themselves took the opposite side of the market." Cristóbal was explaining the fall of his family in a long exposition to Falloix. Falloix, who was writing a manual of capitalist fraud, was busy transcribing since the devious involutions of the swindle practised on Don Francisco were exactly what he required for his propaganda booklet.

"Why don't you get them the same way?" was the weary recommendation of Falloix, obviously made to keep the conversation going. "Commodity prices are going to the very devil, the post-war deflation is on, they will surely think this is a good time to get in on the bargain counter."

"You're not doing any real thinking, my friend," Cristóbal advised, "but it's a pretty good point of departure. If anything comes my way that can be used, as they used the silver dodge against Papa, I shall not let it go by."

He kept on reading, with zeal, the nearly weekly reports of the devoted Ernest Bosch. Finally one came that changed the world.

Dear Don Cristóbal,

You will receive next week the report of the Belgian mining engineers. I have just talked to the three of them separately. Van den Kinderen tells me you are doing better than Katanga, your production costs, c.i.f. Antwerp, are only 7.8 cents per pound. Wauters had a run of 200 tons averaging 7.7 cents, all in, which shows that it was not a mere accident. The chief engineer, De Laveleye, expects to show 7.6 cents on the first shipment of 1,000 tons. Even at present disastrous prices, that ought to yield a good profit. Now as to labour. In the compound I have

800 Bantus, they have worked six months, only 3 T.B. cases and the sleeping sickness fly is no longer a factor. Can you send a good supply of granulated sugar? It would help. I also need a good dietitian, preferably one with colonial experience. The school of tropical medicine at Liverpool can help.

Cordially,

Ernest Bosch, M.D.

Less than 8 cents! He had checked up on La Fortuna costs; they were 12.5 cents for copper. The market looked headed for 10 cents. La Fortuna was losing 2.5 cents per pound. What kept them alive was the smelting of the pyrites for sulphuric acid. The demand had doubled during the war, and even after the panic of 1921, prices were fairly in line. There was room enough for La Fortuna and the sulphur mines of Sicily to supply European demand. So long as they could balance their copper losses by sulphur profits, the La Fortuna crowd could not be beaten on a copper basis only.

Cristóbal employed every method now to trace the position. His stream of copper shipments from the Congo had begun, the profits were satisfactory, his offers were cracking the market at Swansea, and dreams of revenge, hitherto amorphous, at last took shape.

He found that Jones held 50 per cent of La Fortuna, but under a management contract with Henryson, Pately and Carrington, could not exercise control. All four had survived the deflation pretty well: there was no chance, as yet, of getting them on their involvements.

The only possible approach was by way of Pately. The war and the subsequent panic had made him a nervous wreck, and he alternated between religious frenzy and visits to psychiatrists. But there was no direct way of getting him even on this terrain. Then too Cristóbal was determined to move only by way of copper.

"Why not by way of sulphur, also?" he speculated. "Papa had both." But a few months elapsed before this idea could be made use of.

In the technical magazines he read constantly, Cristóbal came across the new and miraculous processes of Hermann Fraasch for extracting sulphur from the Louisiana and Texas sulphur

domes. This deep syphonation had been experimented on for a long time, but suddenly it was improved, and the new process, by its cheapness, threatened not merely the pyrites producers but was far cheaper than the sulphur mines as well.

"Texas!" He was gleeful. "Texas, where I spent the most human, interesting moments of my life with the I.W.W. boys; Texas, home of the only straight woman I have met since Conchita, Anne Coughlin. I must wire Mundheim, and have him come out of his Santa Barbara shell. Let him look into the business."

He waited only a fortnight after his cable to Fritz. The grumbling, ailing physician departed from his happy retreat, but was glad to serve the Don who sent him two thousand dollars monthly. His reports were responsible, complete, optimistic, even enthusiastic. Cristóbal purchased about \$5,000,000 of shares in the Texas and Louisiana companies, and, as an important stockholder, demanded and obtained precious details on the operations of the newer sulphur companies. The cost of producing sulphur was 40 per cent under the La Fortuna basis.

From that point on, Cristóbal became active. He inserted items into the financial tout sheets of London, on the double collapse of Spanish mining shares. The quotations for La Fortuna tumbled daily.

Nevertheless the prices of his sulphur shares did not advance. The New York stock market was so sticky, in 1921, that even a brilliant new industry, gaining rapidly, could not impress the discouraged speculators. Cristóbal's holdings went down in value, at about the same rate as La Fortuna went down in London.

The new Congo copper shares, despite the promising reports on their remarkable production costs, were equally unpopular in Brussels, and nothing favoured, for the moment, the commitments of Cristóbal. He bought and bought as the markets went down, he now controlled the major part of the Belgian copper interests, and nearly controlled the sulphur companies in America. There, however, vested interest had come in early, and it was not possible to dislodge it.

He did the opposite of what Falloix counselled. The investments manager of one of the Big Five of London was called in by him, and given £100,000 to counsel Caradoc Jones discreetly, but persistently, to sell short both the Congo and Sulphur com-

panies as they were "flashes in the pan," and the owners of La Fortuna could make a double profit. First they could sell short the shares of the companies that hoped to supersede their enterprise, and secondly they could bury them when their flash production costs would rise perpendicularly as they tackled harder veins in Africa and deeper sulphur deposits in Texas.

Cristóbal had a corps of sceptical engineers and statisticians (really convinced wisecracks who suspect everything new) busy preparing pessimistic, technological reports. These thoroughly documented studies were supplemented by entirely spurious studies of the market position of Congo and Texas sulphur shares. These mythical market reports showed in elaborate detail the bank borrowings of the syndicate trying to hold up these quotations, and how they were at the end of their string.

Cristóbal invested another £400,000 and corrupted the managers of the investment departments of four other great banks of deposit in London. They slowly converged (by accident) on Jones, who, in spite of mean and habitual caution, was finally overcome by the chance of making an infinite fortune. Markets were bad, these shares were weakening, the factual basis for their quotations was not there, the syndicate holding them was weak, the banks in London were all advised, the documentation was competent—why stay out of a convergence as rare as that?

He sold short as many of the Katanga and Texas sulphur shares as he could possibly get credit for.

Day after day, Cristóbal contemplated the reports of Bosch. Every letter made him ashamed of himself for having so long delayed the revenge of his father. Here was a constructive man, not a parasite like Frank and Anatole, traditional puppets; not a flower of decay like Joan Fitz-Greville. Ernest Bosch had built up in less than two years the dreamed-of basis of revenge in copper, by making sure of the labour supply. Why was Cristóbal faltering?

"I am not going to play with this Jones. I am going to crush him at once. I have made a habit of delay by calling it artistic. Once I get the first of the four and can sense the beginning of vengeance, I can then avenge Papa as subtly as they deceived him."

He moved at once and simply ordered the shares that Jones had sold to be bought at no matter what price. "As crude as

a peasant's hoe, but necessary as a first manœuvre," thought Cristóbal. "I need a hammer, the hammer of money, not ingenuity." The shares shot up to double their value. The Christmas holidays passed. Cristóbal did not have long to wait.

An obscure news item in a London newspaper of January, 1922, crowned his first endeavours at revenge.

After a long recital of the New Year's honours of the King of England, the item related:

DIFFICULTIES OF CARADOC JONES TRUST

It is stated that Mr. D. Caradoc Jones, manufacturer and miner of Merthyr Tydfil, Swansea, Red Metal House, London, and Snobsworth Hall, Dorsetshire, has been adjudged a bankrupt, personally, as also the Trust which he has so long administered. Mr. Jones, an honoured merchant banker, has been associated for many years with Messrs. Henryson, Pately & Carrington, old-established brokers, in the profitable enterprise, La Fortuna de Andalucía.

There have been no warnings of the misfortune of Mr. Jones. The news has caused a sensation in South Wales. The liabilities are thought to be more than £3,000,000 over all recoverable assets.

A fifty per cent interest in La Fortuna de Andalucía is the largest realizable asset, but after the drastic fall in pyrites prices, and the large debenture issue outstanding, it is doubtful what the assets are worth. A reorganization committee has been effected by the solicitors of the company, Messrs. Lettsin and Tewks, who have suggested a supervisory management until the earnings of La Fortuna de Andalucía recover sufficiently.

Mr. Jones's brokers, Messrs. Henryson, Pately & Carrington, have agreed to act in the foregoing capacity. The choice is applauded in responsible City circles. They have been confirmed in their policy by the auditors of the company, Messrs. Sly de Rule, Mantissa & Co., who agree on the inadvisability of a forced realization of the company at this unfortunate juncture.

Mr. D. Caradoc Jones, who has just celebrated his seventieth birthday, has had an attack of hemiplegia at Snobsworth Hall, and his improvement is despaired of.

Thirty years after his father was despoiled! Like old Shylock, he would have them on the hip. It was no longer possible to count up his money. He had, like the Count of Monte Cristo, wealth beyond calculation. Let his vengeance be equally

unbounded. At last! He opened his shirt, laughed at himself in the mirror—THE WORLD IS MINE, the tattoo that was to justify itself in every move of Edmond Dantès, his exemplar, now to be surpassed.

The Spanish hidalgo smelt blood: he pawed like a bull in the arena. A true objective in life! All the veneers stripped, culture, reason, art, letters, love even. For a generation his father had urged him to light up the family altars with the sacrifices of vengeance.

The whole of his youth passed before him, now in his thirtieth year. He was of the Beni Pinzón, son of a tribe. Not for nothing had Andalusia been the Pearl of the Arabs, people of breeds, men of swift horses, mad with family descents and grudges. The terrible *fonda* at Seville, the wormy food, the beggary in the streets, the choir at Seville, apprenticed to superstition out of poverty, the dowdy home in Barcelona, all the mechanical spurs to revenge came up again, but this time, in relief. In one mad cry his four putative victims bore the burden of all that happened to him in boyhood and youth.

Their class had murdered Conchita, their janissaries slew Ferrer, their minions destroyed Dupleix and Freimüller. It was their ilk that poisoned young men, as Lanson had him. These powerful rascals sterilized Champvallons, degraded Falloix. The system was still too strong to be attacked? Then get four ignoble representatives, and the four he had reason to hate!

Deliberately sacrificed his kindly, feudal father (he forgot conveniently that he too was a mean employer), his brilliant mother, shot out of a rainbow into a dun-coloured pond of middle-class dullness; for everything that had ever plagued or blunted or distorted his life, they were to answer. As they did to Edmond Dantès. He re-read the boyhood romance which he had conned under the lamplight, lying on his belly on the floor, in the tenement at Seville. He read it the same way, his eyes glued on the account of the clever revenges. One, Two, Three, how Danglars gnashed his teeth, how the slick Villefort was whittled about like a monkey in a cage. Always the same pattern in old Dumas, the three together, the one outside, the everlasting opponent. The boy's romance took on life; he had the book bound in coppet, like an old monastic Bible.

The reckonings of Monte Cristo were brilliant. Had science, had finance, had the development of letters given any possibility of improving on them? He despaired. Science might add new tortures, bacteriology had given new scope, as had chemistry, but these were by-plays.

The great foundations, ruin, shame, illness, death, the suffering of their kith and kin, all these remained the same. But they must be got, if not in a different way, at least in more refined arabesque variations on the older crimes. They must be done in. The luxuries of men had just been acquired by him, they meant nothing. Everything he could buy was useless, only vengeance is sweet to the man beyond wealth.

He summoned out of the void his Sancho Panza and his Leporello for a council of war. Frank Robinson, on a holiday from his tasks in Basinghall Street, was fishing at Dulverton, in the western vales of Somerset. Anatole had been living for a space as a country gentleman near Quimper, confining himself to his two servant girls, an ascetic life. He flew to Paris on the wings of hope. Robinson chartered an aeroplane. The master, the chief had called.

Cristóbal clung closely to his two nonentities. Everyone else had died or abandoned him. Their neat dispatch of Pokorný in old Barcelona had taught him they were boys of high reliability in black affairs. The conference met at midnight on Saturday and sat for three days.

They mulled over many ways of attacking the four foes. The strategy was worked out crudely at first. Frank was to go to London and poison the ears of all the other creditors against Henryson, Pately and Carrington, and discreetly pay for their proxies at the reorganization committee meeting. Then Cristóbal was to figure out the succession of attacks.

Frank was quiet and efficient. He showed each creditor individually and confidentially the record of the case of the *Brokers v. Jones*, how there had been revealed their treasons, hatreds, stratagems, before a nervous reconciliation had occurred. From the record it transpired that Pinzón had been robbed initially, Jones thereafter, and perhaps Jones was being diddled again. It was perilous to allow *La Fortuna* in the hands of this tainted nursing-committee, who would nurse the company with sour

milk exclusively. Cristóbal had obtained the highest bank references for Frank: when these were read, his story carried conviction. He was successful, also, for he supplemented his arguments with bank-notes.

The auction day arrived for Jones's trust holdings. The committee of the three brokers, endorsed by auditors and solicitors, were so confident that they had obtained only the usual number of proxies to conduct a meeting. Sir Sly de Rule was in the chair, very haughty and anxious to get it over with.

The chairman mechanically moved the adoption of the report, scarcely allowing time for the yeas and the nays. As his gavel was ready to descend Frank Robinson demanded discussion and a poll. The knighted accountant condescended him five minutes.

The crank produced proxies for 51 per cent of the shareholdings, apart from those up for auction. He also held the delegation of 60 per cent of the creditors. The other side was ready with a bare 18 per cent. He moved the shares be auctioned then and there.

"Who are you, my good fellow?" inquired Sir Sly.

"The laddie that owns the company," was the soothing assurance of the grave proxy-king.

They pleaded notice, they were beaten on the poll. The shares were knocked down for £500,000, although worth £5,000,000 in a good market. But they were worth no more in the woeful market of the time: it was a valid sale. After twenty-nine years wandering in the purlieus of the City of London, the control of La Fortuna came back to the ancestral stewardship of the Pinzóns. Robinson, on the orders of Cristóbal, at once demanded an investigation of the management since 1893, with a view to criminal proceedings.

Swiftly exchanged telegrams recalled Frank Robinson to a sense of fitness. The bidder for control of the Fortuna properties had ostensibly been the St. Aubin Investment Associates, Ltd., organized by Cristóbal to avoid British taxation. It was domiciled in the Channel Islands, ancient apanages of the dukedom of Normandy, but not part of the United Kingdom, and subject to no act of Parliament unless specifically enumerated. No prying eyes therefore could follow its accounts at Somerset

House, where the unfortunate Companies Act had stripped esoteric London financiers of their pretty concealments.

Jersey, home of cows, cabbage-stalks, lilies, bathing suits, and tax-evading companies, was only the first dodge. St. Aubin Investment Associates, Ltd. was owned by Placements St. Peter Port, Ltd., incorporated in the neighbouring island of Guernsey, dear to Victor Hugo and to currency theorists for its market finance system.

This second company was owned by Consortium Luxembourgeoise des Capitaux, S.A., with its main offices in the coal-drenched duchy of Luxembourg, and it, in turn, by a trust, Verwaltung Franziskaner-Kapuziner, g.m.b.h., situated in the mingy state of Lichtenstein, in the yodelling burgh of Vaduz, its capital.

This last trust was administered by three young men with goitre, apprentices of the local *Rechtsanwalt*, Dr. Blechbläser, who in turn endorsed their trust authorizations over in blank. These last papers, unrecorded anywhere, as they were endorsed in blank, were lodged in a safe deposit owned by Cristóbal Pinzón. But where? In Cheyenne, Wyoming, U.S.A. 'Tis here, 'tis there, 'tis anyone's guess.

The waves of bearer shares ended on a shore of anonymity.

Unfortunately Frank Robinson was known to have been Pinzón's representative. While he had no connexion on the face of it with the offices of the Jersey company in Basinghall Street, the unholy three and snooping Jones might soon plan out something.

Cristóbal immediately, therefore, instituted a suit against Robinson for non-payment of notes and breach of trust. Bitter letters were exchanged by their respective solicitors, in which Cristóbal not only hinted that Robinson had defrauded him, but that Robinson had also violated his service agreement with him by acting for another firm, to wit St. Aubin Investment Associates, Ltd.

The news of this bitter lawsuit was allowed to leak out. It worked beautifully. Within the week Cristóbal received a letter from D. Caradoc Jones, from his sickbed. The foxy old bankrupt made a really brilliant move.

My dear Don Cristóbal Pinzón,

I have not the honour of your personal acquaintance. Many years ago, though, I had the honour of being associated in business

with your revered father. You must know my name, I am sure he has often spoken of me.

He was the victim of a firm of brokers, allegedly respectable, but who, as I was to discover to my sorrow, were thieves. I do not mince words, I hold myself liable for slander.

No libel law will make me retract this characterization, even if the old maxim hold that the greater the truth, the greater the libel. Your father's ruin, and mine, were brought about by the same hands, although three decades separated our fates.

My boy, I hear that you have prospered exceedingly. In fact, there are rumours about that credit you with wealth far beyond your moderate manner of life. For your dear father's sake I hope this is true.

Permit me to offer you some news that may be helpful. This man Robinson who they tell me has betrayed you, is acting for a Jersey company, and I hear, on the best authority, that this company is the agent for Henryson, Pately & Carrington. At best it is a blind for their nefarious operations.

They have always sought to deprive me of my shares in La Fortuna, they have at last succeeded. I know enough about them to place this precious trio in prison. I can in this manner enable you to even accounts with this Robinson.

Only one thing troubles me, Don Cristóbal. After your esteemed father lost La Fortuna he never wrote to me as a friend. Dared he think that I was knowingly a party to his despoilment? He would have seen, had God spared him, that I have suffered equally.

Let us get together to repair the wrong done him. I as his old friend, you as his son charged with his righteous indignation. Let me hear from you, rather let me see you. I am an old man twisted with pain, with not a penny left. The punishment of these three men is the only thing left me before the grave.

Forgive me, my eloquence may seem unbusinesslike, but thank God, I have nothing of the cold Englishman in me. My Celtic forbears had their full share of choler. Would I had added to it their prescience!

Faithfully yours,

David Caradoc Jones

A better-contrived letter could scarcely have been written.

"It works, Frank," laughed the chief. "Our little tiff has drawn first blood—pretty thin blood it is true, but blood at all events."

Cristóbal replied with a long flowery letter, strewn with the tea-leaves of family memories, full of the unctuous gratitude of

a son to one who remembered his father with such affection, and promising a visit to Snobsworth Hall as soon as convenient.

He then got up all the commercial and financial reports he could, on his four prospective victims, on himself, on his more conspicuous companies. He used Dun's and Bradstreet's, the Wall Street agencies of Bishop and Proudfoot, the British of Seyd and Stubbs, the Swiss, of Wys, Müller, but, excellent as they were, his own knowledge was such that it far surpassed them in range, depth, and in permitting him to strike in the dark. Everything was ready. He moved to England.

On the Channel boat he argued with Frank that the first move must be to break up the trinity in Angel Court, affiliate one with Jones, then break Jones, then pass on the reward of betraying Jones to the partner they had detached from the other two. Then strike down the detached partner as he smirked over the rewards of his double treason, and aim at the remaining two who would have seen with joy the ruin of the man who left them, and for that reason, went down for lack of their support. Their turn would come later, but it was useless to have plans until the consequences of the ruin of the others were clear.

At Folkestone Frank went on to London. Cristóbal asked about his first move.

"Why, chief, to send you a scorching letter to Paris in our decoy lawsuit."

"That's right, keep them dark about my whereabouts as well."

Cristóbal hired a pompous squat Bentley, with a snake on the radiator. It hissed through the crooked lanes of the South Downs on his devious journey to his seventy-year-old game, already rotting before it was shot.

Snobsworth Hall was a long rambling business. To be properly run it required a battalion of servants whose keep could have eaten a stouter fortune than Caradoc Jones's in his prime. Its entry, with a Gothic clerestory, plaster rose windows, broad mahogany banisters, had that mausoleum look so dear to the solid British merchant. It was a quaint composition of gimcrack, pinchbeck, mock-Gothic, Prince Albert, with a wing of genuine Tudor. The servants acted as though wages were owing to them; there was dust on the ledges, and the windows were unscrubbed.

In an old library, long as a hunter's hall, crowded with old

books and discoloured prints of the chase, there sat, in a grey dressing-gown, an old gentleman, curious, who had decided to walk out of a Cruikshank illustration of a Dickens novel, and just jolly well continue to infest modern society like a ramshackle ghost. By his side was flung a copy of the *Western Mail* of Cardiff. In front of him was a nest table on which were placed a bottle of Jameson's whisky, and a small Schweppe's soda. Also there were scattered neglected letters from solicitors, creditors, receivers, bailiffs, together with a letter from his son, Oliver, who was working as a factor in a rubber plantation in Malaya, laid open and fairly easy to read.

The fire crackled soporifically in the broken-down grate, the messy butler threw a coal or two into the desolate light-yellow flame. The whole atmosphere was one of cold let-down.

Caradoc Jones made no move towards being effusive. He simply cawed, "How do you do, Don Cristóbal? A seemly young man, very presentable. Very presentable. Before you were born, your father felt sure he would have a son, and wanted me to be a godfather, though I was not of your religion. Your poor father! He had every faith in me. He could count on my character, but my judgment, my boy, my judgment, failed him at a crucial moment. I have never ceased to reproach myself. Here," and he took out an old anthology, "here is something I was just reading, I think of Bernard Shaw on the *Titanic* sinking. He said the English always vapour about their heroism, because they cannot understand that stupidity is a crime. He is right. I am guilty of your father's ruin." He squeezed a Uriah Heep sigh. "But it is so long past, that I must avow to you that I had nearly forgotten the details of that sorry business. When later I bought up La Fortuna and was held up by those three freebooters (you will forgive, young man, the violence of my sentiments) I thought more of the fate of Don Francisco. What can I do to help you, young man? You seem about thirty. I have a son of thirty-five. I look upon you all as boys, mere boys. I have no money. Snobsworth Hall is to go under the hammer. Still, I believe that when everything is cleared, if they don't mess the realization of my properties, I shall pay about 19/6 in the pound. But that is a spiritual consolation. It gives me neither new capital nor fresh credit."

"What is the upshot of all this?"

"Not so fast nor so proud, young fellow. If you want the benefits of seventy years' experience and knowledge, and, pardon me, of dirt, I can make a great play to recover my good position in the Welsh tin-plate and smelting interests, and in Spanish pyrites. It will be hard to make headway. The old days of iron-master fortunes such as lit up the Rhondda valley, that made the name of Tredegar a household word and Dowlais known to squatters in Australia—that all went in the war. A new crowd has come up, linked with politics and protection, a snivelling but hard lot, rich as hell, and twisted in with the chemical monopolies, and a lot of Glasgow and Jew money. But in Andalusia we still stand a fighting chance to slip the Fortuna away from this Robinson puppet. He has rammed you. We can wangle away the deal by pleading conspiracy and mock-auction. But that fight needs plenty of £.s.d., as they will fight it up to the Lords. I am out of funds: I need help sorely."

Cristóbal, after one moment of manufactured reflection, turned suddenly on the aged hyena, and shot out, "Wouldn't it be a more logical step for an old sinner like yourself to hasten your exit from all of us, rather than waste his last few sick and crippled years in lunatic schemes for recovering useless wealth? What do you want? Special brass knockers on your casket? A unique expensive luscious embalming fluid? Do you want to be surrounded by jonquils and flowers out of season when they lay you out? Do you want to be buried like that stinking department-store-owner in Paris whose pompous funeral nearly brought about a people's uprising? You seem to me to show the pallor and the pattern of death. Don't tell me I'm a revolting young man, without feelings, tough because of my abounding health, with no understanding of the sufferings of the aged. I don't give a damn for the wicked in their dotage. All the old rascals were in the seats of power when the war broke out. Did they give a damn for our young hides? I followed your old man's wisdom and also accumulated."

"Why the devil should I back you? I am young, rich, handsome, strong. What can you offer me, old parchment, more than money, beauty, health, brains? Where is your merchandise? Who cares for your piffling yarn about your relations with my

father? If you were a fool in counselling him, how strangely selective your folly, that for thirty years you took good care of your own position when the same crowd came against you. If you conspired to get my father, you are in the same trap as he, but after how long a wait!

"Tell me, why did the devil nurse you so long? I presume to spread poison in your old age, since by that time it is a work of art, more envenomed even than in your youth. I'll make a deal with you. I'll give you no money until you show me a profit. Then after I back you I pay myself first, on my own valuation, before you see your first farthing. I don't want your damned money. I want to get the three banditti. Revenge is a superb pleasure for the young: they have a lifetime in which to lick their chops over the fall of their enemies. Tell me what you know, and while I give you no fresh capital, I will pay you a good annuity for the remainder of your days, which, as the paymaster of those annuities, I hope will be decently short."

This cannon ball of unnatural sentiment bowled over even the ready Caradoc Jones. He was clearing his throat before replying to this monster, when Cristóbal forestalled him.

"I ask you for information—not for commentaries. That information must check for accuracy and completeness—the whole truth in plain English. No check, no annuity."

"What guarantee have I?"

"Don't ask for guarantees. You are a helpless old wretch, deservedly without a friend; for you it is Hobson's choice. You don't like what I offer? Starve."

The old serpent, his skin shrivelling, was silent, not even a sign of his fangs. He looked at the terrible materialist enemy, with no weak points, no opening for tricks. It was like fighting a law of nature, not yet endowed with consciousness.

Cristóbal dashed to Jones's reading-table, and read the letter of the son to the father.

Governor,

That agent of the Aborigine Protection or Anti-Slavery pack has sent a memorial to the governor protesting against my handling of the natives on the plant. It looks like an unholy stink, but thank God, he hasn't got the facts on the death of Mao-Din and Tu-Tsin. The two coolies were Reds from Swatow, I could

prove it. See what you can do to stop these chapel goodies from annoying me. They haven't got any idea of business in their soft heads. We take all the risk and the rotters sing all the psalms. The archdeacon is a brick. He is backing me. I expect the bishop will. These holy Joes have to be blacked out. Get the Colonial Office to act like sensible Englishmen.

Same old
Oliver

Cristóbal did not comment.

"In my days gentlemen did not read letters addressed to others," was poor Jones's only retort.

"No, they were too busy dishing Spaniards," said Cristóbal.

He walked out, leaving the old man with the sentiment that death had called on him in the shape of a Spaniard, and that he was now on ticket of leave until death called again. There were no salutations.

In London Cristóbal met Frank and Anatole in the students' restaurant, Bertorelli's in Charlotte Street. Amidst the clatter about Aldous Huxley and his *Limbo* and *Leda*, the sculptures of Frank Dobson, and other solitudes of London Bohemia, Cristóbal held forth with the mad seriousness of a humourless Latin and poured out his satisfaction at ruining the hopes of Caradoc Jones. "He will now crawl to his old brokers whining, and try to discover whether you, Frank, represented them secretly in buying the shares. He will plan to upset the sale by having the official receiver in Carey Street cry fraud and stinking fish. He will accuse Robinson of alienating assets from the creditors on a fictitious basis, due to a conspiracy with the three brokers."

"Well," said Frank, "who cares? Let him haunt the fanes of Carey Street, and every other lane and by-pass of Queer Street and wipe his slobbering old mouth in teashops in Chancery Lane, after reciting his woes to the high courts."

"We must forestall his moves by getting one of the trio in Angel Court to join him against his partners."

"But how?" sniffed Anatole, a business man, now that he owned a farm. "This partner you want to seduce may be crazy and misled as to some facts, but one thing he knows: his firm has lost La Fortuna, that Frank did not act for them, but for other interests, even if they are *bête* enough to believe in the lawsuit

between Frank and yourself. On what basis would they join with Jones, any of them? And if I say so as a Breton, don't think you have beaten Jones yet. We Celts are not so easy as we look."

"As weavers of shrouds you boys are not even good apprentices," was Cristóbal's addendum. "You must realize that Frank secretly represented Jones! Frank bought the shares of La Fortuna with Jones's secret reserves. Together they cheated the creditors and the bankers in this simple way. Frank can make a slip when giving testimony against me in my case. This slip will indicate to the trio that he acted for Jones, although he will not be explicit. Now——"

"*Patron*, draw a diagram and order some wine."

"I sympathize with Anatole. My Nova Scotia schoolmaster made me too simple."

"Look. Jones believes Frank represented the trio. They believe, however, that he is Jones's under-cover bankruptcy evader. Both will go to the official receiver and charge each other. The receiver will examine Frank. Frank will tell the truth under oath. He will state that he has no means of knowing (and remember that in strict fact that is so) who is the ultimate owner of the share capital of St. Aubin Investment Associates. He receives funds from the treasurer in Jersey. Both sides will start tracing the Jersey company. It will land them in the never-never. Each will be sure then of his suspicions of the other. The receiver will sue the Jersey company to produce its books. Its books will reveal an endless regress of bearer shares and payments from other countries. He will then issue letters of request to the many foreign countries. That delays matters to the Greek calends. Frank's negotiations with one of the three partners (which takes place in the meantime) will become known to the other two, who will follow him to Frank's house. We'll see to that. The other two will try to find out what Frank knows, and he will agree to reveal everything about the faithless partner for a consideration, not too much as he is an underling."

"I resent that, chief."

"Pride follows the diabolic. I go on. They will try to ruin their faithless partner, and we shall co-operate with them through Frank. They will then trust Frank implicitly as a witless clerk, who can be bought for a mere tip, and whose dope makes good.

In the meantime we shall get rid of Jones by methods for which we shall use Henryson."

"Oof," breathed Anatole, "are we out of the Simplon Tunnel yet, *patron*? It looks dark, long, winding."

"Yes, Anatole, it has to be through the Alps of Iniquity."

"Have mercy on the feeble-minded, chief."

"I resume. Jones will be arrested for withholding assets due to creditors in bankruptcy. Henryson, whom we shall seduce, will be gored by Pately and Carrington. They will both have learned to rely on Frank for uncannily accurate information. Frank will then inform Pately that Pinzón and Carrington are the real purchasers of La Fortuna to get rid of him. It was Pinzón that supplied the fresh money, that was Carrington's reason for betraying Pately. Each will hotly resent the remarks of the other, knowing in his heart of hearts it is nonsense. After Pately's ruin I will, myself, not using either of you boys, go to Carrington, who was the brains behind the robbing of my father. I will reveal to him the whole diablerie down to the smallest details. For him I reserve the really grand coup. He will be forewarned by me, he will know all my involved tricks. I can play off against him. I will test the mettle of my revenge against a forewarned enemy. Three unconscious victims would satisfy a vulgar avenger, but a fourth conscious victim is the prize of an artist, pledged like Hannibal from infancy to revenge."

"Where do I come in?" asked Anatole. "It's all Frank's job."

"You must do the criminal business, forgeries and so on."

"You forget my dislike of the police, *patron*."

"You forget that you will be rich for life, and in France, not here. Besides which, the police may be incorruptible, as the boy's tales tell us, but a sergeant-inspector face to face with £200,000 might be a philosopher long before he is a bureaucrat."

Everyone was happy at the revelation that no money stood in the way of this job. That, rather than his intricate plots, convinced them Cristóbal would win out.

"It's all like *Hamlet* I saw at the Old Vic once," commented the artist in Frank. "The king knew from the play that Hamlet set up that someone was out to get him, but still he tried to outwit the warning nephew. Something like that, hey, chief?"

"Unless they get somebody to stab you while all these sweet schemes are hatching," was the apache memorial of Anatole, "so stay in England, where their favourite weapons are lawyers or a punch in the face, for in Paris, my dear *patron*, they would pierce your brain with a little sword in a dark street near the Abattoir."

Although assured that nothing of the kind could take place in London, Cristóbal decided to have Anatole sleep in the same room as himself, but at a convenient distance. He was haunted by the fear of venereal infection, some relic of a sex-hygiene pamphlet he had read at the impressionable age.

They settled in a respectable, frozen-seeming county family hotel off Oxford Street. From the sill of their double room they looked into the windows of a large store, last triumph of the Dahomey-trophy style of display, cluttered up with the most amazingly varied collection of middle-class non-styles for suburban ladies. It cheered Anatole up that they were directly opposite the window display of an African jungle of undies. The little fetishist beamed with joy. He kept on regarding the ladies' lingerie for hours, finally bursting out: "*Patron*, you were an angel to think of my needs when selecting this room. Still, it's not like Paris. Look at the material they use. Of course, that attracts Englishmen. I know that in Bohemia the boys are still made wild by red petticoats. But even English undies help my drooping spirits in London."

Their hotel was an ideal centre from which to operate. No one looked for financial power or coups of vengeance from a hotel so superbly squirearchical.

While the scheme was going on Cristóbal gave orders that he was to be *sub rosa*. He never showed up in Mayfair, the West End, even Oxford Street, or the City. Every centre of exhibitionist wealth was ruled out. But the hotel became impractical as the schemes grew. It would take three years to do a perfect job.

For this Cristóbal had to move to London, give up the old flat in the Place du Palais-Bourbon. Much to the despair of Anatole the room opposite the undies was deserted, and a house, the epitome of legal stuffiness, in Serjeants' Inn in a court off Fleet Street, was taken and furnished. The telegraphic facilities of the newspaper district appealed to Cristóbal.

He transferred his current account to the old banking firms of Hoare, Childs, Love, and Cox, the army bankers. Banked at the Temple Bar, hidden in a warren of law and insurance companies, he had a perfect nest for spinning plots against old men.

For a three-year stay he got himself up for happiness. He bought directly at their factories from the gramophone company, their supply of flamenco songs. He bought the perfect hand-made gramophone with its elephant trunk horn, of Mr. E. M. Ginn, of Soho Square. He sent himself to sleep with the incantations of his boyhood. Everything that could remind him of Andalusia was brought into that grimy William and Mary house in Serjeants' Inn. The fogs of London crept into the house, tried to sleep there against the newly installed central heating, but were driven out by the radiators, and the hot Spanish music. The fogs typified the four old rascals, the flamencos the father, the soul of the wronged Don Francisco. One was outside, the other inside.

Waiting for vengeance is like any other waiting. For the first time Cristóbal was nervous and fidgety. He attended lectures, anything to divert him from the consequences of having turned his vast talents into the old vengeance job. He tried to go over his artistic treasures, read the continuum of reports from the happy Dr. Bosch, studied the condition of the factories he held, but to no avail.

One night, by ill fortune, he attended a lecture by a woman psycho-analyst, who talked of dreams. Cristóbal was fairly interested in this new science, when he found out that it emphasized the father-complex. In barbarous Spain one just worshipped Papa naturally, even, usually, among wild anarchists. But in Vienna this had become a father-complex. He decided, therefore, to call on a practitioner, some ex-student of the wonder-worker of Vienna, the Grand Rabbi of psycho-analysis. Perhaps his father obsession was disastrous. He left out the fashionable doctors, for it was clear that on the basis of five-guinea visits the principal process of free association and transference from patient to practitioner would be altogether too leisurely.

He discovered a Dr. Isaiah Gladsteyn, a student of Freud, of the anti-Freuds, of Ferenczi in Budapest, of the wholly heterodox Jung. This poor chap had much science but no money. He

smoothed out the neurotic troubles of middle-class Israelites. Cristóbal called on the one-guinea healer, but the pathetic, overworked little practitioner seemed to have a rent-complex much deeper than any complex Cristóbal could possibly have.

The weeny doctor stretched him out on a rough lounge, and started the free association business. Cristóbal got up and laughed, the earnest doctor began to analyse the laugh, but it was hopeless. He was up against a patient who saw him better as a subject of psychic relief than a source of healing.

"Tell me, Dr. Gladsteyn, you seem to be broke. What do your money troubles consist of?"

"This is really too bad. You come as a patient, you are a money-lender. I can't pay money-lenders' rates. Please go!"

"You don't have to borrow. How much do your money worries come to?"

"Three hundred pounds."

Cristóbal gave them to him: he did it just to see what this analyst of the neuroses would do. The astonished Freudian had no formulas, no phrases, no analyses, only old-fashioned Yiddish relief, he danced a *Kasatzka*. Before the Russian dance subsided, the laughing Cristóbal was out in a taxi, the unknown benefactor had fled. The wisdom of the doctor's grandfather, who believed in miracles, seemed more scientific than the undoing of the neurosis by transference.

Still, Cristóbal was haunted by their "line." He was worried by the explanations of this father business in *Imago*, perused their favourite play, *Hamlet*, became a Sargasso Sea where weedy embryos, Oedipuses, mother fixations, phallic symbols, swirled about slowly. Freud had him wobbly where all financial opponents had failed. Gold is no defence against attacks from the inside.

After a few weeks of this interlude he ordered a French chef, had good cooking, green vegetables sauté, with flavour, instead of English boiled spring greens, recovered from constipation, threw out the high wisdom of Vienna into the ashbin, and gave three cheers for a father fixation, the most beautiful object in life, provided you got away with its implication, getting four old skunks.

Worse was to follow, though. His constant reading brought him to a Professor Van der Schmutz of Leyden, who proved that

the family was an economic aggregation born in the pastoral state, that it was merely a primitive Ford factory for working the land, that the growth of cities had already cancelled part of mother's job by providing delicatessens, restaurants and laundries, that the society of the future would no longer require millions of separate kitchens and dining-rooms, that the state would take care of the children, that paternity and perhaps maternity were best eliminated from the healthy life of a social being, who should be objective on all persons, the perfect scientist, and form his affections without *arrière-pensée*, of parent memories or counsels. "The family is a spiritual illusion arising out of primitive industrial techniques," counselled the sapient Van der Schmutz. "To be grateful to a father is like being grateful to an inefficient steam engine. He is a superseded individual generating plant in an age of high tension wires."

This nonsense was more effective as it fitted in with his early anarchist free-love sentiments, the family a barrier to personality. Poor Don Francisco, your memory must now fight many large books.

One day, after these disturbing reflections had made him wonder why he wasted his time avenging one old chap who had only been his accidental meal ticket, he saw an accident in Farringdon Street. A child was knocked down by a large wagon. The father, a hysterical tailor, rushed out, screaming like one gone mad. He brought water with the speed of an electric current. Somehow, he bandaged his child with lining he tore from some suits he was working on, he stopped the flow of blood, he lavished love and attention on the child, until the ambulance arrived. He had saved the life of his sprout.

"For a historic illusion, an inefficient industrial machine, that boy has his compensations," Don Cristóbal reflected, and back came Don Francisco on the wings of love. The intellectual hesitations were part of an acquired tradition, the passion for vengeance the stuff of the man.

After the four hesitations, the respectable hotel, the spate of Spanish songs, the Freudian interlude, the sociological folly, revenge operations began in earnest. It was, in a way, a pragmatic delay, since Jones had by now forgotten the horrible young man, and was prepared for nothing.

Anatole was instructed to send the following cable message to the son whose letter Cristóbal remembered in detail.

OLIVER JONES PUDJOR PLANTATIONS SINGAPORE F.M.S.

SIGNIFY YOUR CONSENT FATHER PLEDGING TRUST FUNDS BENEFIT CREDITORS STOP FATHER IN BANKRUPTCY ALSO JONES TRUST LTD. STOP IF NOT AGREED FATHER UNDERSTANDS RUBBER RESTRICTION SCHEME REJECTED STOP FATHER REQUESTS YOUR AUTHORITY SELL SHORT RUBBER OPTIONS YOUR ACCOUNT STOP THINK IT OVER NOT URGENT

POTTER, QUISENBERRY, LAITES & CHEDDAR

The solicitors were the counsel to the trust estate of Oliver Jones, left him by his mother, for his personal use only.

The next morning the following cable went out.

OLIVER JONES PUDJOR PLANTATIONS SINGAPORE F.M.S.

REPLY TO YESTERDAYS WIRE NOW URGENT STOP ACT QUICKLY RUBBER STOP INFORMATION NOW ABSOLUTE RESTRICTION SCHEME ABANDONED STOP PRICE JUNE OPTION EIGHTEEN CENTS NEW YORK WILL BE TEN CENTS SHORTLY STOP HEDGE YOUR JUNE DELIVERIES BY SELLING WIRE AUTHORIZATION FUNDS TO HENRYSON PERSONALLY HOME BRYANSTON SQUARE HE WILL ACT PERSONALLY YOUR INTERESTS THE BEST

DAD

"I don't like this job," whimpered Anatole. "This is forgery, a little like crime, you understand, *patron*. The doors of Wandsworth Prison open so wide, and they are so ugly to my simple eye."

"How forgery?" said Frank coolly. "You signed no name, it was typewritten, you walked into an obscure office, the second signature 'Dad' may be a symbol or dodge. You did not give the name and address as that of his father. There is only misrepresentation, a civil suit, and Cristóbal has enough cash for all that."

The next day Henryson received a mysterious cable.

HENRYSON BRYANSTON SQUARE

SELL ONE THOUSAND TONS RUBBER JUNE EIGHTEEN CENTS STOP TELL FATHER I CONFIRM USE MY TRUST FUNDS STOP GET TWENTY-FIVE PER

CENT COVER NOT LESS IF POSSIBLE STOP ARE YOU SATISFIED RESTRICTION SCHEME ENDED CHANCE GREAT KILLING IF THIS SO STOP MEANTIME SELL IF YOU THINK ADVISABLE THANK DAD SOLICITORS REGARDS

OLIVER

Never had a telegram delighted a broker so much. Here was he trying to get the relations of Caradoc Jones with the mysterious Mr. Robinson, and his godson sends him a telegram, which not only might get him the wreck of the Jones family fortune but compel him to get in touch with the old man, who must deliver his son's trust funds as margin for the speculation in rubber. More than that, Henryson was intimate with the rubber restrictions committee, and knew full well that the production restriction scheme would be announced soon, and put values sky high. Cristóbal, who had discovered all this, had pieced the puzzle well. Henryson would take the opposite side to Oliver Jones and try to pocket the remainder of the Jones money, just like that.

Henryson, of course, decided not to reveal this cable to his firm. In thirty-five years he had rarely doublecrossed them, but this was really personal swag. He was bound by agreement to reveal all such business. But who would ever know? Henryson replied:

OLIVER JONES PUDJOR PLANTATIONS SINGAPORE F.M.S.

SELLING THOUSAND TONS PRIVATELY AKRON OHIO MANUFACTURERS EIGHTEEN CENTS JUNE BETTER NOT DISTURB NEW YORK OR MINCING LANE MARKETS WHERE GOSSIP WOULD SOON TRACE YOUR SHORT SALES STOP FATHER HAS NOT YET DELIVERED FUNDS AM EXECUTING ON CREDIT REGARDS

HENRYSON

He wrote to the relic of Snobsworth Hall to come and visit him on a matter of urgency. That evening there arrived at the grandiose George IV mansion in Bryanston Square, infested for a generation by the mammoth Henryson, a haggard old man on a crutch, the very picture of Death afoot, as given in woodcuts of the seventeenth century.

That morning Snobsworth Hall had been sold under the hammer, along with "antique furnishings including two Jacobean commodes, an excellent silver service, with the arms of the Lord

Protector, and many interesting and unique curios." Caradoc Jones with £3 in his alpaca pockets, arrived in London at seventy with the substance of apprentice lads of yore.

He expected to stay at Henryson's, as he had not the price of a good hotel room. He would discover some facts from his host, then reward Henryson's hospitality by making a criminal complaint against him for conspiracy, along with his partners and Robinson. They would be charged with conducting a mock-sale of the shares of La Fortuna.

Jones was ushered into the billiard-room, a large, nondescript basement chamber, cold, vast, hope-destroying. Henryson looked up from his cue, and got into action with speed.

"Well, old boy, I'm genuinely sorry to hear of your packet of troubles. By all means, make your home with me until the wheel turns, as it must. I know of one thing that's going to change the direction of the Jones family fortune."

"No, no, what?"

"Oliver has just snooped in on something I thought only we insiders knew. How he got hold of the tip away out there is a mystery. Still, as treasurer of the first plantation of Malaya, I suppose his ears are well placed. But who let the information transpire? There's dirty work somewhere. There are only three of us who knew the restriction was off and we were getting out our snickersnees for a little private killing. Have you heard anything?"

"Why the devil would he get into touch with you, though?" worried old Caradoc. "Why wouldn't he wire me?"

"Jones, old man, your troubles have made you forget how a smart business man thinks. Oliver knows my connexion with the rubber committee, and decided to send a feeler and an order at the same time."

This sounded plausible. Before Jones could think where he had got the money for an order, Henryson did some quick in-fighting.

"As you know, these operations can't be done on air. Oliver, I recall, had some trust funds, some ten thousand quid left by his mother. Read this wire. He authorizes you to use them. As I remember, his mother did not restrict this trust to trustee investments, it can be placed in open account. Perhaps this

operation in rubber comes under that category." The cunning question was well posed. Henryson deduced that the trust funds had been squandered criminally long ago by the old man trying to stave off bankruptcy.

"You see," commented Henryson, "I have sold 1,000 tons at 18 cents a pound, work it out, that's £70,000. Now I can arrange for as little as 10 per cent cover, say 8 per cent if I shave. What can I expect in the way of money?"

"Nothing," said the bearer of £3. "Nothing, not a ha'penny. I forbid the use of Oliver's trust fund for speculation and I will so advise him."

"You forget he has commanded you to transfer it. You admit it is not limited to trustee investments. I was fool enough to execute an order I thought sent in good faith. Put up the cash and be quick about it." Henryson was sure he had the old man on the spot for embezzlement, conversion and malfeasance, and that his future home would be the Isle of Wight resort of Parkhurst Prison or perhaps the wild country of Dartmoor Prison. "Of course if you decline to honour the instructions of Oliver regarding his own money, I shall be compelled to sue him for cover and you as well."

Jones considered that if the information his son had was correct, rubber would crack in price anyway, so that he could buy back, take the profit, and never need to put up anything.

Henryson kept a private ledger—"Oliver Jones Trust"—in which he ran the account, purely as a book transaction. He knew the restriction scheme would be announced, he waited for the inevitable. If, one chance in a thousand, the committee did the unexpected and decided against restriction, he could always welsh by threatening to go to the director of public prosecutions and peach on Jones for stealing his son's trust funds. When his son would hear what his father had done, his patrimony wasted, the loyalty in the family circle would be fearfully strained. He wouldn't even have to reckon with the hatred of his godson. Pretty wasn't the word for it.

The next day the committee suggested a restriction scheme. Rubber went to 24 cents. Oliver owed Henryson £24,000. He wired back £14,000, then £10,000 that afternoon. This was a market bulge, obviously, to frighten the outsiders. You have

to put up with a frightening day or two if you expect ever to be a millionaire. For all that Oliver Jones's nerves were as taut as the whips with which he drew blood from his coolies.

He had relied on the trust fund to pay up £10,000. His savings were £500, and he had "borrowed" £13,500 from Pudjor Plantations, Ltd., as treasurer. It would soon be returned. This vulgar theft had the usual sequence. The market rose to 28 cents. £9,000 further was required. There were only £3,000 in liquids in the company account. There was nothing to it but to confess. The directors wired the police at Singapore and the next day Oliver Jones was being grilled by the Commissioner of Public Order. The embezzling charges were later supplemented by those of the Aborigine Protection secretary who finally traced the murder of the two Swatow coolies. "A sadist, an assassin, a thief." There was little hope there.

Frenzied, Oliver cabled his father concerning the tip that had ruined him. But Anatole was holding guard at Snobsworth Hall, having tipped the representative of the receivers to mooch about. He receipted for the telegram, and promptly replied.

INFORMATION WAS FROM BEST SOURCES MY REGRETS STOP YOU
WERE MAD TO PLAY WITH YOUR FIRMS MONEY WILL DO WHAT I
CAN STOP AM EXERTING MYSELF UTMOST THE BEST DAD

Jones in the meantime had taken a room at 6/6 a week, in Lamb's Conduit Street. He lived on crumpets and hobbled over to read the newspapers in the Holborn public library. He knew by the quotations of rubber what must have happened to his boy's speculation.

He was determined to get back the money Oliver had taken from his firm, for next day the newspapers revealed the story to the crazed, ruined father. He "knew damned well Henryson had never actually executed the order." He mumbled vengeance, but above all would soon release his boy from jail. It was the last straw for Jones, for though his son was a vicious cad, he was still his own.

That night he showed up in Bryanston Square. In the parlour decorated with gilt mirrors and paintings of eighteenth-century worthies, he stormed and demanded proofs of the transactions

with rubber manufacturers in Akron, Ohio. Henryson told him to go to hell. The ancient Welshman threatened to go to the police. Henryson responded by another police threat on the question of trust funds. He then made his grand coup.

"Jones, you're a puzzle to me. It is clear as day you have converted the money of your boy. You look like a wreck, and if it is all a disguise it is a clever one. On the other hand, my idea is that you have converted the money, that you can restore it. I have just as much ground for police complaint though, even if you restitute, for you have stolen. Now I will let you off, old man, for £5,000 on Oliver's rubber debt, if you restore to me the shares that you filched by way of this cat's-paw, Robinson."

"Pretty work, Henryson. You take away my shares in La Fortuna, then accuse me of it, then ruin my son, then put on this pious mask. If you think that little dodge of yours can trick me, you're a much smaller man than your hulk indicates. No, my bonny friend, the police will study your rubber deals, and at once. So long."

The next morning the man-mountain Henryson and the man-toothpick Jones sat glowering at each other from hard benches outside the office of the official receiver in Carey Street. Each denounced the other in a Punch-and-Judy battle. They were alternately mean-voiced, strident, emphasizing, gesturing. There was screaming for justice by the toothpick Jones. There was sententious condemnation by the elephant Henryson. Robinson was summoned. He entered the study, looked blankly at both men, swore that he was a servant of St. Aubin Investment Associates, Ltd., that the treasurer in the island of bathing-suits sent him his pay, he did his duty, he asked no questions outside his assigned work. He could throw no light on the real owner of the company. Perhaps the Jersey offices might be more illuminating: he was darkness surrounded.

That afternoon Jones, beaten at every turn, rushed over to Pately and Carrington, swept aside the equally aged commissioner, who chased after him into the private offices. Jones slobbered accusations against Henryson. Henryson had not come in that day: "he was detained in the West End." The two partners were convinced that the wreck they saw before them really had no money, for if he had he would do anything to save Oliver from a

long prison sentence. If Jones had not stolen La Fortuna (and they knew to their sorrow they had certainly lost it, and that Henryson had diddled them on rubber deals as well), the mystery was not far to seek: Henryson was playing a solo game against his life associates, and was of a depth of villainy surpassing even their normal ideas.

"Call this Robinson, promise him anything, give him something, and if he is sure he's not watched, he must spill something. Every clerk has his price." The last suggestion came from Jones.

The commissioner they had sent over to Robinson's office came back with his man. The two trundled all the way from Basinghall Street to Angel Court. The commissioner, an ex-soldier, veteran of four wars and not a single thought, saluted Robinson whenever addressed.

Robinson was promised money if he talked. He shifted on one foot, looked solidly coy, stuttered, and said, "Well, gentlemen, I am not supposed to talk, it may cost me my post, but if you promise to protect me, I can tell you a little, not much, as I ask very little. Now this man Henryson has a couple of *nervis* from Marseille in town, and you know what that means."

"Henryson! So you do know about Henryson. But what are *nervis*?"

"What the Americans call gangsters, sir. They kill for a thousand francs. That's why I'm mum, sir." The mad dance of innuendo sucked every bit of brain into its vortex. Frank Robinson said, "I talk no more, gentlemen, I am afraid. But I would like a pound for my time, sir, they'll notice my absence at the office. I'm nominal manager, not the real push, you understand, sir."

They tossed him a pound, convinced that he was telling the truth. The wretch would do anything for a tip. They laughed. "He told us nothing, he thinks, but how Henryson slipped out in the story. Well, that is the best buy we ever made, Pately, treason on toast for a pound of palm-grease."

Henryson arrived at three. He was very lordly. He cheerioed to his partners, as usual, but they didn't seem natural. They started a quick firing of questions on the Fortuna business and the rubber commissions. Henryson knew they were crazy about the

Fortuna, but he was stymied on the rubber deal: Jones had informed, or Oliver had cabled.

A long quarrel followed, ending in the thirty-five-year partnership, a broken mass of bric-à-brac, smashed by innumerable charges and counter-charges. Henryson's memory was equally active. He had occasionally hired detectives to shadow his trusted associates. The dirt flew into the corners, then into the centre of the room, and finally was massed so high, that the three scoundrels were buried in it.

The shards of partnership were at the bottom of the mess.

At the end of an hour of collective imprecation and distributed threats Mr. Jacob Henryson walked out to found Jacob Henryson & Co. The others founded Pately & Carrington, "established 1887."

Swifter and swifter. Oliver Jones, knowing that his father was bankrupt, that his father had stolen his last penny, that Henryson (as he thought) must have forged his name so as to steal his money, that there was no chance of avoiding the murder charges brought by the reformers, under the lash of the prosecutor's charges, took out a penknife and slit his throat, thereby depriving the hangman of a decent living. The father crumpled on reading the news. The next day, haggard and shuffling, he walked into Scotland Yard to ask for the arrest of Mr. Jacob Henryson for fraud. He was welcomed into the arms of Detective Inspector Murgatroyd, who had a warrant for his arrest for conversion, embezzlement, forgery, and even champerty for having promised a Swansea solicitor a commission if he sued the unholy three. The case against him on the trust funds was completely proved. All the books and documents were in.

Henryson had "lost" the rubber account, so that although there was a *prima-facie* case based on the telegrams, the public prosecutor, howled at in Parliament by economical members, dared not waste public money where he might fail to obtain conviction. The Yard noted every circumstance on their quiet cards, but no indictment held.

The broken Jones appeared at the Old Bailey, no longer caring what happened after his son's disgrace and death, his own destruction, and the feeling that one is helpless against entrenched fraud. He pleaded guilty, but craved mercy. On account of

his plea, age, condition and domestic bereavement, he was sentenced to only six months in the second division. He slept and ate better than he had done recently. That afternoon a tall Spanish gentleman in a cape, an Andalusian hat, was geyed by children along Newgate Street. Undeterred, he took out a heavy old watch, and looked at a picture in its case. He entered the Old Bailey, and asked if his friend Mr. David Caradoc Jones could receive visitors before his transfer to prison. It was the 27th of June, 1923.

The police officer looked at the perfect Spaniard, wondered if he had escaped from Bedlam, but he was afraid of the superb manner and intensely foreign atmosphere of the visitor. He walked into the cell of Jones, and said, "There's a gentleman to see you, a Spaniard named Cristoballs Pinchin, I think."

Cristóbal entered with full dramatic effect. He considered Jones the chopping block of the four vengeance, guinea pig No. 1. The swirling cape, the hat, just like those Don Francisco had always worn, were enough. As he walked in, the convict saw the Angel of Death as he had imagined it at Snobsworth Hall. Cristóbal held down the packet of bones and skin. He poured into that hair-infested ear, in perfect order, the story of the ruin of La Fortuna. He enumerated all the documents he had gathered proving that Caradoc Jones had plotted the ruin of his father and destroyed a life-long friend, who worshipped and trusted him. He went over Jones's pretence to be away in South Africa, so as not to send a pittance to Don Francisco that his family might not starve.

Caradoc Jones listened to the account of his crimes and meanness. He never interrupted. The perfect revelation impressed even him. He squeaked that he was guilty; he was afraid to contradict the Messenger of God. His primitive Bethel-chapel spirit took hold of him. He fell back dizzy, and groped for the black wings under the cape of Cristóbal. Then he heard the detailed description of all the machinery in whose wheels he had been caught, the false suit against Robinson that led him to his clever letter: the step that finished him. Cristóbal had murdered his son: it was he who had sent the cables on rubber. It was he who owned La Fortuna. He said this in an even tone like a chronicler. There was no embellishment; it was dry.

As the verminous soul heard of the trap for his son, his last manhood rose, he stood up, suddenly moved against the destroyer, and put out his skinny hands to choke him. Cristóbal simply pushed aside the two thin arms without effort, and the dotard fell back on his bench. The Spanish avenger lifted up the index finger of his hand, murmured "One," and walked into the soft light of the street.

XXVII

TWO!

CRISTÓBAL felt cheated. The drama of the last showdown with the first victim had been short. The moves of Jones, from the beginning, were not over-ingenious, apart from his letter. The next of the four must be allowed a larger play, more difficult, more worthy of the time, effort, sport. A post-mortem showed that Caradoc Jones had taken overdoses of veronal before Cristóbal had visited him, so that his drugged state accounted for his quiet hearing of the history of his ruin. Cristóbal had not really then killed him by his dramatic visit, but rather by his schemes. Not having been trained in the romantic death stories of Teuton and Celt, Cristóbal felt no mystic quality in the fantastic story: it was simply a bungled job.

It was all routine with him as with his single-minded prototype Edmond Dantès. But to Henryson the suicide of Jones was a confirmation that the old ironmaster had stolen La Fortuna from his creditors and that he dreaded exposure.

"If Jones had known of the death of that cad," he decided, "I could understand his suicide. But that news appeared in *The Times* only, and in a small item in the late London edition. The crook was arrested at eight at Scotland Yard. He could not have known that Oliver was dead."

He consoled himself for ruining Oliver by this insult. "Huggins," he called to the butler, "call *The Times* and ask them when the late London edition is distributed." He learned that it could be bought at eight in the morning. Jones had been arrested exactly at that hour. Henryson reconstructed his suicide motives.

"He pleaded guilty so as to receive a mild sentence. The prosecutor would quash all serious charges on the same crimes on account of his age. He would be released for medical reasons in

two or three months. Then he would get after me for the money, so as to release his boy. He must have killed himself only because he was threatened with a further indictment on the mock-auction and conspiracy in the Fortuna business, through his decoy, Robinson. Otherwise he had all the cards, once he got out, and shame wasn't a consideration for that dirty Welshman."

To Pately and Carrington on the other hand, Henryson's departure from their firm proved that he owned La Fortuna and wanted to be alone, unwatched, as a tiger plays with his prey. There was Robinson's testimony, there was Henryson's dread of exposure on the rubber business as well as his betrayal of Jones to get him out of the way, by way of a complaint to Scotland Yard on the trust funds. After all, Henryson's rubber steal was a venial offence. Why had he decamped at once? Surely some part of the £14,000 he stole from Oliver was cheaper than losing his partnership in one of the best-regarded firms in Britain? They would get him on La Fortuna, they would force him to the wall.

Jacob Henryson & Company established itself in a decent-sized suite of offices in Bishopsgate, as outside brokers, and circularized the clientèle of the old partnership. The trusting man had always kept a duplicate register of their names and addresses, for one never knows what may happen. To add to the agony he began seducing away, besides his personal following, a fair sampling of the friends of his partners who listened to his tale of woe. He garnished his seductions by an effrontery in distributing sure-fortune tips, rare even in outside brokers. To have taken away their principal source of income, La Fortuna, and to take away their customers as well, was more than corrupt flesh and crooked bones could stand.

Pately, Carrington & Company, in their naked state, sharpened their scalping-knife for their late associate. Frank Robinson now became their source of recondite and ornate apocrypha about Henryson. He told them how he had negotiated the sale of Jones's holdings in La Fortuna, of the secret holdings of Henryson in the Jersey blind. He whimpered that Henryson had given him so little they had better put him on the payroll to refresh his memory. They trusted him all the more, for surely, if Henryson had taken away millions from them, under their very noses, it

would be in keeping for him to cheat Frank Robinson of his petty rewards or, for that matter, to steal from blind men's cups, church plates, poor-boxes, sweets from babies, or all the other consecrated symbols of the last word in meanness.

Cristóbal, on the other hand, having had little savour from the death of Jones, decided to have a Rabelaisian feast of vengeance on the three succulent villains. The committee of doom sat all night long planning how to bait the mammoth shark, what fine flesh to feed his ever-open jaws.

After spinning his silken yarns to Pately and Carrington, Frank would take a bus to Ludgate Circus, thread through Shoe Lane, emerge suddenly in one of the courts leading into Fleet Street, get across to the grand El Vino bar, look about, and sidle into Serjeants' Inn. For his services in getting Jones, Cristóbal had already given him £10,000 and promised him a scale-up of rewards. Anatole for his little tasks received three hundred thousand francs with which he bought the finest asparagus farm in Finistère, as also a half-interest in a well-developed mushroom cave. So nigh is grandeur unto dust, so near is peasant unto pimp, in the worst of Frenchmen.

The three sat over superb Oloroso sherry, sent in from El Vino, and counted up. Henryson they had impaled on three lances. The first was the rubber deal which could never stand real investigation; he alone profited by it, hence it must have been he who sent the decoy telegrams. He also must have forged the father's reply from Snobsworth Hall. He had never executed the orders, his statements about Akron clients were criminal misrepresentations. Secondly, his late partners would move heaven and earth to get him, and they could be used as fall-men, so eager were they. Thirdly, the files of La Fortuna had taken a year to unearth and check up but, however well manipulated, showed that a special account existed in which Henryson had done some trifling but steady personal defalcations, unknown to his equally crooked but less well-concealed partners.

They took a survey of his family position. He had a daughter, Madeleine. His wife was dead: God had beaten them there.

Cristóbal had no objection to visiting the sins of the father on an innocent child, for if she had visited on herself unwittingly

Papa's pear-shaped nose and the idiosyncrasies of his pancreas, she could inherit the burden of his crimes.

Madeleine must suffer for Carmen. The author of the poverty that killed Carmen had drained the resources that would have kept her alive into the veins of his daughter. She was living on borrowed blood. The time had come to repay.

Madeleine was twenty-five, insolent, a huntswoman, patronizing, a perfect hostess as they say, mad with family pride and worship of status, a lover of luxury, a mistress of clipped speech and had, in her own right, a villa, at Mentone on the Riviera, full of orange and lemon trees. There she lived as she pleased, and escaped the eye of her madly doting father.

Cristóbal took this seriously. "She is an adept at draining the vitality of men, exactly like her father."

Nothing now deterred Cristóbal from the pursuit of Henryson and his offspring. Ordinarily, the arrival of a dictatorship in Spain, the *coup d'état* of Primo de Rivera, would have fired his hatreds or at least deeply engaged his interests. With lazy, detached eyes he read the news in the *Heraldo de Madrid*. The only routine interest he took in Spain was in the rebuilding of La Fortuna, more out of pride and a compulsion to complete the tasks that his father had begun. He was convinced in his heart of hearts that it would be a long pull before there would be a rally in the market for sulphuric acid, and that the price of copper would be long in climbing, so that pyrites which had to be smelted for these two products could never compete with his new Rhodesian and Congo properties or with the sudden development of sulphur mining by the Fraasch process in America. Under the tireless work of Ernest Bosch, his African investments were already, even counting his large expense in development, running ahead of current costs. They would soon be bonanzas.

He had, however, a good sense that the Rio Tinto basin would be fairly profitable for a few years, and perhaps somewhat profitable thereafter, although no longer a wonder. He built baths, ameliorated housing conditions for the workers, got nurses for *crèches*, opened a milk station, a maternity station, a T.B. clinic, a library for the workers' children.

When the appropriate time came these charities were to be called the Francisco Pinzón y Guzman Foundation. Cristóbal

did all this mechanically, as he despised charity. He hated the foundations by which the vilest pirates restitute a part of their swag. He loved to say that multimillionaires give charity because they find it harder and harder to invest their unwieldy cash.

Sometimes they wish to reduce social opposition, so that they can accumulate still more, without suspicion. But most important of all they retain control of the same old investments. They put them in a foundation, and so escape taxation. Charity always pays a profit.

All these tricks the benefactor availed himself of with the Spanish Treasury.

"I hold one hundred thousand shares of La Fortuna in a workers' welfare trust. I still control the same shares. They still pay me two hundred thousand pesetas a year dividends. I spend one hundred thousand on charity; one hundred thousand is reinvested in this angelic trust. I escape tax and supertax of eighty thousand. Net result, my charity costs me twenty thousand pesetas and the venal newspapers tout my tip back to the workers as though in some magic manner one man can be a fount of welfare to a thousand; not they to him."

Frank Robinson yawned. "When do we get Henryson?"

"Frank, permit me divagating once in a while. I am only the chief. I can think of a dozen crude ways of getting Henryson, but like a composer I must await a melodic outline that seizes me, and from whose fertile notes are born a shoal of children, all varied, all harmonized. You understand this need in my nature?"

"Sure, chief."

"No, Frank. You understand your scaled-up commission and you are worried whether I have gone stale. I never go stale. Patience."

In the meantime Henryson was rejoiced to see how well he could get on without his ex-partners. Their paths never crossed long. Whenever these two had eaten before, they had crunched with their predatory jaws in the restaurant in Palmerston House, that congeries of establishments for silk hats. Now that Henryson ate there still he drove his proud partners to Pimm's grill-room in Threadneedle Street. They resigned from the Bath Club, because he sauntered in nearly every night and regarded them from the fireplace. They ceased attendance at the bars. He

stood pat, they always retreated. That was the secret of his gaining on them rapidly. They circulated bad rumours; he bought them off easily, and circulated worse. He hinted they were bankrupt as there was "nothing profitable left in their shop."

Cristóbal could have, with a day's income, crushed this pompous petty financier, but he chose to let him develop fast, so as to inflict on him choicer miseries. The fate of Caradoc Jones had taught him that punishment is no art for amateurs, but a science with beauties proper to itself.

"Revenge should be as finished as the touchings and retouchings of a Meryon or a Whistler. To shift the art, it must have one theme, banal or borrowed, that of evening accounts, but be as multiform in its outlines, in its shifts of key, in its succession of waltz rhythms, *Lieder* burdens, as the Handel variations of Brahms."

One last delay, dull and boring. The brain came back and fought the senses and the passions. He talked to himself earnestly, loudly, one night. He wore out carpets, opened windows, incorporated London grime into his lungs, London spleen into his will. The Jacobean or William-and-Mary house (no one was sure) breathed with the memories of lord chancellors and other doctors of dispute. His straight resolutions were crooked into the island questionings of Hamlet.

"I digest revenge with all its contradictory mental foods. Anarchism is fused with family vengeance, this pursuit of four nobodies with the man who once sang for men, from the hills of Barcelona, who sang his love for all the defeated, his admiration for the generous successful, his horror of all others. Is my ruling passion counterfeit? But I am playing? I can annihilate easily these puppets. Why do I make them important? Have I no soul save that mirrored by the defeat of the petty?"

"But the question is not my power relative to theirs. It was their use of relative power against my father that is to be rectified. They used guile on the guileless, professional skill on the amateur, treason on the believer. It was a little betrayal of brotherhood: it is a pretty task to annihilate four spiders.

"Does a housewife ask questions of a cobweb broom? She goes from that job to making divine food. I shall go from my scavenger's task to tasks worthy of my endowments. If not,

if I do not go through with this small work, pretending it is unworthy of me, it is, that like every other failure, I increase the size of my expectations, along with the poverty of my deeds. To-night I must seize the idea, I must not sleep."

At three o'clock his ideas were weighted in specific gravity. He shouted his Eureka, and walked through the morning streets of the city, with its dozens of newspaper and milk lorries rushing through that misty glimmer of light that cockneys call dawn. He looked over the Embankment, with the other unfortunates there—the man of billions beside the poorest of the poor. The dirty river called back to him, "Do your work and do it well. Three men must drown in my brown swell." Nursery rhymes, stop haunting me. He completed the large architectonic of tricks that would engulf Henryson and his daughter.

Cristóbal's researchers found that an intimate friend of the family had been Sir Turner Goldstein, who, however, bore no resemblance to Madeleine. But a spot of work among miniatures showed that his mother did, and down to incredibly small details. A study of two further daguerreotypes clinched the business. The father of Sir Turner Goldstein was the exact prototype of Madeleine, although so Jewish that he had a crick in the back from bending over the four important prayers daily. He was dolichocephalic, white-blond, with an albinizing look in the eye, a pink suggestion, no more, and his ears, especially, had the same long trumpet line as Madeleine's, the ear-ring flesh at the bottom, shaped out of a mould, into a dent that went to its very bottom.

Madeleine was the child of this friend. Further bribes to servants in the closed home of the Goldsteins, while the family was hunting at Cleeve near Tewkesbury, led to a complete ransacking of trunks in attics, with a few letters, not tell-tale, but significant enough when combined with the miniatures and daguerreotypes. It was clear where proud Henryson could be got beneath the skin: a cuckold eternal, a ceaseless provider for the other chump's spawn. But the family vengeance, though fully worked out, was reserved for the second act. The fight was to begin on the financial terrain, where Henryson boasted of his invincibility. "If I am got, I am the fool. There are no complaints. The others are welcome to my skin," was his repeated

brag. "The other driver on the road is always right, even if drunk or speeding," was another of his saws, "for the only man who has right on his side is the survivor, and that I always intend to be."

In September, 1923, Mr. Jacob Henryson sat down in his Bishopsgate office. He read everything, for he had to be a fount of wisdom on the telephone all day long, purring hope to the covetous wires. The headlines of the *Financial Critic* held him:

LA FORTUNA DE ANDALUCÍA: AMAZING REPORT

The committee of inspection appointed by the new management of the famous La Fortuna mines and smelters, controlled by St. Aubin Investment Associates, have just received a provisional report from their engineers. This report states the machinery is practically useless, not only because of deterioration, but obsolescence in mining technique is also charged. The sintering system is expensive and inefficient. Production costs are 8½d. a pound, nearly the highest in the world. The smelting works are at the technical level of 1892. As against American competition, the mines will have to close unless thoroughly overhauled and modernized.

The report concludes that all the canons of sound mining practice have been "shamefully violated for thirty years." "Had a proper provision been made, a reserve of £3,000,000 should have been built up for proper replacements alone." The earnings, it is charged, have been inflated; the payment of dividends wholly unwarranted. However, no breach of trust is implied against the previous management, of which Mr. Pately was chairman.

According to the summary £4,000,000 are required to make the properties economic producers. Until this re-equipment is completed earning power will be at a standstill. Debentures must be issued but their credit standing would not permit a public issue.

St. Peter Port Investment Trust, a private group, has, however, agreed to loan £4,200,000 in 7% debentures, redeemable in 1953 and not before, at 105% of par. The interest and sinking fund requirements of this issue will be greater, it appears, than the earnings of the common shares, if correctly computed.

Henryson read this report with some chagrin, as it reflected also on his own participation in their management, and might hurt his business. True, he and his partners had paid themselves liberal dividends and high salaries and directors' fees, but none

of the reports had been nearly as bad as this. Still, he admitted to himself, they had never been too anxious to know the truth, as they had always regarded it as a short-term proposition, for it had been mined for ever so long.

He calculated. There are a million ordinary shares out, of which this new crowd own 505,000. That must be buried somewhere in the Caradoc Jones estate, and one should be able to get it cheap, now that the old man and his son are dead. But the public still held 495,000, including Pately, Carrington's holdings. They were selling for $2\frac{1}{3}$ each; the whole minority holdings were worth about £55,000. Would the mysterious Jones interests try to maintain a market for these worthless shares? On the report the shares were wiped out many times over.

The next day in a routine circular he read the following:

LA FORTUNA DE ANDALUCÍA THE REPORT A HOAX

The report made to the new management is clearly a stupid attempt to get the ordinary shares to zero so that the whole of this magnificent company can be acquired for a song. There is no warrant that the debenture offer will ever be carried out. In any case, the courts will have a great deal to say about a debenture issue made by a dummy company, to another dummy company (which it controls) to the detriment of outsiders. It is stated that no criticism is intended of the former management for breach of confidence of shareholders. Why, if the management was nearly as bad as stated? As former bankers for the company, conversant with every detail, we urge the retention of the issue, at the least, and actually we are bold enough to counsel further purchases. We are acquiring a large block of shares from an American investment trust, required by the laws of their state to sell foreign investments, which they do with regret. We offer these shares for $2\frac{1}{6}$ for ten days, reserving the right to increase the price thereafter. The intrinsic value of the shares is $17\frac{1}{6}$ to a guinea, in our estimation, and we expect them to make the guinea turn within six months.

PATELY, CARRINGTON & CO. ANGEL COURT

Henryson rubbed his hands with electric glee. Same old stuff. So it was really his old partners who were collaborating with the Jones crowd, while accusing Henryson himself. But apparently the Jones outfit was trying to freeze them out, after

the deal, and Pately, Carrington were trying to sustain the market in shares, of which they still held one hundred and fifty thousand. They hoped to unload them on the too-cautious Indian civil servants of Aberdeen and the gouty investors of Bath. And all this for less than £20,000! How have the mighty fallen! Poor firm. They were monkey-nut purveyors, coconut-shy financiers, once deprived of the mighty mind of Jacob Henryson. The next thing he knew they would be keeping a stall at Southend or Blackpool. Or selling that frightful Yankee confection, popped corn or something, in exile at Coney Island.

He watched the quotations to see when he should begin selling the worthless shares. He went to the jobbers on the floor of the Stock Exchange, and they assured him there was a good floating supply of the shares about. Prices were close, and they made an excellent book.

He waited. In two days they were 3/6. But why? The public was not silly enough to believe Pately, Carrington's circular against the considered opinion of the greatest mining engineers in London. Their report was reasoned and thorough. It was a good share wash and that was all. "Wait until the premature bears that rushed for the honey are stung, then I'll sell."

So it happened and he congratulated himself no end. The shares were 5/- the next day. A bear squeeze, reported the press. Within the settlement they advanced to 10/-. A supplementary report of these high-class engineers was issued; it was still more pessimistic. There was talk of an assessment on the shares. The shares defied the report and went up and up. Henryson carefully studied the "markings" or reports. They were not too fast, too crowded, showing a great washing of the shares, nor were they so few that it looked like a thin market or a "squeeze."

Within the month they made the guinea turn. On paper Pately and Carrington had cleaned up nearly £150,000. And he had thought himself the bright one when he got out! But it must all be fictitious. Still he heard no bears moaning: there might be some legitimate demand.

He sold a hundred to get the feel of the market in a small transaction. The market took it at 23/-. It was irresistible. They were right; the engineers' report must have been a dressed-up business that failed. He, Henryson, was out in the cold, the

Caradoc Jones interests were whipped. Pately and Carrington were rolling in profits. But damn it all, how? They had no real arguments for the shares. Who was backing them, who bought? The next day the shares were 30/-; on his little spec, he was out £35. He bought in and the shares went to two guineas.

He was suspicious; he could not buy. Still, how could an old hand in that game and in those very shares for three decades on the inside, be baffled? He took a heroic plunge. He sold five hundred shares.

The market was two guineas when he sold. For all that he got only 37/6 for his lot. "A nice Christmas tree I am for the jobbers. When I originally sold one hundred shares they gave me 2/- more than I expected, but they ran it up like a mercury column when I wanted to buy back. When you want to sell, they reduce the price 4/6. It's a jobber's trimming market in a crazy thin supply, that's all."

He sold short another five hundred to test his ideas. He got 35/-. He suddenly tried to buy them back, all at once, to see what would happen. He got the whole one thousand back for only 33/-. So, he had made over £150 in a silly market in three hours. Those shares were going fast and with it the imaginary profits of his late partners. Now for fun.

He sold and bought back ever larger quantities. He always sold first and took off the leg on the buying side. He never wanted to own those rotten shares, on balance. He turned around sixty times, big and little lots, scalped for ha'pennies, and rode the market for shillings. He almost never guessed wrong.

His sense of touch was as uncanny as that of a fine pianist. He had the Fortuna market buffaloed. Whoever was running that market was getting a fine trimming from the old master. His luck was as superb as his intelligence and his sensitivity. He watched it go up and down, and, as they say in the States, "read tape" perfectly.

Finally he built up a really large short position, as he noted carefully that the shares always gave way a little more under selling pressure, than they responded to buying. They were on the toboggan. He carefully studied what must be the position on the jobber's books. The floating supply was more than

ample, it was swirling about. He sold three thousand shares at the all-time top of two pounds ten. The market cracked from the crazy price. He sold it down and down and down. There was only one thing that should have made him hesitate, that is that no one would sell him calls on the shares, so as to protect himself if he were wrong. But that was a common situation except in leading shares; it did not worry him seriously. The settlement passed off smoothly. It was a natural market all right. The Napoleon of finance had himself short 100,000 shares at 30/- average price. The market collapsed to 15/-. It would be dangerous to go short more, although panicky supplies were coming on the market and the shares looked a dead cert for a wipeout, with bonanza profits ahead. But the cool Henryson did not act like a fool. "When all your logic tells you to go banco, do the opposite." He had a paper profit of £75,000. "Test your paper profits first and then develop your theories." Never was a man more prudent or smart.

The next morning his caution was vindicated. The shares opened a bit firmer at 17/6. He ordered a mere two hundred bought at the market. He paid 22/6. He challenged the execution, but before his words were cold, they were quoted 25/- bid. Well, well, paper castles of profit crumble fast. Then an order appeared to buy forty thousand at the market. The price was £2. Henryson rushed over to see the Stock Exchange officials in charge, but there was no evidence of an undue squeeze or of sharp dealing. The buyer was a serious Spanish bank! He timidly tried to buy back five hundred. The whole market talked of nothing else but these shares gaining 150 per cent an hour. He had to pay £3. He scurried about for a loan of shares. They were nowhere to be found. That night they closed £4 bid. He was out nearly all his money.

The next day the newspapers were full of a declaration that the respectable firm of mining engineers had been put upon and merely transmitted the report of two corrupt Belgian mining engineers who had been bought by bears to make a wholly imaginary report. The debenture offers were withdrawn, an "impartial shareholders' committee" reported that the shares were worth at least £6 in intrinsic value.

Henryson simply had to settle. The price was fixed by his

secret opponent, on the basis of his reports at just the figure calculated to wipe him out without making him a hopeless bankrupt. Jacob Henryson and Company terminated a short existence. He had just nothing at all, not less than nothing. He surrendered, empty in purse, crushed in conceit, and vowed to shoot his two ex-associates.

That night at Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, their special pudding was consumed heavily and dark brown ale drunk in silver tankards, by three happy gamblers—Pately, Carrington, and Frank Robinson. The two brokers roared when they received £25,000 each for lending their names to the really cleverly contrived trap for the former bright boy of the firm. How he had been led to compare two reports, how he had infallibly been attracted to the cheese in the trap, how with the cunning of an old rat he smelled long to see if it were poisoned, how the fat rat nibbled carefully at first to detect the trap-spring, how that spring had given way whenever he wanted it to, and for dozens of times, and how it was finally sprung down on him, whiskers and all! They laughed again and again. "The old crooked Casino game," commented Carrington, "only they begin by letting the dupe win first, whereas as artists we gave him a slight loss first. He knew it was genuine. Gentlemen, it is indecent to praise ourselves but we are infinitely subtle."

Pately and Carrington were given wads of one-pound Bank of England notes in valises, so as to cover all tracks. They could never determine the mysterious connexions of Robinson. He could no longer carry the mask of the pathetic clerk, the tip hunter. But he stayed away from Cristóbal all through this scene, calling an unlisted telephone number from a post-office booth to receive instructions.

Jacob Henryson was done financially. All night after his ruin he looked into the fireplace, finished in his pride. So great was his insolence that he had nearly forgotten the loss of the money that reduced him to poverty. Could he get back into the game? At his age it was not easy. But what had ailed him? "What an idiot I was. When your sense of a market is as perfect as all that, it's because the chaps that run the business are letting you play with marbles or tin soldiers. I was certainly got. No regrets, old boy. That's my motto, thank God. Well, the house

belongs to Madeleine and her dower money is still standing up. That's about all."

While Frank was busy finishing Henryson in London, Anatole was working at Mentone. The spring of 1924 was sweet and luscious. Order was restored everywhere. The rich were spending again and with confidence. Why, even Germany was coming back. The days of revolution were forgotten. There wasn't a cloud anywhere. The franc had wobbled but had staged a swift come-back on the Morgan loan.

Madeleine Henryson had just returned from the hunt at Pau. She had no idea of what her father in London was doing, except that his letters were damned short and full of nasty Stock Exchange news. What a bore. A horrible old man. Hate your parents, the new morality. They owe you millions for the injury of creating you. Tommyrot, loving them. Imagine "Daddy, I worship you because you created me. *Quelle blague.*" This stuff filled the terrace of Monte Carlo one night, on the basis of six *fines*. She breathed Dr. Pierre's dentifrice over hardly concealed onions. The breath came from an Italian marquis—rich, silly, sleepy, also creative. He held out for the Madonna, though: that was boyhood training.

"But your mother, Madame, your mother?"

"Oh, she was all right, she left me an estate."

The count left for his natural needs, excited by drink and bawdy talk. When he walked out in the "embalmed night air" as the publicity posters of Monte Carlo have it, Anatole Kerouillis bumped into Madeleine, false-drunk. He apologized with a comic but insistent profuseness.

"Are you waiting for that fool who went to the *lavabo*?"

"The Marchese Spermatelli-Dinamico—is it he you call a fool?"

"Madame, you are a happy wanton. I have an Argentine friend in a *bistro*, around the corner from this posh dive. He has a faculty for loving ladies. They appreciate with letters of thanks accompanied by letters of credit. You should meet him."

Her half-drunken pout answered him.

"In the first place, I am not a wanton. I have paid out the boys more than they me. But I agree to ditch the *lavabo* lord for the Argentine hairdressing. Lead me on, kindly light."

The alcoholic duet moved on to the *bistro*, where the lady not only drank three more *finés*, but got her hypo from Anatole. She bellowed generous and lusty phrases until she was thrown out on the pavement, jewels and all, for "using bestial language," as the modest proprietor, Joe of Marseille, observed.

The Argentine gigolo, a mannequin of the tango, came up with his creamed ebony hair, and walked her back to her car, in which they drove to her villa between Cap-Martin and Mentone. In the parlour the Argentine spoke. "I am an illegitimate son of the former president of the Argentine Republic by the premier ballerina of the opera at Buenos Aires. I demand respect." They stood up at her private bar, holding each other, and pouring down *finés* as fast as their trembling hands allowed them. Madeleine got another hypo. She listened, crazy-exalted to the obscene puns, to the swiftly moving fashionable allusions to all the latest scandals. She passed out, again yelling an assorted coprology. She screamed her endless love and devotion to the one-hour acquaintance. It was four in the morning.

There entered the villa, and was admitted by the two drunks, a notary from Nice, about to be stricken off the register for defalcation of client's funds. He was ready to fly to Italy that night. He was still legally a notary, though, and Anatole had hired him at fair expense for this job. He had, after a cadastral survey, made a complete deed of transfer of the villa from Madeleine Henryson to the Argentine, Pedro Celman, for value received. Madeleine, in her happy state, signed the paper, which she was told (not that it mattered) was a subscription for *Le Sourire*.

No more was said about this. The next day Madeleine, recovered, recalled nothing of the night, but she held fast to the gigolo. He pandered to her every vice. He imitated every hard-boiled posture she adopted. The Marchese Spermatelli-Dinamico was kicked downstairs by the two new friends.

They never let her out of their sight, so lavish were they with attentions. Her peccadilloes with Celman became the talk of Mentone, and led to several descents of the police, who did not love him. But nothing came of that.

Anatole wrote a long letter, anonymous, to be sure, to the family in London. Jacob Henryson's mind was not on the affair. He thought only of how to come back financially. But

he did worry whether Madeleine, his pride, departed from the outward behaviour of an English gentlewoman.

The old broker reflected. He had been a victim of an eight-months' trick covering sixteen stock-exchange settlements. His brain was not at fault. The resources of his enemy, the framework of his enemy's operations, were larger than the market had ever seen. His opponent must be a Monte Cristo, a Rothschild, not his miserable ex-partners. He knew their calibre only too well.

Within the rules of the game he had played a brilliant hand: by every maxim of market wisdom he should have won. In the midst of these thoughts, he received a note on violet paper like that used by chichi ladies.

Jacob Henryson, M.T.I.D.

I know what you think, scheme, reflect. You are as predictable as a chemical reaction. You once did me a mortal injury. I am determined to destroy you. I am worth hundreds of millions. You are finitely clever and definitely broke. Forget it, you are no match for infinite vengeance and resources.

The Count of Monte Cristo

P.S.—The symbol is MAN THAT IS DOOMED. Don't laugh at this boyhood-style melodramatic language, and note the post-mark, Mentone.

He was disturbed, first that his enemy was hovering about near his corrupt daughter, secondly that he was strong enough to write like a boy playing pirate.

The next day, he received a note on yellow paper, with the star of Solomon in blue, the Hexagon of the Freemasons, he thought.

Jacob Henryson, M.T.I.D.

The daddy of Madeleine lived under a six-pointed star.

Conventional Symbol: AN ILL-WISHER

This time he laughed at the ridiculous, official poison-pen letter style. Just as Cristóbal had predicted. The next day he had a post card, still from Mentone.

Henryson, Disdainful, M.T.I.D.

Golden Stones Turn in Adulterous Paths.

After a second's reflection, his lifelong friend, Sir Turner Goldstein, swam into the consciousness of unpleasant suspicion. "Golden Stones," that's Goldstein; "Turn," Turner. Clear.

He had not seen him for fifteen years preceding his death, in fact, not after his wife's death. Sir Turner had recently passed away. For all that he would call on the Goldstein family home and snoop.

He visited the Goldstein household on the pretext that he would like to get back some old business correspondence for his files, as the Goldstein estate was settled. He drove to Lincoln, near which they lived on a barbarously ostentatious estate on a lone high hill above the fens.

He was received by a girl of sixteen, with waterfall hair, and a degenerate glance, but delicate, and by a fairylike son with a hand-grip as weak as water, who came in from the cyclamen gardens with his dear cousin, Ethelred. There was no doubt of it, boy and girl seemed twins to his Madeleine. He left, quite ill.

When he returned he had a letter from the Riviera. He found that Madeleine had received overwhelming proofs, reproductions of letters on photostats, as also of cameos, miniatures, silhouettes and daguerreotypes. She was contemptuous of the old fellow, without money, a great bore to her, not even her father. His oracular discourse of a generation was hurled in his teeth. The letter read:

Jacob Henryson, Esquire:

As you are not connected with my family, I shall require you to pay me a competitive rent for the lodgings you occupy in Bryanston Square. Either that or I move for dispossession. There was a biological reason why I always detested you. Firm in my bastardy, I pass on to you my long withheld resentments. I regret the revelation, but I feel it to be true. Sir Turner was a gentleman, what are you? Deceived by a wife, cheated in the market-place, you are a monumental fool. You will recall that Mother left the house to me, not you. That taught you nothing. This letter teaches you to quit.

Madeleine (Henryson?)

The unnatural letter did not annoy him as yet, despite his years of doting on Madeleine. He knew the desire of his fellow mortals to even accounts with those whom they dislike, but are forced to respect for any special reason. The skin was off, the raw flesh revealed. But to throw him out on the street without a home, in his old age!

The news had become common property in the City of London. Old Henryson went around to his haunts seeking credit. He got none, but received instead plenty of snickers and double-speech. The next day he received a lovely letter from Madeleine.

Jacob Henryson, Esq.

I have learned that I was educated entirely out of my mother's funds. I have as yet received no rent. I am communicating with my solicitors to take immediate action. I owe you nothing.

Madeleine (Goldstein)

Then another:

Jacob Henryson, Esq.

I have requested my solicitors to demand a complete accounting of my mother's estate. I believe it has been properly accounted for, but I require proof, for good order.

Madeleine (Goldstein)

Anatole was certainly working fast on the receptive girl.

That night a gigantic, horrible-looking old man, well dressed, rode in a third-class carriage by the cheapest route to Paris—Dieppe-Newhaven. In Paris he bought a revolver from an illegal dealer in the Rue de Châteaudun, a "bunk" of the *camelots du roi*. He took a special excursion to the Azure Coast, third-class. He had three francs and six cartridges.

Madeleine was sunning herself on the villa terrace at Mentone, under the laurel trees. She was joking with Anatole and Pedro, undisturbed by her newly revealed illegitimacy and indifferent to her part-Jewish blood.

As Henryson mounted the staircase, advancing inflexibly, there was a fussy silence and a justified fear. He was like an antique saurian, tough, slimy, gigantic, marching on little reptiles. He aimed beautifully. Madeleine fell dead, a shot through her mouth, the blood gushing from the corners of her lips.

A whistle from Anatole and the gendarmes were there. They closed in on the crazed monster. He was not dazed, he did not resist, he was immobile, comprehending, inert. The Argentine gigolo held him fast. Anatole formally made the charges, as eyewitness. Anatole and Pedro were held on recognizance as ample cash was deposited as guarantee for their appearance.

Henryson tried to kill himself, to use kitchen utensils to cut his throat, tried to borrow a penknife from fellow prisoners, but was soon deprived of tie and shoelaces and belt—rule of the French police. When they took off his braces, compelling him to hold up his trousers, he was more humiliated than by the murder. He wondered about the guillotine: a curious way for an Englishman to die.

At the trial he pleaded guilty, but when accused of the murder of "his" daughter, he howled aloud. His sunken eye veered around the crowd. He saw no friend, no kin.

Behind him was a dark, good-looking, tall, young, though not too young, Spanish gentleman, with the classic air of a hidalgo, his face of stone, his eyes directed through the crumbled broker. He sat in state, and Henryson wondered where he had seen a similar face before. No time for that now.

Anatole testified drily as an acquaintance of Madeleine. The Argentine testified as her prospective husband, with simulated grief and indignation. Her villa was now his, and the murder he had expected to perform, if needful to get it, was anticipated by another. He had every reason to feel good.

Henryson pleaded for the guillotine, but French juries make mercy an institution, even against the wishes of the accused. "Owing to his age, poverty, just provocation, we recommend a sentence of five years." At his age, that was almost a life sentence, and terrible enough in its memories and hopelessness should he survive.

The house in Bryanston Square was plundered by Pately and Carrington for compromising documents. They were ahead of Cristóbal.

The Spanish avenger now had to make his family call. Several weeks later he came down to the central prison at Fresnes to visit Henryson and found the convicted broker in the prison hospital, with a complication of organic diseases imposed on a humiliated spirit.

The skin hung like flapping textiles around the body of the man of the race of Anak; the bones, big, served their covers as a flag-pole. His eyes had sunk into his head until they pressed into the brain. He was puzzled at a visitor who was not a prison official, but he remembered the stone face at the trial, that trial whose theatre he

attended hours every day. A newspaper reporter, he guessed, trailing him to the end. The visitor sat down.

"You knew me at the age of three weeks," he began crisply. "My name is Cristóbal Pinzón, my father your miserable prey. He swore me as a boy to avenge his unjust treatment, and I have not flinched from my boyhood oath. I obeyed his dictates when I had the forces to do it well, with the certainty that I could act like Monte Cristo, play an unlimited game against puppet foes.

"You can guess who it was acquired his old mine and factories, who confused all of you so that you suspected each other, who supplied you with all your shares, so that your vanity was also supplied with a feeling of power, while all the time I could withdraw your playthings at will. You know who revealed to you the origin of your daughter. I am proud to say, for I am facing you, sick and beaten, that I have no more mercy for you than you have had for others. No tragic sight moves me, only justice gives me understanding."

The cavernous eyes looked through their dark short telescope in the eyeballs and the wrinkled lips opened. "A good, flowery Latin speech, my boy," was the reply. "I am calm: a corpse can have little use for indignation. That's what I am, my lad, but they don't smell the body, so the foolish doctors think I am alive. I only wish I had a son like you. Goldstein's brat was a girl. Old Don Francisco, he was the better man. He produced a son—a true son. I resent nothing. You revealed my vanity to me, my daughter's character, the truth. I am too weak to resent that."

Cheated of his vengeance, but grown in understanding, Cristóbal left him with blunted feelings, without a word. He read two days later he was gone. His last phrases were, "I wish I had a son like that old dago. God, why didn't you give me a son like that? . . ."

Two!

XXVIII

THREE!

MR. PATELY was not a happy man. The vengeance of God had got his late partner, Henryson, and his unhappy associate, Jones. He was pleased with the £25,000 he had encashed for his nominal role in the Fortuna plot. But one shadow fell over his unquiet thought. Who was the mysterious power behind Robinson, who had taken La Fortuna away from him? After all £25,000 is a mean compensation for the loss of a business that had helped to nourish the firm for more than thirty years.

It is uncomfortable for a banker not to know exactly where blows come from. He could well survive the loss of La Fortuna, but how about their other three properties? Merthyr Tin Plate Producers, Ltd., they filched from Jones's confederates, Norwegian Aluminium Syndicate, A.B., for which they were beholden to a private firm of bankers, with Oslo connections, and Golden Hope Opals, of Queensland, Australia, an original promotion. These three were highroads to fortune, but the control of the firm was becoming increasingly precarious as these properties attracted the attention of more powerful houses.

He spoke to Carrington repeatedly on this theme. "Steve," he said, "look at that combo in Germany, the I. G. Farben. They practically run the chemicals game there. Look at Mellon in the States, he's got the industry of aluminium sewed up. These are absolute, not relative monopolies. Tin plate's a free market and you well know why: because it's like most heavy industries, either a feast or a famine, and at the moment it's no feast. What can we do, basically, apart from day-to-day tricks? What attraction have we for the big guns that they won't shoot us down?" He bit his finger-nails steadily between sentences and while listening to replies.

Carrington was not backward. "My dear Bobbie, you have

spent all your life fearing the evolution of history, and as yet our four feet are ahead of the textbooks pursuing us. Your nerve specialists can help you less than I can. I still toy with the idea of grandeur, I'm no mad Christian like you. I haven't yet rounded seventy like you. All right, the day of private banking is over except for a half-dozen houses intertwined with the Big Five and the Bank of England. Who cares? They've got to keep us going. If we mind our *p's and q's* we'll remain as part of their middle-class façade.

"Even the big boys have to give folks the illusion there's opportunity about. Don't forget that they have a hundred learned twisters producing recondite calculations on the 'democratization of wealth in the upper brackets.' We are small, but essential. Like doctors and lawyers. They are basically helpless, but they are paid better than navvies."

"Pretty reasoning, but where does it get us? It's an expensive form of survival. Every time the big houses want to get rid of sticky bonds and stranded shares, they cram it down the throats of their favoured associates like us. They don't say they'll gore you some day if you don't eat their swill, but you know it. The Olaf Knudsen bank has cost us more in participations than the Aluminium Company is worth; the Sydney crooks have eaten up our opals profits in Sydney gas promotions; the Tin Plate we pay no tribute for, because there's no gravy there. We are a bad husk, that's all. And Steve, the Lord may punish us for excessive pride, for pride is always punished."

Despite the professional lamentation, the Jeremiah of the firm talked differently going home, for his reasoning had one object, to keep the ambitious Stephen Carrington within bounds.

After making all allowances, and being prepared for a relatively declining part in finance, his life was cast in pleasant places. He was rich, he was worth half a million pounds, Carrington a million nearly, if they liquidated to-morrow. The ghost of revolution had been exorcized, a world-wide recovery was setting in, it was a jolly good country still even with income tax at five shillings in the pound. There were two shadows; one was the mysterious opponent. They were wrong on Henryson, the probate showed that. Poor Jones, he too was not the rogue. They had traced the Jersey company back to Luxembourg for all the good that did them. Robinson was a

good liar but obviously a tool. He could be bought for damned little, research had got them nowhere, and with two hypotheses out, only bribery remained. The other shadow was his insomnia, now terrifying. The Christian banker was content with his conclusion.

Pately lived in a tiny hamlet in Buckinghamshire, the quietest spot near London on weekdays, the resort of a large number of æsthetes, got up as hikers, on Sundays. It was a soft English countryside, near the houses at Chalfont in which *Paradise Lost* was dictated, and with its rills, timeless trees, ageless houses, coquette yet with a stately touch, and its quaint corners, it was such a place as inspires minor sonnets and major epics, the epics treating of another time and place. Pately's nerves, shattered by years of speculation, required this peaceful setting.

Pately, unlike Henryson and Carrington, had become more mellow with age. He had some formless aspirations after Good, he was troubled about slum conditions, subscribed to social surveys, went to Unitarian chapel to show his wide spirit, regretted Henryson's brutality and Carrington's fearful push, and remained the smoodger, the analyst, mean in soul, but somewhat generous to those not in his way. He had long spells of remorse. His second marriage was not so happy as his first; but it rolled along nicely. He had one child.

Frank Robinson was invited to take tea with him on Sunday and to spend the afternoon there. They were to play on an amusingly miniscular golf course that he had laid out with the precision and preciousness of a Japanese dwarf garden. He was also to play croquet with the ladies, try his skill at bridge ("the four of us, a family set, you know"), and have a little chat until dinner-time when, regrettably, they had invited the Unitarian minister and his lady for a private discussion. They would drive him into Hendon by the Watford by-pass. It was all so "daysent," as the Irish say, and Robinson, entertained by this piccolo diabolism, made a lovely letter of acceptance, written by Cristóbal, as chaste and as pale as an ivory trinket.

His instructions from Cristóbal were formal. He was to accept any bribe if large, to reject it if small not because of the amounts, but because of the importance that would thus be assigned to his information. It was necessary to build up the idea that Frank was considerably more important than he appeared to be, to excite

Pately to a new way of thinking. So long as his mind ran in the old groove that Frank was a mere puppet, he would distrust his story, because it was patent that his previous stories were misleading. A principal misleads on purpose, a petty little thief misleads merely to keep on collecting small sums. It was essential to hold out for a fine bribe.

Frank rolled into the village in a ramshackle taxi he had picked up at Watford underground station. As the taxi entered the grounds of the estate, there was assembled, first the host, six feet two of squirishness, with a red, long, fleshy nose, great Oxford eye-glasses, loud check suit with Gulliver's pockets. With him was a crusty lady, equally red-nosed, equally fleshy-nosed, definitely stodgy, medium height, with down on her cheeks, a perfect target for rheumatic attacks. Lastly, there was his daughter Dora, in Chelsea-Bloomsbury art dress, fresh from Newnham College, Cambridge. Her yellow hair was remarkable. It would have shamed those Angle slave boys that moved Pope Gregory to send missionaries to convert these golden-haired angelic pagans. She reproduced her parents' features, but the small variations refined the total effect.

It was patent she knew nothing of her father's game but lived in her studies and ideas. Her eyes were turned away from the family foyer. She watched his persecution obsessions against competitors, and wrote down his conversations for her psychology professor. Receiving these business friends bored her, but her manners were quiet—she did not etch her clear indifference. The bust of Robert Raikes, founder of Sunday schools, was over her bookcase.

After a preliminary exchange of social nothings, such as are fitting until the servant brings tea, the tea things were wheeled in with the usual doughy toast and scones, salt butter, saffron-coloured cakes, other chemical pastries and creams, standard tea at two shillings a pound ("our mixed special") and other evidences of what is called a high standard of living.

The conversation went on about the dear vicar, how he was such a dear (again), how kindly he behaved to dissenters like themselves, not high-brow at all; of their neighbour, Mrs. Latymer, such a dear old thing; of testy Mr. Woodbridge the retired army officer, who, as in the tale of *Peregrine Pickle*, ran his house,

Cawnpore Lodge, to remind him of his former services, with an old orderly as butler. There were all the other stale ingredients of county talk. On and on went this cold brook, as the daughter sat in an easy chair, reading Haldane on Possible Worlds, of which the room and its occupants were regrettably one, put it down occasionally, glanced at a novel of Miss Delafield, parodying the very conversation going on now.

Finally the two gentlemen left the ladies and sat down in the autumnal garden for a bit of a smoke, pipes being the detestation of Madame. Lying back in the green deck chairs, very fellows of those spread about London's parks for rd. a sit, the two antennæ began feeling on the La Fortuna affair.

"You told us a pretty packet of lies, old Robinson," Pately drawled agreeably, "but really it was a bit thick to regale us with yarns so easily disproved. Why, you almost make my soul wish to tender apologies to the late Jones and Henryson. However, this time we can dispense with that to no great loss."

"My stories were told you for the reason all stories are," put in Frank with a dry palate, "to advance my own interests. You took me for some sort of glorified office boy. I accepted the guinea you threw to me, you then thought me nothing at all, but you believed me because I was a bedbug."

"These ideas don't pay me a dividend," answered Pately. "Frankly I would like to come to a deal with you."

"All right. I want no tips but real money. Name price and conditions."

"My condition is that you reveal the real, beneficial owner of La Fortuna shares, not the inscribed owner. It is clear as day that one trust leads to another, that the final holding company has shares endorsed in blank, or bearer shares, hypothecated, or that the officers in the last chain of companies have sent in their resignation (with the date waiting to be filled in) to the chap that owns the show. Now you get nothing unless we check up, and find out by other means that the person you indicate is the real enemy I've got."

"It's the old difficulty of every bribe," shot out Robinson. "You won't pay unless I deliver, and I won't deliver unless I'm paid. There's no merchandise here—what I sell is air. Once out, its value is gone."

"What I buy is air, and once I have parted with my money I have no recourse." Pately continued after a pause. "Now, discover some way of getting our horns unlocked."

"That's easy, Mr. Pately, but first let's talk price. If that doesn't suit we haven't got the problem."

"Right."

"I want £5,000."

"Rubbish."

"Why, I just handed you £25,000. My price is £5,000. I handed you five times what you call rubbish."

"Make it two thousand."

"We'll make it three thousand and it's a deal, if I make good."

"It's off."

"Better take it."

"£2,500, say."

"Stop acting like a huckster and you'll learn something."

"I surrender—£3,000 is the price."

"Now, here is what I propose," Frank began, "if my partner consents."

"Oh, you have a partner? Your tongue skipped nicely then. Who?"

"That will come later: 'partner' is a figure of speech for interests. I will give you some information free to begin with. Luxembourg was where your researches came to a dead end."

"Right."

"Good. Well, the Luxembourg company is owned in Lichtenstein. The Lichtenstein companies have two monks' names. One of the two companies with monkish names is in the hands of my group" (at the word "group" Pately looked hard), "and the other is owned by someone you know very well. They are intertwined. Their service agreement will interest you, since the beneficial owners of both companies guarantee that they are such in this very agreement which I can produce. They expressly stipulate that they have not pledged or endorsed their shares, or agreed to deliver them, or resigned in advance from companies, or resorted to any other substantial loss of equity. As soon as your eyes light on this service agreement, you will know who are the members of the group, for there are only two, and you know one intimately, as I said before."

Pately was terribly nervous, biting his finger-nails, and totally unhappy, now that he had to spend several days before absolute revelation. It might be awful, it might be nothing. His years of business speculations had given him frayed spirits.

Frank Robinson sensed the misery of the nervous banker, rose abruptly, said "Good-bye" in curt consonants, barely troubled to go through the chivalry routine with the ladies. "You invited me for a lead," he snapped. "Well, you've got it. Apart from business I've no damned reason to like you. I'm off."

Mrs. Pately advanced to the steps. "Good-bye, ma'am," he called. "Thanks for the tea," he called back from the taxi.

"What bad manners!" said the lady.

"An ex-waiter," Pately advised.

The Bloomsbury dress stirred and the daughter handed out pseudo-socialist platitudes. "A real working man in this house. At last someone useful in this haunt of country gentry and city thieves."

Robinson reflected carefully on the way back: "The two-monks business is easy, but how can we be sure to get a service agreement out of Carrington? If we only can! That nervous boy will have to call in at least ten more specialists if he ever hears the name of old Carrington in that connexion. Most nervous beggar I ever met. I wonder if he's near to being balmy."

During the evening Pately sat abstracted through a dinner with the clergyman, handing him sardines when asked for lemon, and later slept all over the bed, bumping into his crusty spouse, trying to discover the real enemy of his person and fortune.

He could stand it no longer, he got out of bed and paced. "Someone I know intimately. Sir Sly de Rule? No. Carrington? Man, be rational! Two monks. Lichtenstein. A service agreement. Easily recognized. Who? No, no. Someone intimate? That Robinson himself? Is he the principal? But why? Why should he get Jones and Henryson? What curse is there? Who?"

As the dawn came up, his extra-athletic daughter was up, taking her morning walk in the garden. "What's the matter, Daddy, thinking out who you can rob to-day?"

"Get out, you cheap socialist—a socialist on my money. You take money from me and despise me. I am accursed in the future as in the present."

He went upstairs, tired of the green dawn, needing sleep madly, but unable to rest. He could not contain himself until he got to the City and talked it over with Steve. He bit fingers, paced down rugs, looked furtively at the Bible, the great family Bible, and seemed to note only the deaths and phrases about vengeance, rummaged the desk and came across the bills of mental specialists. Everything went wrong, everything suggested disaster. The day came up full: still he was haunted by two innocent men destroyed, by two monks unknown, by the Lichtenstein company, by the tell-tale service agreement that would explain the enemy. And if Robinson were lying so as to conceal his own role? Or if it were a practical joke? No, who could be so cruel?

At breakfast he felt ashamed of himself. He took the sausages and toast from the heated plates along the buffet, drank the warmed-up coffee, smiled at his lady who came down early, and for a moment felt ashamed of not acting like a business man. Still there came back, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." There must be a mortal enemy somewhere. Carrington was obtuse, he must talk it over. This could not endure, he would go mad.

It followed him in the train. Two monks. They seemed to be sitting there, in Franciscan robes, staring at him like death's heads. What a ridiculous notion! Only for Catholics. He tried to pull himself up. No go. They came back and sat opposite. He must talk to Steve—this could not go on. He would find no quiet in a nursing home, the mystery must be solved. He went over the catalogue. Was even Carrington assured? Oh, yes, there must be some basis in life, something even for a sick mind to hold on to.

That night Stephen Carrington was sitting in the Berkeley, eating the boast of its cuisine, a chocolate soufflé, when a slightly, ever so slightly tipsy gentleman bumped into his chair. This helpless mass of gentleman was assisted to a chair by a good Samaritan, who apologized with endless profusion to the disturbed Mr. Carrington, and especially for the dish of chocolate soufflé scattered over linen and floor, and a disgraceful contrast to the delicate panel colours of the restaurant. One apology led to

a chat, and while waiting to have the tables changed, the younger of the two starched tipsy gentry suggested that all be expiated at the bar in "dem good whisky." Carrington, who of course figured the whole episode as a trick of two confidence men, like the rosary game players, was always ready to match his own wits against this fraternity, just to see how the chicken-feed thieves operate.

The whisky was the subject of intense and elaborate discussion, almost rivalling the gusto of New York millionaires in distinguishing brands of Scotch. Cristóbal created a profound disturbance, demanding private stock from the Mull of Kintyre; all commercial brands were vile. Anatole carried on the vulgar show.

They had started with no common manœuvres: their tricks must be altogether special. Cristóbal told him he was a financier, that he was anxious to place funds, and that he could give banker's drafts for any engagement he undertook, and in advance. It was hard to see the dodge in this, and Carrington waited further for Cristóbal's speech. By some chance the conversation turned on Australia, then on Scandinavia, then on South Wales, all, by hazard, the three districts in which Carrington's fortune was engaged. Carrington decided to egg on these swindlers. He mentioned Golden Hope Opals and found a ready ear. "My dear boy," said Cristóbal, "I took a flyer once in emerald mines in Colombia and came to earth. But I am a glutton for punishment. What are your opal properties like?"

"Oh well," said Carrington, laughing at this play-acting, "I would sell control to gentlemen like you."

"How much?"

"Let us say a matter of a mere £175,000, if that interests you, gentlemen." That was a good one. He took some Scotch.

Cristóbal quietly took out a cheque-book and wrote out a draft for £175,000. "I will accept control, Mr. Carrington, if you give me a piece of paper saying that if this cheque makes good you will make the needful arrangements."

"That's a good farce."

"I say, do nothing unless the cheque makes good."

"On whom is it drawn?"

"On the Swiss Bank Corporation in Gresham Street."

"When can it be cashed?"

"At nine to-morrow."

"Why are you buying?"

"I love crazy flyers that begin in bars. I have lost all my money on research, made all of it on bar-room ventures."

Carrington scrutinized the name on the draft. "Pinzón?" he asked. "Are you of Spanish origin? I once knew a Pinzón in Huelva, a copper man. Are you related by any chance?"

"Neither by chance nor design."

"Is it a common name?"

"Not so common as Lopez or Smith, but pretty diffused."

"From what part of Spain are you?"

"Barcelona."

"Oh well, that's different. The people are civilized business men down there. This Pinzón in Huelva was a mad Catholic provincial, his wife a talking-shop in religion. But that was long ago. A round of drinks, gentlemen?" There was silence. "I'd rather not do business in bars," solemnly summed up Carrington, tiring of the game.

He was answered. "A deal is either done or not; if you are not there on the uptake, so long. Let's go, boys. Another thing, call on the Swiss Bank to-morrow and get the shock of your life. I'll be there to laugh. Tell me the hour."

Carrington thought it out. Why let it go? If a joke, there's nothing lost, it's a thousand-to-one shot but it might be real. He smiled and waved them back.

As the evening went on, Carrington sold the control of the Norwegian Aluminium Syndicate, A.B., for £200,000. As the bacchanal reached explosion point, it terminated on the sale of that relic of the Jones interests, the Merthyr Tin Plate Producers, Ltd., for the thumping good price of £250,000. Carrington, despite his drunkenness, was now convinced that this was all cutting up paper dolls and that he had had a grand time. True, the price of these controls was £625,000, far more than he had ever hoped for, but it was just a drunkard's dream. Carrington, dead-drunk, was whirled in a taxi to Anatole's flat. He was awakened at eight in the morning, dosed with black coffee, and driven to the Swiss Bank Corporation at nine o'clock. Anatole knew from Frank that the leisurely Pately never got to the office before ten-fifteen. He had a long ride from his home.

The sums were duly credited to Carrington by the managing director against his provisional receipt, for the control of the three companies. Here was a wonder. The bar-room scene was real, the Arabian Nights had moved from Baghdad to London. The spoiled chocolate soufflé had given rise to the most colourful deal in finance. He had met a crazy Croesus.

It was agreed in the securities department of the bank, which lent its conference room, that, the consent of Mr. Pately being obtained, the shares were to be transferred that day. The next move of Cristóbal was to reveal that he was acting for the Lichtenstein Trust Associates and also for the Lichtenstein Investment Control, g.m.b.h. These in turn acted for Franziskaner-Kapuziner.

"Too complicated for me," said Carrington.

"All right, Mr. Carrington, described as 'Two-Monks' Trust hereafter."

"That's better, German is so long-winded."

"Mr. Carrington, I would rather have you remain in full charge of the three companies, as heretofore. I travel about, I hate to be disturbed by management troubles. When, as and if this agreement is ratified, your firm will have little reason for existence. Why not dissolve your partnership with Pately, after an honourable pay-off, and work for our group as finance manager on a service agreement? Not only a high salary, but in view of your standing, to act as an equal in participations?"

"What is the consideration and who is to guarantee it?"

"The manager of the Italian Overseas Bank, near here, will not only give unconditional guarantees but also ratify all stipulations."

Carrington smiled. He was being rushed; it was a damned scenario. He had sold his firm's holdings for cash, £625,000. Even though the price was attractive and assured, he was giving up a lifelong partnership and accepting participations with someone he had never heard of in financial circles, although he might be great guns in Spain. He'd look that up. He had only met him the night before and at a bar! He suggested that he should consult Pately, but was met by a horse laugh from the two partners.

"As to Pately, I don't want to take over his pedestrian ability. He's no use to me. I had reports on him this morning. We

can't afford to waste money on deadheads, rich as we are, and besides two thieves are too many for one cash register."

"In any case," suggested Carrington, "the sale of shares is subject to Pately's approval to begin with. Why not make the contingent dissolution of the firm as a consideration to arise after his consent? If he chooses not to accept £625,000 all is off, anyway."

"True," said Cristóbal, "if you confront him with a *fait accompli* he will not give his consent—he will hug the firm. Well then, we may take him along, tell him the story, once he consents."

The cash was deposited with the Italian Overseas Bank. A conditional service agreement was drawn up between the "Two-Monks'" company of Lichtenstein for Mr. Carrington to receive £10,000 per annum plus 10 per cent of all net profits on the three ceded companies. On behalf of the first two Lichtenstein trusts, a separate agreement was drawn. One of the trusts was handed over, free and clear, to Mr. Carrington in order to segregate his activities. The agreement was predated to January 1, 1925, so as to give him additional salary. "For fiscal reasons" the contract was to be domiciled in Lichtenstein, though unconditionally guaranteed in London, and was contingent on "Mr. Pately consenting to dissolve the partnership." Cristóbal agreed to await the telephoning of Carrington at eleven-thirty, by which time Pately's decision would be known.

Carrington arrived at his office beaming. He sent for his partner who had just rolled in with his silk hat and ritual umbrella.

"Old Bobbie, a sort of miracle has happened since I saw you on Saturday. One Spaniard was the foundation of our fortunes, another completes the story, and with the same name—most amazing coincidence. I met the swine last night, a good-looking dago, the way they think. Met him at the Berkeley. The toff dances on pots of money.

"Like all of those wild grandee lunatics, he wants to invest in solid English investments. That's a good one. So he fell into our trap and I wished on him the opals, just after the rotten report from old Cripps. I passed on the Aluminium before the Nobels can gun us out of the field, and I even got rid of the sick war baby, Merthyr. Crazy but true. I have £625,000 in bank providing," with a wink of the eye, "you approve. Don't kill me by saying yes—the shock would finish Father."

"Quick work, my son," was the flabbergasted response of Pately. "But is the gold real?"

"Ask the Swiss Bank Corporation who paid it out, or the Italian Overseas, where it is gently nestling to our credit as soon as we hand them over a few scraps of paper."

"What did you say was the name of the mug with so much cash and so little brains?"

"You weren't quick. I said Pinzón. Funny, he bears the same name as the old Fortuna boy, but it's a common name in Spain."

"Does he buy for himself, or for a bank, or for a trust or syndicate, or—you know the Spaniards—for a family council?"

"For a syndicate," and he added carefully: "Old Bobbie, I hate to tell you this but once we sell out and divide, there's nothing juicy left in the shop, and the overhead will eat us up, however slowly. Why not give up the biz, you've always said it has no future. You take the cash, go your way, I take mine, go my way, we save the overhead, and stay bed-fellows on the cheap? I'm taking a job in the meantime, to get hold of some loose change from the dago, while looking about. I'll ring you in on his long payroll, somehow. You know how expert I am in inflating costs. Watch me go."

"What is the nature of the agreement?"

"Not clear yet?"

"Listen, Steve, I'm not in love with overhead. Getting rid of this expense doesn't bother me in the least, especially as I will have over £300,000 in cash instead of in paper valuations. But about your agreement. For how long, and with whom, and for how much, and when do I come in and for what?"

"It's a long story and the deal must be closed by twelve."

"You have five minutes to explain. Be specific."

"Well, Bobbie, it's an agreement I have made with two Lichtenstein companies, dated January 1, 1925, four months back. The company is called Two Monks or something similar——" Pately looked up, his face long, his body limp. A cannon ball could not have flattened him out more.

"Lichtenstein—two companies—a Pinzón, same name as La Fortuna—two monks—fool that I am, so you're the scoundrel. Looking for him everywhere, and he's in the room!"

"What's struck you, man?"

"What's struck me? No credit for any brains. You thought I knew nothing of La Fortuna, of the Lichtenstein business. But I've been warned. You've killed Jones and Henryson and now it's me. But no. You'll never live to see the day and count your profits. No, not you. I'll see to that. I'll get you like a Chicago gunman. It'll be fun to hang when I get you done. Lichtenstein! A damned good dodge! What have you been doing for forty years? God alone knows. To come down here every morning, lousy with duplicity, to be my best friend, to destroy two associates, when they were no good to you any more, then turn on me——"

"But, Bobbie, you're mad——"

"Shut up, you mad dog, I've listened to that sweet speech for forty years. 'Bobbie, dear Bobbie.' Where the hell can I turn now? It's all double. I bet my wife, my girl, they're all doing the same. Everyone of you a carnival of false faces. All out to get me." The paranoia was racing fast into his speech. The worries of twenty years frothed in a minute.

Carrington had always worried about Pately's neuroses; it was he that sent him to specialists. Carrington, knowing full well the drivel and myths that were pouring out, and genuinely afraid, terrorized, in fact, held out.

"There's no basis in fact for this. Tell me all about it, man, for God's sake, man. Something's got you wrong on this business, I swear to God."

"You swear to God, the next thing you'll be handing me forged evidence. For forty years! For forty years! How can you look at me—God, how can you look at me? Where can I turn, who can I believe?" He slobbered and broke down. "After Jones and Henryson went, you told me our enemy was the unknown force. A likely tale. For babies, not for me, do you hear? Not for me. You sold me out from the inside. You. You," he shrieked wildly. It could be heard down the court; messengers were gathering.

"Lower your voice," commanded Carrington. "You're mad, man. All you say is the product of a diseased imagination. Go back to the nerve specialist, he'll help you as before. Don't let the office staff take you for a crazy Frenchman." Pately was

quiet an instant. "Be British, play fair. Let me explain, prove everything."

At these words, Pately lunged forward, took the sharp knife used for cutting papers, and made a lunge at Carrington. Carrington ducked and made for the stairs, Pately in swift pursuit.

Suddenly the two were seen by amazed spectators, tearing down Threadneedle Street. The sight of two fat, gigantic, very old men in silk hats, one racing after the other with a knife, was a cinema stunt. The office boys cheered. But when they saw no camera about, the alarm spread and the traffic policeman called for action. He followed, his great legs swaying, his flat feet spreading, his white sleeve cuffs beating the wind. Down went the maniac race into Adams Court. Carrington was trying to lose the lunatic, in the ins and outs of the maze of courts near the Stock Exchange. They swept into Throgmorton Street. No one stopped Pately because such things are not seen in London. The mob of brokers and their clerks scarce had time to look up from their little memo books when the three had whirled past. Carrington fled into the Stock Exchange, hustled through crowds of jobbers and brokers, nearly all friends, and interposed great masses of flesh, striped pants, vests, and watch chains between himself and Pately.

Finally the ring closed around Pately at the very copper dealer post, where for thirty years the La Fortuna shares had been traded. There was no need to hold him. He collapsed foaming, and babbled terribly on the floor of the Exchange. The amazed money-changers asked the quick-breathing, sweating Carrington, "What's happened? Was he really trying to kill you? Hold him." The knife was taken; the lordly policeman, leaving the task of holding an assassin to volunteers, was busy taking notes. Soon there entered a squad of police. It looked as though the revolution had come at last with the authorities rounding up the real criminals of London in their noisome lair. No such luck. Pately was held in the vice grip of a Tour Eiffel bobby, weighing twenty stone.

He was conducted along to the Old Jewry, the immemorial headquarters of the City Police. Carrington was compelled to go along as a material witness. All the way down Lothbury the frothing Pately screamed, "Don't let that double-dealer behind

me! Forty years, forty years, yea forty days, O Nineveh, yea, yea, forty days."

As he was brought into the Old Jewry, the arresting bobby, with much sapience, testified, "Gone balmy on the Bible, I think. Talks as if he's a Jonah."

"Don't let him come near," rang the maniac voice. "Don't let him come near. Forty years. Oh where shall I turn?"

"Shall we send for his wife?" asked a brontosaurus of the police.

"No, she's in it too, she must be in it, they all are. Don't let that Cambridge spy at me, not that Cambridge spy, my God."

"He means his daughter," said Carrington, all his composure gone. Then he advised, "Send for a doctor, a mental specialist. He was treated for nervous disorders by Dr. Plexus of Harley Street, he had confidence in him. Get the best in London, we have to have him cured. Poor old fellow. The spring is gone on the watch, too tightly wound for so many years. He used to be too exact, that's it."

An hour or two later the convoy of psychiatrists arrived, started asking their stereotyped questions. When Pately poured out the consecrated idiom of betrayal and universal persecution, they decided that it was an "uninteresting" and "dreadfully statistical" case. The last dictum came from a young doctor, who had just read the manual of Janet and knew it all.

It was eleven o'clock. Pately was held for an examination in lunacy by the appropriate masters, Carrington was allowed to go, and at once he recovered recollection and his economic sense, although shaken to his foundations. He telephoned the family and told them the story, almost brutally, for he was no longer master of his devices.

A stream of brokers, dealers, commission men, bankers, called to condole with him on the terrible misfortune of sudden madness that had stricken his lifelong partner. Everyone, of course, had suspected madness all along. The fact that he had cursed wife, child, partner, cleared Carrington from special suspicion or blame. The madman might have aimed at anyone when the homicidal rage held him. His partner happened to be in the way, that was all.

At eleven-thirty he telephoned Cristóbal. "I have terrible

news for you. My partner has gone mad. At the word 'Lichtenstein' he went especially mad."

"Mad! What sort of talk is this?" shouted Cristóbal. "Suddenly mad! Between ten and eleven! A new dodge for not making good on a deal. It's a hold-up for more money, I suppose—a better price is required by your dear partner before he consents. Forget it, my clever friend, it's that price or the deal is off."

"I just wanted to explain," soothed Carrington nervously. "I am not holding you up. The price is agreed on, I never ask more, and the service agreement is to my liking. But read the Exchange telegraph news report, or the lunch edition of the *Evening Standard*, you'll see the story."

"Of course I'll read it. A bright act; hold us up by conveniently declaring your partner noncompos. Perhaps you have sold me a pup you can't deliver, and you're holding out for time while you scurry about for the shares."

"Not at all," said Carrington in despair, for at last he realized that he really could not deliver the shares for a long time, since they were jointly owned, requiring two signatures. "I would be willing to sign an engagement, supplementary to the one deposited with the Italian Overseas Bank, guaranteeing that whenever the shares are deliverable it will be at the agreed price."

"I am a bit superstitious at doing business with you," was the useful Spanish survival employed by Cristóbal, "and the service deal is off, for you can never get the consent of crazy Pately. As to the shares, let us await the dispositions of the masters in lunacy."

That very afternoon two men from the police dropped in on Frank Robinson in Basinghall Street. As he was the last person seen with Pately in serious, long conversation, they asked what it was all about.

"Why, gentlemen," gravely stated Frank, "it was a bit unusual. He invites me to tea, to play croquet with the ladies, and for a game of bridge. Then we have a social talk, and he suddenly gets up while we were talking about lumbering in Canada, and trout-fishing in the Laurentians, and just as suddenly says to me, 'You damned swine.' I knew he must be in some nervous state, so I left abruptly."

There was no witness to that talk: Frank's testimony stood. Mrs. Pately could not testify. She was hysterical after her visit to her husband's cell. "Get out, you bigamist," was his greeting. "You and the Russian, the agent Goldilocks, out to get me, to get my money. Sleep with the dark man, and get out of here." He pushed her out, and she was saved from being choked by her husband by a warder who struck him down.

When examined the next morning Pately testified:

He was visited by Azrael, the pale angel of death; that he was served poisoned apricots grown in Lichtenstein on a golden plate; that the angel disappeared down the path, leaving behind him a chlorine-green flame and strewing opals; that as soon as the white-black angel left, a rash of leprosy broke out on Pately; that he went down to London, the suburb of Nineveh, where he met a fat black angel who had been trailing him in the Sahara and in the Arabian deserts for more than forty years; that this devil had two handmaidens, one of whom had tempted him for years with perfumes of spikenard and the other was the dancing sister of King David's concubine; that he was urged by the Avenging Angel, his old friend, to the tune of songs from Israfel, to destroy the Black Angel (which, my lords, was Beelzebub and Chemosh); that then he took out the sword of Saul, and pursued him down Bread Street and Milk Street, where he lived with a John Milton, a friend of Pandemonium; that the fiend escaped, but he cleverly trailed him to the grave of John Wesley in the Bunhill Fields; that his leprosy sores fell off in the chase, but that from now on he was an assistant to the gold-counting angels of which there were six, Sandalphon Ricardo and Gabriel Mendelssohn being the chiefest; that his flaxen maid scattered red roubles on the six treasurers of celestial funds; that they were confronted by a stubble-faced, winking-eyed demon named Leninos, and that behind him was an American redskin, but covered with a copper skin, with the word PALOS across his copper front; that he hurled the Book of Mormon, but from copper plates, this time [ha, ha], into the sky, and that it came down between the Stock Exchange at London and the leper colony at Molokai in Hawaii. If they wanted any references, he could cite a firm he had once known, Messrs. Pately, Carrington and Company. They blacked boots for Day and Martin, the Dickens it was.

After this lucid and measured recital, Mr. Pately was consigned to an elegant mental hospital and nursing home at Edinburgh.

Mrs. Pately stepped out of her ladylike posture and nearly lambasted Carrington on the pate with a heavy umbrella, until he paid her her husband's half-interests, which he did for £200,000 on her release of all right, title, and interest to all holdings. Miss Pately declaimed coldly before a circle of heretics at Cambridge that her father's insanity was due to his absence of creative function and an exclusive worship of money, and that she for one preferred an objective and intellectual attitude in life, sole guardian of sanity (and £100,000).

Carrington went to Cristóbal and pointed out that he could sell Pately's claim, which he had bought from his wife, ratified by the courts. After haggling, a new contract was drawn up whereby he was paid £400,000 instead of £625,000, as Cristóbal knew he had cheated Mrs. Pately of £300,000 in the settlement. With these receipts, Carrington's fortune was a real million in sterling, instead of a nominal similar sum. With a million in his pocket, with the universal sympathy of the fraternity in the City for the affliction that had fallen so cruelly on his partner, with a heart full of hatred for overhead, Mr. Carrington retired from business as he was near seventy. He sought political honours instead.

His one dream was to be a member of parliament and a Right Honourable eventually. He went to the Conservative central office and did a good deed for the party, in fact a concrete deed, and a good deed for the party is also for the country, and, by pure accident, therefore, he was chosen as the one man to put up the floodgates against revolution in a country constituency.

He then proceeded to oil the floodgates, and at a smart by-election he buried the Labour candidate, a slow-moving, circumstantial, and ponderous trade-union organizer. He was sent down from Transport House, with its unfailing and inspired ineptitude.

The itching palms of the good citizens of the county were embrocated by divers tanners, bobs, florins, half-crowns. Some rough laddies did a quiet bit of knuckle-pushing, and the count just went over Carrington, 5,177; Hopkinson (Lab.), 4,488. Majority for Carrington, 689.

Stephen Carrington, Esq., Gent., of a country constituency (by adoption), of the City of London (by scheme), and of the Conservative party (by devotion), was escorted to his seat in the

House of Commons, preferring that asylum to the Royal Edinburgh Mental Hospital elected by his friend and partner, Mr. Pately.

He cracked weary jokes in the parliamentary pub, obeyed the whip as he had once obeyed his tyrant at school, and was a systematic and mute nobody, where he had once been a man of scope and consequence. But he was Stephen Carrington, M.P., J.P.

In the meantime one man travelled on the Royal Scot to Edinburgh. Cristóbal Pinzón bought for the delectation of the lunatic a copy of *Paradise Lost*, illustrated by Doré, the *Inferno* of Dante, equally with the conventional woodcuts of Doré, a Bible full of engravings, a book on the angels with lithographs, an antique prayer book with illuminations, a description of Father Damien and the leper colony by Robert Louis Stevenson (of Edinburgh), and the works of David Ricardo: all the constituents named by him in his deposition. He also carried a jew's-harp, which the madman might confuse, by resemblance of name, with King David's harp, and also a large album of pictures of the Sahara and Arabian deserts.

He spoke to Pately, lying on a balcony, presented him with the several items, which delighted the gross maniac, who then suspected him, and chased him out as an agent of Azrael, which in fact he was. As Cristóbal mentioned, "I am the son of Francisco Pinzón," the mad large face grimaced a horrifying dead smile, and the dirty tobacco foam came slowly down his lips, open at the corners.

Vengeance was cheated of its last act. The Spanish enemy walked out slowly, determined that the fourth victim would know to the last refinement every indignity heaped on him, who inflicted them, for what purpose, and be convinced there was no escape. At Waverley Station, as he waited for the train, he glanced at the beautiful mass of Auld Reekie, and made the papal sign of thumb and two fingers—Three!

●

XXIX

FOUR!

"You see," began Cristóbal, "the fun of a bull-fight is that the stupid and unfair spectators know that no matter how valiant the beast he can never win. Should he kill three toreadors, clear the arena, snort magnificently in its empty acres, leap over the barriers, and even tear into some *aficionado*, he must die, no matter who else goes. He can escape only by cowardice: then he is driven off with the cows as the crowd intones '*No vale.*' But if he fights at all, he is finished. No matter how stupid he may be at first, he understands more as he goes on, but he only understands more as he gets weaker. I propose to play our national game with Señor Carrington. I shall openly wave my cloak before him. I shall trumpet him warnings. I shall dance around him and throw in the beflagged barbs. I shall present my sword under a blood-red cloth. He will always be made aware. He will fight, he must die. And in this, at last, I seek no safety but the supreme moment when the bull sinks at my feet, the knife beautifully placed in a fine, clean stroke. Frank, you enter as picador, you, Anatole, as banderillero. I appear first to warn, then as matador. He may gore the two of you, but I stand by my troupe. For the first three jobs, I have given you, Frank, £36,000. For this you receive £24,000. You, Anatole, have obtained a million francs. For this alone you get six hundred thousand. Frank will retire to Florida eventually, as he wishes; you, Anatole, to a country estate in Brittany, I to the supreme satisfaction of having avenged my parents who loved me to distraction."

On Guy Fawkes' Day, Cristóbal showed up at the House of Commons after the Beefeaters had made their gouty processional through the cellars. The new Guy Fawkes called to blow up only one Protestant member of parliament.

He asked for Mr. Carrington, and waited in the public gallery, amid the frozen faces and heroic attitudes of the great. There they were lined up in ghostly marble, the reward of ambition.

Mr. Carrington came out with the prepared, insincere smile of an M.P. about to receive some unit in his constituency. When he saw the carrier of £400,000 into his exchequer, it broadened into a sincere smile.

"My dear Señor Pinzón," he began with the oily tone he had used with his father thirty-three years before, "I have nothing left to sell to you, but I am always pleased to see you. Do you know the House? Would you care to come into the bar? Are your affairs prospering?"

"Don't paw about, my good sir," commenced the Spanish don with as proud a look as Strafford had given the same Parliament. "I am here to bring you news. I lied when I said I was not related to Francisco Pinzón of Palos. I am his son. He charged me to avenge him, at whatever cost to my fortune and safety. He selected you for special hatred, as the brains of your firm. I have brought down your three associates, I outcrooked Jones, outsmarted Henryson, and literally outwitted Pately. Three are gone: you are the fourth.

"I have done nothing strictly illegal in these activities; I have come close but never passed the line. Search as you will you will find no proofs. I have reserved warning for you alone. As I am an artist in vengeance, I want my last job to be well-rounded. You think me high-flown, cheaply romantic, boasting, overdramatic, because you are a solid citizen of a cold-blooded Empire. You look on me with an amused and pitying British face, punctured by a pipe, watching the dago monkey perform. You will learn to dread me. You can try to expel me by pressure on the Home Secretary. I will get you from abroad. You may try to mutilate or kill me. I will take my chances. I always like to see a doomed animal get a running start. For that reason I have given you £400,000 for properties I know would be worth less than nothing, once your competitors got you. If you care to look you will see I have recovered La Fortuna: I am dedicating its profits to social works on behalf of my parents' memory. I will get you surely and legally. Even forewarned, you cannot escape. Count yourself a dead man."

Carrington rose quickly to snap his fingers; his paleness was greater than the marble statues, his knees were giving way.

"Sit down, you unimaginative fool!" said the don, and he did. "So you were going to call a policeman to arrest me. You think me a maniac like Pately, and thus you will get rid of me. You funny Englishmen with your *Pirates of Penzance* religion of the policeman! You comical clown of Albion! Think it over for one minute and you will realize you cannot do it. You are paralysed by fear. You need time to be ready for a contest. You have ruined dozens as you did my father. Family is everything in Spain. I never forgive."

He waited, his dark eyes concentrated right into the indefinite grey of Carrington's, as centred on that fallen face as though it were a dying planet bordered by an eye-piece in the observatory. Carrington looked out towards the swarm of bobbies in the hall. But it was ridiculous to go up to them and arrest a man, without proofs of any kind, or witness, and a man so quiet-spoken and so damned wealthy that his solicitors could impale anyone on the pickets of false arrest and slander lawsuits.

He essayed an unconcerned look, but the suddenness of the announcement, and the terrible sequence of the three tragedies he had not noted in that way before drew his features and made him sick. He got up miserable and without resource. Cristóbal Pinzón was correct. He was not yet fit to fight.

He took his seat in the House. He felt faint, then stole out by way of Westminster yard, taxied home, and barricaded himself with strict instructions to allow nobody in.

He then called up the Yard, spoke to Inspector Bulleyman, an acquaintance, said he was threatened by Cristóbal Pinzón, an alien, and let them look into it. They could tap his wires and catch him threatening. Or place a dictaphone in his apartment (for which Carrington would pay), and thus secretly, in Serjeants' Inn, record all his machinations. Telephone tapping was all right, but dictaphones, no, they were not yet ready for that. He called up a private detective agency which agreed to do the job, and assigned an ex-army officer who had served for years in Gibraltar and could follow Spanish conspiracy in the original. It never occurs to those who want to tap wires that theirs are tapped to begin with. All this was exactly as Cristóbal had foreseen, the first blinking

reaction of the bull to the irritating salmon-coloured cloak in the arena. A week passed; still nothing. A month passed; still nothing. Cristóbal received no friends in his home, he never telephoned, he never threatened, and the unnerved Carrington saw that he had been deceived by the *vantard* cry of a coward. He began to rest and regain equilibrium.

He not only recovered his spirits, but his appetite also grew fantastically. At first it confirmed him in his certainty of health regained. But it soon became monstrous. He had to keep on eating all the time; he was never satisfied.

At Christmas time he was taken sick, groaning from an acute indigestion that was not easily cured. Pituitary extract and arsylene tablets mixed into his food ruined his palate and left him very weak indeed. Clever as he was he never suspected the hand of Cristóbal in all this. He was looking for evidence of another type of attack altogether: slander, finance, or the revolver. This, as Cristóbal laughed, was the unexpected lance of the picador, mounted on the trembling mare of chemistry.

In January, 1926, the visit of Cristóbal was two months gone. Carrington had nearly forgotten it. It did not impress that clever man that a foe who has prepared vengeance from boyhood is likely to persist in his purpose for more than two months. On a murky Sunday afternoon, after he had slept from surfeit (though his appetite was now normal) and had read the Sunday papers, his eye glinted on a small item that could not be misunderstood.

SPANISH PARLIAMENTARY COMMISSION ACTIVE

FOREIGN INTERESTS INVOLVED

MADRID, JANUARY 8.

At the suggestion of General Primo de Rivera, a commission has been appointed to protect Spanish resources from falling into the hands of foreigners to any greater extent than now obtains. The telephone monopoly is not covered by this investigation, as His Majesty is thought to be friendly personally to the American interests involved. The commission is beginning with a historic survey, by Señor Rafael Ballester y Cadorna, a student of Professor Altamira, head of the Historical Studies Circle. Mining properties are to be first studied.

A certain acquisition in 1893 is to be used as a model for research. It concerns a minor property, though of some local importance, in Huelva province.

Carrington did not like the look of this. The fine Spanish hand. Well, what of it? Cristóbal could do what he liked in Spain. And what of 1893? The statute of limitations made that ancient history in London. Who cared except professors? It might reach England, even reach his constituency. But it was an Englishman's word against foreigners. "The Inquisition dogs of Seville, the children of the Devil," were not to be believed on oath. There were enough things to think about in 1926. Sufficient for the day.

A month passed and that too fizzled out.

In February the Prime Minister's office called Carrington. One of the secretaries had a special message. The party was not doing so well in the West Country, and the impending coal strike threatened the corollary of a general strike. The General Strike, not a British notion, not even a communist notion, since the communists considered it labour literary melodrama, unless in a proper mass setting, might have come from the syndicalists whose headquarters were in Barcelona. A rich Spaniard in London was suspected of financing propaganda among the trade unions to this end. Mr. Carrington, it was understood, had done a large business recently with a rich Spaniard. Could he give them the requisite information so that they could investigate this man or have him watched?

If they, the Conservative central office, could prove that anarchists from Barcelona were insinuating themselves into the trade-union congress in England, that would be worth a dozen Zinoviev letters. This was the chance of a lifetime to get Cristóbal behind bars, and thus assure his personal safety.

"Confidentially," Carrington advised the secretary, "the man is Don Cristóbal Pinzón of Serjeants' Inn. Do not mention my name in this but I know him as dangerous."

"Certainly not," said the secretary. "If we are on the wrong tack, the P.M. will not write this off to your debit, whereas if we watch and get him (and I feel we will), you will be a peg higher in party councils."

No sooner had the secretary left the relieved and delighted Carrington than the same gentleman showed up on the second floor of the Strand Corner House, and met Frank Robinson. He received his good reward and was instructed to tell Carrington

that the facts were so, and to advise the Prime Minister to that effect. But in the meantime Carrington thought of a better move and informed the Home Secretary's office that Don Cristóbal Pinzón was plotting a general strike in England on behalf of his Barcelona associates. It was based on a commercial agency report, typical of most of them:

PINZÓN, CRISTÓBAL: made large profits in the war, in connexion with the late M. Lanson, banker. In his youth had a long police record as an anarchist. Has not visited Spain since 1918, reasons not known. Once engaged to Lady Joan Fitz-Greville, now resident Bombay. Present operations shadowy, known to have large means. Rumours credit him with important copper interests in Africa. Understood to operate by means of holding companies. Credit excellent. Bank references of the first order. Has no fixed abode, but has resided for three years in Serjeants' Inn, London; for three years before, Place du Palais-Bourbon, Paris; also Paseo de Gracia, Barcelona. Unmarried. Catholic. 33 years old. Papal count. Officer of the Legion of Honour.

"Well," said the rational official, "what's his object? Rich men don't pay to annihilate themselves."

Carrington, full of confidence, said that Pinzón must have a large bear position in British shares and this was his chance to clean up.

The Home Secretary's office next day said there was not a shadow of proof for this assertion. Carrington laughed, and gave them the names of his holding companies. Their books were not available, but an inspector who called was invited to the spot to take them and study them. Carrington then hazarded the idea that he was short of British securities in Paris, Amsterdam, Brussels. "And Timbuctoo," thought the disgusted official. "You're a damn fool, but considering your age, I'll ring it up to dotage." The minor official said, "With the franc going down every day, it would be so intelligent for him to be short of shares in Paris. Maybe that's how he got rich." Everyone laughed. For all that they pursued every clue.

The final reports of the Yard, City Police, Home Secretary, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Bank of England experts were collated. They showed that neither Pinzón nor his presumed companies had placed an order directly or indirectly in British

shares for some time, and that he had never met a single person remotely connected with trade-union and socialist activities. Another false step, like the Zinoviev business, instead of helping the party, might ruin it. Feeling was running high and the by-elections were bad. Carrington was deflated and ill-considered.

By hazard, just then, who should call on the Foreign Secretary but the Spanish ambassador. He pointed to irregularities in the management of La Fortuna, not in 1893 but as late as 1922. He requested, as a favour to his government, which considered the matter serious, permission to question Señor Carrington at the Mansion House, under letters of request issued by the Ministry of Justice at Madrid. Carrington now saw that the Prime Minister's secretaries had been misled (as he thought) by reports on Pinzón, probably circulated by that artful dago. In this way, Carrington had been lured into the false step of a baseless denunciation. The false step was the first soaped point on a staircase lathered by Pinzón for his ruin all the way down. So the parliamentary commission at Madrid did not die, the suggestion about the General Strike was plotted; he had better watch his step. Pinzón had not lied: he was out to get him.

When his testimony on a criminal charge was demanded, Carrington was haughty and shielded himself behind parliamentary immunity. "Your immunity does not apply that way," said the law officer. So he went down to the Mansion House, stood on his rights as a British subject, refused to testify, and told the foreigners in plain words to go to hell. The official, an old desiccated sourface who had seen a hundred clever crooks shield themselves behind the same immunity, took his refusal down, and said testily, "Well, my friend, that might make them angry, and they will demand extradition. That's not so easy to beat. However, it's your affair, not mine."

This was exactly what Cristóbal wanted. All the papers in Carrington's constituency received the item. As by the refusal of testimony, the case was closed in England and no longer *sub iudice*, it was commented on in full and made a pretty kettle of fish. Carrington was called in by the party whips and told not to be so impudent but to answer the courteously put questions of the Spanish government.

Stephen Carrington, now worried, then "volunteered" a

deposition in which he tried to answer the questions by elaborate inverted statements that would call for years of investigation to clear up. He then plastered the papers by stating that in his first refusal he had merely vindicated the rights of a British subject. Having done so, he considered it a moral duty to offer information freely as a gift, but not under compulsion. The people of the county did not like this story. His career badly needed some new lustre to wipe out this shadow.

In the meantime he was plagued by lawsuits. Mrs. Pately and her daughter sued for moneys withheld wrongfully from them. They had sold for £200,000 a partnership worth £350,000 at the least. The income-tax commissioners sued, because the *La Fortuna* report revealed that hidden profits had been concealed abroad, and they had received a complaint from a common informer, to wit, Anatole.

These barbs drew blood, and the irritated bull pawed, annoyed, and looked for an exit. No sooner had they bothered him enough than they were mysteriously withdrawn. The Patelys withdrew their suits with apologies and paid costs. Dear me, they had not noticed that they had ceded right title and interest, so they had no equity in the sale of the three companies, effected after they were paid. So sorry, you know, and all that sort of thing. The income-tax differences which were not large were paid into the conscience fund before Carrington could vindicate himself. Both these facts became widely known. Banderillero Anatole did well, after Picador Robinson. The bull was dizzy but had thrown off both darts; he was sure he had the quadrille trimmed. Enter Matador Cristóbal: he throws his hat to Señora Vindicta.

Carrington came down to Serjeants' Inn. "I know now that all that has happened to me, from overstimulating my appetite to the income-tax play, must have been your creations. But I have beaten them all." He then enumerated the various punishments he would inflict on a "coward like you" all the way from a knock-out by fists to horsewhipping. After enumerating all these weary paraphrases of dislike, he ceded the floor to Cristóbal.

Cristóbal said his walls had been tested an hour before for dictaphones, as also floors, carpets, pictures. There had formerly been dictaphones installed by Carrington's agency and he knew

how benign the conversation was they recorded. They were now ripped out. "You must suffer the following: humiliation, collapse, death, and death in perfect consciousness, no mere passing out."

"So far," boasted Carrington, "six months' work and your boasts have come to nothing. I am the more determined to make a splash, and have the water blind your eye, your green eye, when I do." He walked out confident. On that day it chanced that Cristóbal was ill, looked thin, and nearly mawkish, and was the very picture of irresolution.

That night the Constitutional Club was full of Tory parliamentarians discussing the coming General Strike. The Red scare was on, vigorous language was being used, and the ancient liberties of England deplored, as they left too much room for Moscow gold, and its nefarious purpose. A full third of the members, unmarried, attacked the radicals with high-pitched voices.

In a far corner sat, disconsolate, in a large red leather chair, the gross Stephen Carrington, speculating on a return to power. Next to him sat Professor Sir James Savant-Grough, Regius Professor of Politics at Oxford, fellow of All Souls, and one of the entrenched, ponderous, and reliable distorters of history to the upper crust. This pious and portly pedant had been a party oracle for over forty years, was fast approaching senile manias, but still he rambled on, denouncing Gladstone for the crime of Irish home rule suggested in 1886, for the betrayal of Gordon at Khartoum, and other mummified Tory indignations. He was just as voluble, however, on the present discontents. Sir James spoke in a rich bass voice that gave a high importance to his learned goulash. It was whispered that when icy Balfour was in the last gripes of metaphysical doubt he had called in Sir James as his theoretical emetic. Though no one could prove this, it was said that Sir James was the trainer behind Lord Salisbury's lance-breaking with Herbert Spencer on the inheritance of acquired characteristics. The prof. wrote on the Crimean War, on the origin of the phrase "*per stirpes* and not *per capita*," on the last of which accomplishments the editors of the Cambridge Modern History threw up the sponge and called him "Master."

The myths about Sir James were not limited to these high persons. Sir James Savant-Grough was so high in party councils

that when the ritual murder trial came up in Kiev in 1907, he gave it as his considered scholarly opinion that the tsarist mobs "may not have been without some vestiges of justification for those acts" and "that it is a well-based ethnological finding that the ancient Semitic blood sacrifice does not exclude some faint Arabic survivals existing to-day among some obscure surviving sects of Hebrews." He clotted the flow of sympathy to the accused shoemaker of Kiev; the Conservative party did not back the humane protests of the Liberals.

Wherever injustice or superstition raised its head, wherever the strong were bashing the weak, the learned man was there to whitewash with fat citations, hold with strung footnotes, cover with slimy glosses, and use all the apparatus of bulldog servility. He loved cruel quips. "I would rather be a fetish-worshipping savage than worship a bearded Mumbo Jumbo like Marx: the fetish is cute and cunning, at least." Or, "Drunkeness is preferable to thought, it makes men happy." Or, "Never abolish the slums, the ambitious artisan would give way to the colourless suburban slug." Or, "What this country needs is satisfied poverty, not restless lectures on Darwin." He was a huge success.

For all his talents and prestige, Sir James had never been permitted to stand for Parliament. There were many conjectures about as to why the Conservatives permitted this master to confine himself to backstairs grandeur.

He was cordial to Carrington, although, as befitted his position, reasonably distant. During the discussions, between whiskies, the professor warmed up to his favourite subjects, the Reds and the trade unions. The latter had destroyed the "common-law rights" of Englishmen to sell their labour for as little as possible. This anti-national movement, though, would soon fall to pieces in our clean island, if not maintained by the subsidies of Moscow. The finest flowers of civilization had been cut down, to be pressed in the poisoned perfume vats of the Bolsheviks. Look at families like Galitzine and Rasoumowsky that patronized Beethoven, look at the Russian Church nearest of all to the high Anglican, etc. etc., now under the yoke of men never seen in the social columns. Sir James became so riotous on the subject that he demanded a permanent council of state, like that of Venice, selected out of the Privy Council, to scatter orders in council right and left, to arrest

on suspicion, to administer the Defence of the Realm Act by surprise, and to save the state as Pitt and Dundas saved it from the Jacobins of yore. He suddenly switched to Spanish syndicalism, at which Carrington was all attention. Mussolini, he declared, could not be trusted until he had formally repudiated his early adherence to the theories of Sorel the syndicalist. He dwelt on the sorry state of the two Red cities of western Europe, Glasgow and Barcelona—"centres of disorder."

As the two warmed up and the whiskies multiplied, there flowered a bosom friendship. Carrington was proud that he was a friend of one of the heads of the Tory interest. Finally, the professor agreed as a favour to write one splendid speech (one only) for Carrington, with which he might storm the summit of parliamentary fame.

Two days later in a debate on Russian trade, the back-bench member poured forth a stream of such high eloquence, so packed with reference, yet so spontaneous in delivery and simple in outline, that he sat down to the riotous applause of flushed squires and former Eton boys, and the equally rich raspberries of the Opposition. Not since the day when Single-speech Hamilton had astonished the House in seventeen-fifty-something, had the Commons been so surprised. The Opposition sneered that it was a onetime inspiration, and could not be repeated. Carrington pestered Sir James after this triumph, and with seeming reluctance Sir James at last agreed to write his orations steadily.

Two days later in the debate on Cyprus, the island was discussed with a detail as to religious and linguistic problems, down to the size of Desdemona's pillow, that had the Fabian experts a-sweat. Then the storm broke out. The prodigy had been unjustly held back by the stupid party whips. When asked why he was so diffident before, he answered, "I waited to be asked. It never came. I lost my manners and found my eloquence." Great stuff.

Every day, Sir James Savant-Grough would either call, or leave a speech, or call and just discuss one, or write from Oxford. His price was high but it was worth ten times the money. Within three months Carrington had carried his resource, assurance, and business experience into the service of his new talents. They fortified his personal prowess. He grew with the exercise of borrowed talents. The pupil expanded his needs so greatly that

even the resources of Sir James were strained to keep up the performance. He took his £100 a week, though, "because he needed the money."

Owing to this need, therefore, he wrote a brilliant speech denouncing the dole as undermining British character and proving that unemployment was selective, that it was a natural method for eliminating the unfit "far more precise, hard, beautiful than the standards set by bureaucrats." Rather a smaller Britain but a select one.

On the night of April thirtieth the General Strike was an immediate threat. The West End Clubs were thronged with the accumulated absence of human generosity. Their membership was gathered to discuss the issue, how to stop the workers from learning the art these gentry had practised all their lives—not working. It was an idea too exquisite to be made vulgarly universal.

"Everyone knows that all civilization proceeded from the arts; that these required leisure." But our leisure, not the other fellow's. The crowd chattered on until the newly acquired stentorian voice of Carrington boomed out: "It is necessary to form a permanent guard, not for defence but for work. In France they have a *Union Civique*, in which the propertied and cultured classes are united and trained to act as emergency bus drivers, conductors, even engine drivers. In America they depend on thugs, but this, my friends, measures the illimitable inferiority of their society to ours. Let there be no falling back from this task. We need no praetorian guard, rather we require the spirit of the trainbands at Tilbury to repulse the Armada. The Spanish enemy is here again, the General Strike imported from Barcelona. Let there be no falling off from this task. If they do not work, *we shall*." A murmur of joy broke out at the plea for titled strike-breakers. Rich lads love work as a lark, especially when it humbles those who must do it day in and day out as a necessity. The English equivalent of the *Union Civique* was launched.

This array of all the talents kept society alive (with the aid of a strange hepatic albinism on the part of labour leaders). By the end of May, Stephen Carrington was on the path of baronetcy, and ranked with the saviours of the state, as English economy

began a laborious upward climb. By this time he did not even recall Cristóbal.

The Mayfair season was at its height, when Carrington, coming home along Piccadilly at night, met his Spanish antagonist. Carrington could not help taunting the miserable man-actor. He had never done so well as since his threats. In less than six months he had made the most meteoric rise in the House since the days of the younger Pitt, and this at an advanced age. Every charge had been dismissed, even the Spanish government had withdrawn with apologies. The tradesmen's associations in his constituency had loaded him with laudatory resolutions, for he had helped to break the General Strike.

In the quiet, misty, hot, petrol-stench-filled London midnight, he chided his helpless antagonist almost with pity. He left feeling it was a shame to humiliate the pathetic dago, in the last trench of defeat. Good-looking boy, too. Why doesn't he devote his talents to the fair sex?

Confident of the future, he woke up on a hot and fetid morning at eleven, and traipsed towards the House of Commons across Green Park. As he crossed Curzon Street, he met the professor coming to pay him an emergency visit. Carrington was all smiles. He could imagine no other motive for this rush than that a swarm of happy ideas had just struck Sir James. His face, though, was panicky. "He needs a bit more money and he shan't get it," thought the great M.P.

"My dear Mr. Carrington," began a cracking uncertain bass voice. "Please stay away from the House to-day, plead illness, anything."

"Why?"

"I can't tell you. I'm not allowed to tell you, but I advise you, please do not go."

Carrington thought at once of Cristóbal. The crazy Spaniard must have threatened his life, now that all his tricks had failed. He was not afraid, he would keep a weather eye open, and warn the police to watch any dark, tall foreigner entering the hall of the House. He entered the Chamber to deliver the finest speech one man had ever written for another, on the royalties question in coal mining, in which he proposed to demonstrate with immense statistical illustration, the fallacies of the suggestions left over

on the cold plates of the Sankey report. Sir James had, in this case (since this was a matter on which a hundred members were versed), gone to the trouble of preparing replies to sixty imaginary questions, so that unlike other men whose bodies are mere reflections of their "ghosts," no disparity should be noted between facility of speech and readiness in discussion.

He rose to speak. No sooner had he waded into the text than a Liberal, Sir Stump Crabb, asked whether in substance these were not the observations made by Sir James Savant-Grough at the Conservative Club at Oxford, only three days before?

Carrington flushed, but said that the views of his dear friend Sir James and himself no doubt coincided, but he saw no reason why that was not an honour. Sir James was held an authority on such matters, and good men who held the right views often expressed themselves similarly. He hoped that would satisfy the gentleman.

"Certainly," observed the cruel Liberal, "like the gracious speech on the dole, delivered word for word, three days before at Peebles to the young Conservatives, also by Sir James."

"Why stop at that," interjected Tom Ironsides, Labour M.P.; "like the immortal and flowery discourse on Russian trading, also, by pure accident, of course, exactly that delivered two days before at the Liverpool Unionist Circle." All the fourteen great speeches were reviewed in the same manner by exultant M.P.s.

Carrington stuttered, flushed, sickened. Nothing in his meticulously prepared memoranda got him ready for this. He appealed to the speaker: these interjections were not in order. He was sustained. The wig thought it best to allow him an easy exit. In the lobbies, the fourteen speeches were gone over in Hansard by dozens of laughing members, even the Tories joining in the good fun. The original speech had been invariably delivered by Sir James in the provinces two or three days earlier. A crack American court reporter with stenotype machine had gone to each meeting; he had also made a three-minute gramophone recording at each place, and had his stenotype notes and his disks sealed, sworn, dated, and witnessed before local notaries or commissioners.

These had then been sent on to London and collated with the same speeches delivered in the House by Carrington.

In the meantime the newspaper fraternity had been made acquainted with the minutest details. The story was sprung with headlines a foot deep, so it seemed to the ruined Carrington. He literally raced out of the House, forced a taxi to go to its top speed, promising to pay fines, and rushed into his home a minute before the reporters besieged it.

He did not dare even look his butler in the face. Suddenly that gentleman's gentleman rolled in like a sea captain, with perhaps a thousand letters from fourteen different cities. They had somehow all been written the night before. They all came from indignant Conservative voters and committee-men in the provinces, who had heard the mellifluous words of Sir James, and later read in *The Times* the identical speech delivered by Stephen Carrington in the House.

Never had a coup been better accomplished. Telephones rang without time for one call to succeed another. The press of reporters and flashlight men outside his home waited patiently to photograph the great fraud, the "insulter of Britain's intelligence."

There was no appeal. The only possible explanation would be that he had written the speeches, employed Sir James as his private pedant and try-out man, and had him test the effect of the orations in the provinces, before their delivery in the House. But no. Sir James had been spouting this stuff for God knows how long, and Carrington had no speech to his credit before that winter. The cloud of witnesses were as the legions of David, in the tens of thousands. Even his butler seemed to snicker, even the housemaid had an engraved sneer. The dago had won: all he had left was his money.

He decided. He would have to escape at four in the morning when the discouraged reporters would have left, steal to Folkestone somehow, perhaps by the local Charing Cross Station trains, where there are no reporters looking for Continental travellers, and book third-class a cheap excursion to Boulogne, then get away to a villa in Italy, until the whole damned business was forgotten—perhaps a year or two. The dago was certainly a bright lad; he knew how to lay a long-term trap with every refinement.

But why had Sir James Savant-Grough ruined the reputation

of a lifetime, destroyed his whole career, disappeared from the esteem of posterity? Not for money, surely. He paid him £100 a week. Who would do more for a professor, however erudite or celebrated? Before he escaped he would like to get at the facts. But he had cut off his telephones and dared not venture out. All was over.

At four in the morning he climbed the fence to the next mansion. He left by the servants' entrance into Hertford Street. He sidled down to Carlos Place, and there took a wandering taxi. He ordered a drive towards Charing Cross Station, but on the Villiers Street side, where there were all-night coffee stalls, and he could linger outside the station, which would be less perilous. Tenacious of life and money, he even began to spin compensation dreams for poisoning, or murdering, by some bravo, Cristóbal Pinzón. The driver stopped suddenly at the corner of Berkeley Street and Hay Hill: "Excuse me, sir, did you say Villiers Street?" Suddenly two fearful drunks, both in masquerade dress, with carnival paper hats, paper-ribbon stocks, gaily coloured, and wearing violet dominoes, yelling, "Demme, it's engaged, let's take it," hopped into the taxi, sat themselves on Carrington's lap, and yelled "Driver, Saint Paul's Cathedral, a night of fun, a morning of prayer. Join us, fat old sinner," and they poked the refugee M.P. in the chest. Carrington protested, ordered the driver to disregard them, but dared not stop for a policeman. The merry drunks held him down, embraced him, chaffed him. Suddenly the taxi turned into Fleet Street and the driver yelled, "Here we are boys."

A brilliant set of flashlights lit up the scene. A multitude of reporters, carefully grouped, surrounded the unfortunate Carrington. They all demanded interviews from the "great orator." In the middle of the concourse stood Sir James Savant-Grough. The luckless man screamed for the police. He had been kidnapped. The police came up, but seeing it was a press tag joined in the laughter. When dawn came up, poor be-photographed Carrington was still screaming and protesting. Sir James had revealed the whole story in the meantime, concealing nothing from the pressmen.

The taxi driver demanded his fare, and insistently. Carrington, however crestfallen, was still grand seigneur enough to pay. As

he did so, he looked at the driver—Cristóbal Pinzón. The fixed look that had greeted him since the day of revelation in the public lobby of the House was still there. The two masquers took off their dominoes. One he remembered vaguely; the other was that miscreant, Frank.

It came to him at last that his ruin had been prepared, step by step, for years. He knew now for whom Robinson had acted in the Jones tragedy four years back. There was no beating such an enemy. But the aged boy held on to life and money. He was worth a million. He would retire to the country, change his name, live, live, live.

In the corridor of *The Daily Express* he saw Sir James arguing violently about money with Robinson, and finally accepting a thick wad of bank notes. Sir James begged more money from Cristóbal, who tossed him some, which he clutched like Sir Giles Overreach.

What Carrington never heard was the conversation that would have opened all doors. "I hope I can now count on your discretion for I have suffered enough—I have given my whole life in exchange." Sir James spoke from the tomb.

"And out of my generosity for making you independently wealthy, you can live abroad in luxury all your life, your miserable life, and write Tory nonsense if you want to."

Sir James whined, "You are nothing but a vulgarian of the worst order. I say this to your face, although you have my life in your hands."

Cristóbal interrupted him. "Good-bye, Sir James."

"Good-bye," sighed the beaten old professor.

Sir James departed, explaining to the reporters: "I collaborated with Carrington as a public duty, to show how easily our effete parliamentary system permits duping, but also to show how competent is the professional and academic mind to illuminate public issues." This lame speech sufficed for his hidden exit. Like Volpone he disappeared into the night hidden by a shabby cloak.

Carrington went home, drank the dregs of exposure, shame, contempt of servants, then fled into the country. He cultivated a sweet-herbs garden. He thought of the terrible deal in Palos that had lost him his life. He was reduced to a mummy face,

his nose projecting like that of Seti I or Voltaire. His skin, like Henryson's, was swathed about his big framework. He prepared himself carefully for the grave, for his ebbing life could not be concealed. It was difficult to walk about the garden; he had rural seats put in, that he might rest every few paces. In the dining-room there was an old engraving of Nemesis. He tore it down and smashed the glass. In the salon was an oil painting, a copy of *Justice Pursuing Crime* of Prud'hon; that he dared not rip open. He changed his name but was forced to reveal it for dividends. The neighbours gathered to look at the fraud and hoaxer, but he was so old and sick that though they came to guy, they remained to forgive.

One sunny afternoon in August, he was pottering about his garden, drinking in the odours of rosemary, thyme, and lavender, regretting the zephyrous burden of sage, the perfumes of sweet peas, lamenting the arbutus that grew so thin in the north, and looking upon the setting sun as his token. No one came to visit the exposed man. Seventy years of effort had left him friendless.

Before him stood a stranger. The transfixed glance needed no identification. He felt it before he saw it. Carrington looked up at him, he held his glance. The stone images confronted each other for some seconds. The greying hair, the fuller cheeks, made Cristóbal, however, more beautiful, the olive counterfeit of his father.

Neither gave way. Then old Carrington softened his glance and for a few moments studied the relentless young man. It was nearly with tenderness. He was old, even youth is an enemy, he had pride of place. The moment of tenderness suspended his thoughts, he recovered and a good manly resolve came up.

He had nothing to lose. No greater disgrace could come. He would borrow at the best a few weeks from God. He left and crept upstairs to get a beautiful hunting gun he had bought from the finest gunsmith in Pall Mall. He took it out of its expensive case, loaded it with his old uncertain hands, and came down the stairs.

The voice of Cristóbal was wafted up to him. "Please come and shoot me, Señor Carrington. You cheated the father—kindly murder the son. It is all in keeping." The old enemy missed

his step, stumbled, fell to the bottom of the stairs, looked full and weak at the triumphant life-enemy, tried to speak, and closed his eyes. From the mantelpiece Cristóbal took two candlesticks, lit the candles, placed them at the head of his enemy, folded his hands over his large chest, thought with shame of the Tosca; but the customs of his country made him do the same.

Four! Father, we are avenged!

XXX

LA GUICCIOLI

THAT night Cristóbal left London, never to return.

As he left Frank Robinson gave him his position, as worked out in Basinghall Street.

FORTUNE OF SEÑOR CRISTÓBAL PINZÓN

August 1, 1926

U.S.A.	{ 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ % Treasury bonds expiring 1940-43	
	@ 98	£89,000,000
	Long-term bonds expiring 1955 or	
	thereafter @ 97	£165,000,000
	State & Municipal bonds, Northern,	
	Eastern states only @ 96	£52,000,000
	Total American Tax-Exempt bonds	£306,000,000
	Canadian government bonds, Province of Quebec,	
	Province of Ontario @ 96	£34,000,000
	Market value holdings half-interest Congo Pro-	
	perties, Ltd. (on basis forced sale)	£45,000,000
	Acquisition cost 12 factories England, 8 factories	
	France, 3 Belgium (now higher)	£73,500,000
	Works of art, objects of luxury, etc., at 1921-2	
	cost (now higher)	£105,000,000
	La Fortuna plus 3 acquisitions from Carrington	
	(to be disposed of)	£1,000,000
	Dutch, Swedish, Belgian, French, Swiss Bonds	
	Expressed in Dollars, Florins, Swedish Crowns	
	or Swiss Francs equal to	£22,000,000
	Bank credits, gold bars, currency in safe deposit	
	vaults, copper contracts	£57,000,000
	Total holdings in Pounds Sterling	£949,500,000
	Income per annum	£15,000,000
	or only 2.35% net, approximately, on capital	
	investment.	
	Exclusive of capital appreciation, income from properties,	
	credited to reserves, etc. etc.	

Cost of administration:

Jersey, Guernsey, Lichtenstein, Luxembourg, Spanish, Belgian, administrations; rent Bas- inghall Street; salaries, accountancy, taxes, safe deposit rents, nominee officers, etc. etc.	£240,000
drawing expenses Cristóbal Pinzón, Esq.	£60,000

Net to reserve per annum	£14,700,000 (minimum)
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Standing instruction reinvest automatically high-
est grade U.S.A. tax-exempts.

Confidentially.

Anatole Kerouillis (L.S.), Frank Robinson (L.S.)

He shook hands with Frank at Victoria Station.

"Take over Serjeants' Inn: that's my gift to you. Run my accounts. We shall see each other no more. My quixotic life is over, I need no Sancho Panza. Hereafter insanity alone can give me any promise: too much balance will reduce me to an image of this sheet you have just given me. By the way, reduce the office to one room and three clerks. Pay off the others generously. The items are few, the administration is simple. Our market operations are far less than a great insurance company like the Prud. or the Met. in New York. We rarely shift: it's a little business in big figures."

"Chief, I understand. I have followed you for years. I will still work for your generous salaries, but there's to be no intimacy. I have done all that you required these twelve years?"

"All, Frank. Shake hands."

The train rolled out of Victoria.

Anatole followed his master, but wearily, to Paris. He was anxious to be married, he announced. "A man must settle down some time," he moralized.

"And shrink his status to his diminished possibilities," commented Cristóbal.

"I hate to admit it, *patron*, but that is so."

"Then I certainly do not need the solid husband as my Leporello. Not that I have availed myself much of your talents. My boy, you have outlived your usefulness as my cowardly barrel of fun. Depart you to your asparagus farm!"

At Paris Cristóbal drove him to the Gare Montparnasse, saw

him safely on to the Brest train, shook hands fervently, avoided kisses, leaving Anatole miserable, and then made a bee-line for the *lavabos*, and scrubbed his hands with carbolic soap. Those two were gone. Cristóbal Pinzón faced life alone. His father was avenged. He need feel no more borrowed sentiments or perform more duties. The four ignoble victims were forgotten, really forgotten. The mainspring of his life was gone. What now?

He was so hungry for the sun, after years in the northern island, that on the boiling August days when he tramped through sunlit Paris, he found its light infected with the diaphanous linen mesh of the sky of the Île-de-France; it had not the bone-baking heat of the South that he craved. Paris was sweet in its deserted state, though. It was so restful that he stayed. There was a bit of life, after all. The franc was at two cents or an English penny, and the American tourists thronged the streets near the Opéra, throwing away francs as though they were cigarette coupons. Here and there was seen a Frenchman, ambassador of France to the Rue de la Paix.

He became a perfect lizard, resting after the complex schemes of the last few years. He haunted parks and watched children play, he took lemonade near the Carrousel in the Tuileries, went to the children's *guignol*, and laughed as he watched the gendarme being beaten by the janitor. He walked abstracted under plane trees and horse-chestnut branches, or the feathery leaves of the acacias. He drank all sizes of glasses of beer, bocks, *demis*, *impériales*, *distinguées*, passed the gimcrack shops lovingly, the luxury shops sleepily.

How pleasant to rest after the necessary job on four nobodies! What a pleasure to bury the ritual job of the Count of Monte Cristo! Would he ever score the perfect whirlwind vengeance on the system itself? He would think of that when his energies were renewed. He now preferred to sleep.

On a fiendishly hot afternoon, when the Paris thermometers are marked SENEGAL, he strolled up the boulevard Malesherbes, that Suez Canal, bordered by grey stone mansions with balconies. He reached the Place des Trois Dumas with its three unequal statues; first, the papa, General Dumas; second, the son, behind whose monument was a haughty image, that of D'Artagnan, his best-known creation. On the left side of the square, elegant but dead, the octoroon face of the grandson conjured up the *Lady of the Camellias*.

Cristóbal ate a sandwich of a long French roll and York ham, at the base of the statue of the great charmer. There he sat, Alexandre Dumas, père, his bronze Negroid face smiling benignantly but in irony at the passing people in Paris.

At the base of the statue was a sculptured life-size family group: the father, an artisan, back from work, mother resting from kitchen work, all to hear the wondrous tale. Their son listened, enchanted by the story of Edmond Dantès. The only exemplar of Dantès in real life looked up and wondered which was his veritable father, Don Francisco, loving but comparatively dull, or the great enchanter of youth, who drew avengers out of his large sleeves.

The almost madly quiet quarter, the still, old, shady, populous trees, the formal architecture, the absent families, this scene heated the body and cooled the mind. He was aimless in Paris. Nothing to do, nothing to aim at. He did not know if this were an interlude or a regathering of tired forces. He yawned at solutions. Paris sleeps heavily in the summer, its air weighs gently. To the rich it gives languorously fine meals and wine, lovely excursions, the very land of Cockaigne. To the poor it means a day's work in messy lofts, but a good drink of wormwood or vermouth, at the end. In all the crowded streets even the poor feel that this oven city is the great experience of man, to hate it, even, is a privilege.

Occasionally he wandered into a cool old minor museum. He spent a week in that of Gustave Moreau above the Trinité. The painter had left his home and workshop as a museum of what one man attempts in a lifetime. It showed his evolution, not as an ordered development, but with its fits and starts, false moves, postures, its slowly gaining mastery. One could see that as he had ripened, he had sacrificed his spring leaves. To it Cristóbal went back to learn to face achievement, to see the whole of what one artistic spirit had passed through. But he learned little, for he was asleep.

It stayed too hot, too long. The gardens of the Palais Royal were his last refuge in the city. The pretentious monument to the Latin genius reassured him that underneath all his crazy moves he would find a formal perfection and balance. All these age-worn reflections were pebbles smoothed by the lazy current of a velvet, soft fatigue.

These feelings were soon transformed into amused activity.

He loved to go the Régence and play chess, look out at the evenly sounding fountains and hear the enthusiastic players, steeped in the tradition of Philidor and of Diderot, but in the accents of Jassy and of Bialystok. He played for money, five francs a game, and graciously and consistently lost, thus enabling a few erudite but dirty spongers to get on for a space.

On a rainy afternoon he was introduced to Dr. Emil Skoda, reputed champion of the world, who in his spare time had once been professor of philosophy at Prague, in the German University. He had given up his cathedra and his scholarly interests to pursue chess. In his new obsession he used a profound mathematical equipment. The very Schubert and Hankel of Leipzig were children compared to him in preparing recondite, elaborated mathematical games. With this endowment he had fought the inner line of Spanish-American chess improvisators, and with his learned thrusts stabbed at the heart of their melodramatic styles. For the moment he was king. His opponents could hope only for senile decay and vanity, the signs of which were multiplying. Skoda was a naturalized Frenchman and boasted to all that he had never known fear. He was old though and heat made him droop, and he had played so many games of chess that the rarest of things happened. It really began to lose its empire over his mind.

Cristóbal and he became good friends. Time hung heavily on both. They were in a walking siesta. The professor had a little money and knew by mathematics that Cristóbal had more. They left the Régence so as to change the scene, and found themselves dining at Chauland's on the Esplanade des Invalides, where the tables are set out under the thin trees on the formal sand gardens and where through the straggly branches one looks at Napoleonic vistas both ways. Cristóbal had taken his old lodgings hard by, in the Place du Palais-Bourbon, as old, cool, white squares were the only ones he could tolerate. At the restaurant they had excellent Hautes-Sauternes, with aromatic medicinal taste, *bors d'oeuvre*, followed by a raspberry tart with Chantilly cream and black coffee. Neither had the patience for a main dish: they relied on liqueurs to give substance to their immaterial thinking.

Skoda was interested to distraction in a new book to be called the *Philosophy of Negotiation*. On this book he built his hope of

an intellectual legacy to mankind, since he had already achieved all that imperfect man can hope for in chess.

The professor expounded his system. He was as ugly as Socrates, his nose a mass of poorly placed putty. Professor Skoda had a Xantippe, who waited for him in their mean flat in Grenelle. Subtle as was his skill in the art of negotiation, it all seemed to go for nothing with his wife. He was forced to concentrate on his disciple in the restaurant academy, as handsome as Alcibiades, and he hoped, more reliable. His philosophy was explained as follows: (*please pass the turmy fish and filets of anchovies*):

"The art of negotiation is all there is to life.

"At every juncture we are confronted by the same situations. The dictionary encrusts terms like blackmailer, mother-in-law, hothead. That implies that there is a definite set of limited moves by these categories of persons, clearly recognizable, otherwise they could not be defined. Definition is limitation.

"No one attains the age of six without having had to meet monotonously recurring situations. Especially, one needs to adapt replies and actions to definite words. There is a small number of patterns that any animal can attain. A lion behaves, no matter what his individual reactions, as a lion. He has no tortoise attributes. Zoologists know that given a series of lion vs. rest of world situations, lion nature determines certain responses. A cat humps or slides under definite conditions. This skill has assured survival.

"When we study man, we forget that he too is an animal with strictly defined idiosyncrasies. He can create only a definite number of relations, to wit, those imposed by the needs and limitations of his specific human properties. All his patterns are convergent.

"For example, no matter how different prize fighters are, they eye each other and fend for themselves in such limited manners that there are names for practically every move they make. We all know how boring are the reports of athletics. A forward pass in football, a run for the base in baseball, a wicket in cricket (*forgive the assonance*), a move in chess, are full of monotonously recurring situations, with a distribution of more rarely recurring junctures, that is all. For this reason after a time only the most violent fans keep up an interest, since all others notice that what they see is limited.

"Yet games are created by man so as to have a formal theatre on which to mirror the real conflicts of life. By standardizing and formalizing games, as in fencing, a controlled set of emergencies is

devised, and dull men learn the perfect responses and are denominated champions.

"For example, I have exhausted the responses in chess, draughts, bridge. Their partisans tell you that these games are inexhaustible, that the law of permutations and combinations makes them infinite. This is rubbish. It is their primitive God imitation. They too seize infinity forsooth! But truly all the old stagers become bored, because the new situations recede further and further; the old crop up more steadily (*pass me the sardines, no, I prefer the celery remoulade, also the salsifis braisés, thanks*). Now as to Life Itself.

"Every day we meet our fellow-man in business, every day children meet teachers in school, husbands talk to wives. Everyone seeks to advantage the other, whether kindly or maliciously. The most generous soul does not get up every morning praying to be consistently worsted all day. *No one loves his fellow-man as vis-à-vis*.

"The great need of every living being is to find the perfect responses for himself against every stereotyped move of the universe of opponents. When conversation starts there is deflection or overriding. How shall we act? In love affairs there are a hundred classic tiffs. How should one bend and turn? There are only thirty-six dramatic situations, said Goethe. His disciple, Polti, has agreed and arranged a thousand substitutions but always of the thirty-six.

"What is tragedy? The absence of the perfect response. If Iago's remarks to Othello had been countered correctly, according to my system, he would not have been gulled. If Hamlet's uncle had had the perfect reply to every catch question and feigned move of his nephew, he would have held the line.

"I shall be pleased to teach you this science, these correct responses, at one hundred francs an hour (*pass me the wine, please, thanks*). All the wisdom of life is contained in these lessons, related to survival, not abstracted into justice. We are animals, we struggle to keep our specific form going, we are social animals, others counter us. There is no destiny for us abstracted from negotiations, or to coin a strange word, *orthoresponsia*, the art of the correct reply. I have attained this wisdom at seventy-seven."

Cristóbal saw that the old man had transferred his life obsession with pawn openings to life itself. In a half-amused way he thought Skoda had a message. Although it is nearly against the religion of the rich to learn from the poor, he was glad to pay Professor Skoda.

Cristóbal bought Polti's book on the thirty-six dramatic situations, and studied carefully his categories, his schematic situations, especially in love. He became interested in the French passion for mechanically analysing everything, and was astonished to find that even in a thing as mysterious as the poetic afflatus, Hennequin's

brilliant book on scientific criticism, with its elaborate tabular dispositions of the technique, thoughts, images, metres, assonances, of a Victor Hugo, brought even the sonnets of Shakespeare under a physical rubric. This might broaden his possibilities of control over environment. He might learn with this science how to manipulate his fellow-man.

Combine, he thought, the professor's responses to all the situations one meets with daily, with a completely weighted system of expressions, and why talk of romance and mystery? In hot weather, their bodies torpid, men love elaborate and tidy systems: they soothe like talcum powder. The daily lessons of the professor did have some effect on Cristóbal. He became more detailed in his behaviour, more organized in watching his fellows. Just as this mechanical system was attaining perfection, Cristóbal met the Countess Serafina Guiccioli, of the same name as that borne by the angel who redeemed Lord Byron.

The Countess was his next-door neighbour in the Place du Palais-Bourbon. She had just divorced her husband, a chamberlain at the court of Victor Emmanuel, and a toady of Mussolini. The Countess was in exile, a worshipper of Matteotti, just murdered. She was using up her remaining resources living splendidly until the finish. She frequented Italian-exile restaurants in the Rue d'Amboise and worshipped innumerable, distinguished, square-black-bearded, black-eyed socialist conspirators, eating the bitter spaghetti of exile.

She was quite short, about five feet three. Her hair was arranged in ringlets, in the Barrett Browning fashion. She had a face of that epoch. Her contagious smile delighted everyone, for she seemed to be bowing out of Casa Guidi windows. Her smiles required the lattice shadows of a trellis for their sunny qualities to ripple. Her laugh too was tiny but of a pretty timbre, like musical glasses tapped lightly. Her manners were those of a dancing puppet in an Italian marionette play. She adored men. The world for her was peopled with a thousand archangels of beauty and renown, but she despised them when they lost ideals.

Her birthplace was Vienna, where her father had been Italian consul general. There La Guiccioli had been brought up, and she spoke a German, brittle, rounded, metropolitan, Southern.

She did all the talking. Cristóbal was fascinated. Like all

natural autobiographers, the epochs of her life fell into a well-ordered series when she recounted the tale.

Father had died when she was a baby. Her mother, from Stralsund on the Baltic, committed suicide on her husband's coffin. Her grandmother had done the same, and her mother had dreamed of imitating the family drama. In her love of gestures, she had forgotten the baby Serafina.

She was educated by her uncle, a fiery Garibaldian, who had practised all the terrorist wisdom of Mazzini. Cristóbal inclined twice when he heard this, for it linked his own ideas to her family record. In later life her uncle retired to Stresa. He was admitted to a lay abbey run by the disciples of that strange Hegel of the Catholics, Antonio Rosmini-Serbati. The system of that mighty schematizer of man's sciences had calmed the once passionate rebel.

Her uncle rowed across the lake every day to impart an ordered beauty of mind to his niece. He wanted her understanding to have "the voluptuous colour of her emotions, reflected in the beauty of her countenance. The original of beauty is thought, its mirror image, the passions, its reflex mirror image, the face."

Serafina commented, "He died in the certainty that he had attained absolute wisdom. By the prescriptions of his will, he left me to marry a vileness, a time-server, a polecat, a hyena who eats dead emotions."

Professor Skoda just wheezed up the stairs to give his daily lesson in negotiation, but his philosophy had to compete with the memoirs of a pretty young lady, and the seventy-seven-year-old sage could not support the competition. The old gentleman departed sorrowfully without having educated his Alcibiades. He received the hundred-franc note, which negotiated, after all, ordinary wine and Camembert cheese, fennel and leeks, eggplant and oyster plant and the packeted spices of Araby. Day after day he called, day after day he received one hundred franc notes; he was humiliated but poor. He reflected that he was like the old lady selling the Sibylline books, the remnants of his learning commanded the same price as the full instruction. He faded out of the Place du Palais-Bourbon, on ten one-thousand-franc notes given "in gratitude to my finest teacher."

La Guiccioli was not as passionate about politics as had first

appeared. Politics fascinated her because it called out the most masculine of traits, combativeness and declamation, and, in rare cases, selflessness. She said simply that she was ready for a new love affair, for "I have gone through the grand experience of formal marriage as a child. Now I believe only in girlhood idylls."

Cristóbal, slowly rising from his long sleep after the four vengeance, did not take the lead in even this small encounter. He was still receptive, all the original scheming of years had stilled his initiative. Serafina could wait no longer, she kissed him without waiting for him to act.

He did not want to play or flirt. This sprite was new, this honest woman who did just what she wanted, with no regard for anything else. He kissed her warmly, took the little object into his large arms. It was the first time he had ever loved a small woman, one who looked at men by raising her head. The sobered little lady kissed his hands.

She was happy he was enamoured of her. She had adored great men, they had been kind to her, but none had loved her deeply. She ripped his collar and covered his neck with soft kisses, she hung on to him while she lavished her love. "Now throw me out as a hussy," she tinkled. "I'm a fool." She tossed her ringlets, closed the door, and shook with sobs outside.

The autumn brought with it forest drives in the forests of Compiègne and Fontainebleau. That which had delighted generations of lovers blessed their affections too. The brown leaves, with no tinge of red any more, heightened love by their melancholy. Cristóbal remembered, though, among those dead leaves, the mistake with the Lady Joan. He wondered whether a second aristocrat, however simpler and more romantic the type, was not merely another choice resulting from his wealth. Once he had loved a poor girl, now only the rich carried the promise of life. Why? He felt himself a snob. Brown leaves are conducive to reflection rather than enthusiasm. But embracing and kissing repeated often enough, especially with a *mignonne* like Serafina, are deeply convincing. Cristóbal soon felt himself in love.

In the meantime Serafina's money ran out. She thought of getting a job in some intellectual outfit, like the Institute for Intellectual Co-operation of the League of Nations. Cristóbal earnestly told her to stay out of it.

To help her, he suggested they live together. She hoped that common life would lead to marriage. After an earnest talk, she consented. Cristóbal hinted marriage, though not too explicitly. This was not because of policy, but because he could not be sure she was the woman to stand by him in all his mad schemes.

For with regaining health and confidence, the idea of vengeance on the capitalist world again took hold of him. The over-rich man, with time on his hands, again marshalled the memories, reading, reflection of his thirty-four years. Every item in the newspapers inflamed him anew. Exactly as other rich men accept all these injustices as necessary to conserve their fortunes, the Croesus disdained himself for permitting them to take place. Would Serafina fit into his adventure? If so, she was his wife; if not, his mistress.

La Guiccioli was only divorced civilly. She had made an application to Rome, after consulting with experts in the canon law. Despite the financial aid of Cristóbal the request of Serafina dragged through the papal courts. Even for the rich the procedure is deliberately dilatory. In the meantime, Serafina, too Catholic to marry without the Pope's consent, slept with Cristóbal on the ratification of their hearts.

He wanted to love her. At thirty-four, he thought of himself as the clear-seeing oarsman, passing the shoals of cynicism and primitive obscenity. It is the full summer of life, the fresh smell of the spring is gone, but the fullness of the day is greater; the moon has lost its chastity, the huntress is blushing.

He had not yet lost youth. He must act while still young. Like the old English stylist, he felt age to be a slow dressing for our funerals. Youth gave man the sports of love with women; it must draw every emotion from the same abundant source.

The more he became occupied with a multitude of letters, made necessary because of his gigantic and complex interests, the more he felt his forces gaining for his real objects in life. He wrote love letters to Serafina in their very apartments. The lovers had one favourite book, the letters of Guibert, the genius of artillery (whose pupil was Napoleon), to Julie de Lespinasse. Never had the love of a man of such original scope in the real world and a woman of such polish been celebrated with such intensity. It was possible

then, for a man steeped in reality, original, daring, to worship a decorative woman, and be rewarded therefor. He soon persuaded himself, mechanically, of the analogy with his own affair.

She, on the other hand, was proud of her conquest. She was equally ambitious. Her prods, however blunted, were constant. She suggested that he learn deportment, address, and diction, exactly as Napoleon had learned them from the actor Talma. "Do not disdain form: it is necessary if one is to succeed in dominating men."

Cristóbal was like other rich men in the naïve belief that all accomplishments can be bought. He was like other millionaires, too, in the idea that his gloss did not quite equal his substance.

He called on the Secretary of the Comédie Française and paid lavishly for oratorical instruction. He soon tired of their stilted delivery and conventional training. He complemented those lessons by others at the Atelier, where Dullin was fashioning a diction equally polished but more supple, more nervous, more a vehicle for modern man. His oratory improved, his emphases and pauses were nicely calculated, his modulations were exact. All he needed was a platform.

The winter passed easily. It was the first time that months had flown by without strain. He recalled no other six months like it. Serafina and he were happy to be man and woman, engulfed in love. They chanted the song "*Mann und Weib*," in which Papageno and Papagena, the talking parrots of porcelain, brought out their brittle loves in *The Magic Flute*. Serafina sang it in a precious German that was irresistible, and they burst into laughter as she whistled:

Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen wünscht Papageno sich,

and curled with laughter in the corner, as she thought of the melancholy puppet, lost without a woman.

Whether she was Violetta and he Alfredo, Micaëla and José, Rosina and Alaviva, they cadenced these couplings with shameless shifts of key, full of amateur gusto, shrill patches, and much fun. She taunted him like Martha at the fair, she teased like Anna in *Der Freischütz*, whose bolero she modified for her brunette lover.

Cristóbal was too sane to be much entranced by this fugitive business. One day, he observed suddenly:

"Serafina, don't you feel that some day a lover like myself will hear the answer of Kurwenal when he asks for his beloved—'*waste and lone the sea*'?"

"What do you mean?" Serafina was nervous.

"I mean that our pretty playtime has charmed us both but means nothing for a man of my age, *à la longue*. With what shall we feed our love? Not with itself, it will soon consume its original fuel. We must nourish it with outside interests, otherwise it cannot last for years."

La Guiccioli was quick. She suggested a change of scene, that infallible prescription for the tired love affair. It was June: they went to Langres, set in large, rural, eastern France. There the reasonable Diderot had first looked upon its ordered scenery, trim farms, bounded ramparts, and acquired measure, science, penetration. Serafina studiously avoided any splendid scenery. Nothing that could heighten Cristóbal's excitements entered into her holiday scheme. For two months he therefore appeared more moderate.

It was the last hesitation. Cristóbal, for the first time in fifteen years, was reading systematically his anarchist books. He heard the groans of the anarchist martyrs, the resurgent hopes of the faithful. There they were, Zancada on the history of Spanish labour, old Proudhon on federalism, Pi y Margall on the destruction of the great state, Oppenheimer of Berlin, with his fat learning on the robber origins of the state, Nettlau on Bakunin, Pataud on how to make a revolution, and, above all, Kropotkin with his exact schemes of mutual aid in small communities. He read again the classic Garrido, and thought of how Spain, with its local liberties and communal traditions, its divided regions, was the ideal land for splitting up into free, local, associated communes. Why, then, was he abroad? He could not answer the question himself.

He tried reading the more fashionable communist literature. It was written in an idiom he disdained. It was laboriously exact, prophetic, surcharged with destiny. Cristóbal laughed: for him the world was a play in which the will to power was the supreme explanation of man's cruelties; how could anyone predict the exact trajectory of that evil passion? Who could have predicted his own strange life with that counterfeit science?

The world was a stage on which were played tragedies only.' It had no law of development.

He tried earnestly to read Engels's philosophic attacks on Utopians. But it was when he turned to the bleeding chronicle of the revolutionary movement in his own land that he felt reality: in the learned studies he saw no spur to action.

"The upshot of this damned socialist's philosophy is that everything produces its opposite, which in turn modifies the original substance, and that very opposite is in turn modified by the task it performs. Which is another way of saying that it's all as much of a mess when you get through as when you start. Engels is just a machine for inventing alibis. If you think it out, your science is vindicated; if you don't, there were other dialectic factors. If I used that kind of thinking, I would never make a hundred pounds. All my life, I have considered the immediate turn, allowing for guesswork and the cursed capacity of events to cheat my judgments. That is what I must do in Spain. Act in just the way in which I made money."

Cristóbal remembered his four death's-heads in London with less indifference. Had he acted worthily in serving his father so well, or had he wasted time that should have been devoted to higher ideals? Was it necessary to round out one job, before essaying a larger one?

But the London brokers were done up as carnival rag dolls by La Guiccioli. The dolls were put upon stocks and fashed about and burnt in a mock witches' sabbath. She had not a gleam of sympathy for any opponent of her Cristóbal. So her Italian blood came out.

"My dear, they would have to make you Pontifex in ancient Rome, imagine offering four bulls to your family *manes*! Laurels for you at the Lupercalia." Her Italian love of vendettas soon drove regrets out of Cristóbal's conscience.

"Until there is justice in the world, the vendetta is its curtain raiser." By justice she meant a vague and universal benevolence, a socialism so elegant that the workers could walk daintily on it as on eggs. She had not the remotest idea of how wealth is produced.

Her happy life with Cristóbal, all the same haunted by fears that he might not marry her, was, like all temporary unions, rich in

embraces, morbid in its intensities. For all the barren aspect of their love, Cristóbal, in the two months, grew like an oak; she flowered like a poinsettia shrub. In this garden, Cristóbal worked in the velour bed of hatred; his anarchism recovered youthful luxuriance. She tried to give, out of the gentleness of her nature and the beauty of her mind, an added distinction to his talk, but she knew no facts—she added nothing.

A storm was soon to uproot the oak tree, to waft away the poinsettia shrub.

A boy was racing down the ramparts of Langres crying a special edition of *Le Peuple* with the amazing headlines:

THEY HAVE DARED AT LAST!

SACCO AND VANZETTI

ELECTROCUTED IN MASSACHUSETTS

TO-NIGHT, COMRADES, ALL ON THE BOULEVARDS!

LET THE LAZY BOURGEOISIE TREMBLE!

Cristóbal bounded forward. He forgot everything—woman, town, clothes, all. He raced to the station, Serafina following him with doubled steps, nearly screaming from the effort. The speeding man first saw her beside him, panting, in front of the ticket office. He bought two tickets for Paris, at once, without asking. He said nothing, paced up and down the platform with mad strides, possessed. When the train came, he could barely wait to get in. All through the first hour of the trip he looked at her once in every turn of the head, but he was talking to himself. At Troyes he recovered some composure, and turned to Serafina.

"You read the headline?"

"Dreadful, isn't it. Two Italians. My countrymen. Killed by those Americans."

"Two Italians, who cares about that? Two rebels, two pure spirits, two anarchists, each of them worth a hundred of me. Dead for their ideas. Dead though innocent. Think of it! At a time when their prosperity is the greatest they have ever known, they cannot afford to be generous or fair. Not even then. I mean the plutocrats. God, what will they do in a crisis?"

Cristóbal bought every edition of the papers at Troyes. It was an international event. Even the conservative sheets had special editions. These carried the news that three intellectuals, the élite of Boston, symbols of its many universities and millions of books, had examined the case and had seen no reason why these two dreamers should not burn. For *Le Temps* that was enough: they were guilty. Cristóbal thought of the crabbed judge, wall-eyed with judicial fixations. His hand sought for a non-existent revolver. The primitive terrorist came to life; it was fortunate he was not in America.

La Guiccioli, whose ideas of Boston were derived from the old opera *Ballo in Maschera*, began some refined twaddle about the hideous Puritans and their "sacred monticule, a Beacon Hill. I read that in Signor Marion Crawford." Cristóbal told her to be quiet, he had no mind for drawing-room tricks.

They arrived at Paris, at eight o'clock. At the Gare de l'Est, three hundred of the Garde Républicaine, helmeted, their swords drawn, patrolled the entrance to the Boulevard de Strasbourg. Cristóbal's taxi was deflected down the Rue Drouot. The Grands Boulevards, especially east of the Rue de Richelieu, were packed with workers, crowded on pavements, streets, all. A million caps filled the great clefts. In the sticky night an infinity of voices cried, "Down with the American idlers, assassins. Long live the American working class."

For ten minutes, Cristóbal waited, then realized that it was hopeless: the cab could never cross. He took Serafina out and they walked up the half-built extension of the Boulevard Haussmann, whose cobblestones were defended by massed platoons of conscripts.

Their dress entitled them to pass: no one wearing a cap could go west. At the Chaussée d'Antin, they took another cab to the Étoile, hoping to take the Métro at the Arc de Triomphe, and thus get to the Left Bank and home. From that point, Cristóbal expected to call on the *Revue Anarchiste* in the Boulevard Saint-Michel, and plan to organize the inchoate demonstration. It must be done fast. The American embassy must be sacked. That was the first move. The Guaranty Trust and Chase Bank branches must be gutted too, and, above all, the mahogany offices of Morgan and Company be cleaned out. But it would be

necessary to organize that carefully, so that there should be no plunder. This was an idealist uprising—nothing must taint it.

At the Étoile, to their intense surprise, Cristóbal and Serafina found the wealthy quarter wholly occupied by the workers. They controlled the Place de l'Étoile, and had blocked the twelve avenues leading to the arch. Workers poured out by the thousands from commandeered Métro trains, buses, and taxis driven by exalted drivers, themselves shouting slogans. It was greater than any riot Cristóbal had witnessed in his loved Barcelona; there was purpose and direction behind this, there was French intelligence and discipline. The night was red, rain threatened, a slight drizzle commenced. The police, in rain jackets, were driven back towards the Avenue d'Iéna, there to close the entry to the American embassy. The mob surged down the Champs-Élysées, whose café terraces were crowded with rich Americans, ostentatiously disregarding the threats of the mob. (They had been assured by boasting head waiters the police could easily master that situation, and they waited to see the fun.)

La Guiccioli, who had never been in a riot before, held on to Cristóbal's sleeve. The mob heaved rocks into Tortoni's. The window with its pretty exhibit of pastries was a mess. The crowd then attacked the terrace of Fouquet's, and the ex-collegè fullbacks from the States fled one and all into the cellars. Tens of thousands fought back the police at the entrance to the Avenue Georges V. The terrace chairs were overturned, the café done in, including the luxury bar in Jacob style; the women, daughters of the old Communards, slit the feet of cavalry police with kitchen knives. Exaltation was in every face. "Imagine what it must be like to-night in New York, comrade," said an over-optimistic painter, in his working costume, to Cristóbal. "I wish I could think so, comrade, but let's stick to our work here." The crowd surged forward from Fouquet's, the pavement of which was filthy and slippery, from scattered *coupes Jacques*, *apéritifs*, broken glass, *pâté-de-foie* sandwiches.

The streets of the rich were deserted by their denizens; most of them were hiding in inside bathrooms. A few of the "quality," however, joined the police. They were beaten up by the "rabble."

At the American embassy, the fighting was fiercest. The envoy of the United States was the object of a million Parisians.

Heading the mob, urging them on, hysterical in voice, magnificent in gestures, was the American dancer, Isadora Duncan. She stood grandiose on potato sacks, placed over piled park benches: a crude barricade. She waved her belt like a fury and yelled, "Tell us, tell us why a Republican governor kills honest men." She took up a torch, passed on to her by infuriated housewives, and waved the signal for the direct attack. La Guiccioli held her hand: she felt that the clasp of an American and an Italian symbolized unity at that moment. It did not last long.

No one quite knew what happened. Cristóbal woke up in a private room of the Hôpital Tenon, beside him La Guiccioli. The authorities thought them married, examined Cristóbal's portfolio, found ten thousand francs, then put them into a private room. In the sickroom were two policemen, seated, reading newspapers. Cristóbal was a mass of bandages, a centre of countless pains and aches. His lady had been beaten on the shoulders only; she was still unconscious but only slightly hurt. Apparently he had been a favourite target of police clubs. He fainted away and lost all sense of time, in his constant alternations between understanding and eclipse.

The police commissioner called. He had read the *cartes d'identité* of the two. One was that of a gentleman who paid thirty thousand francs for an apartment in the swank Place du Palais-Bourbon, the other of the former spouse of the Marchese de Fontecarrado. The commissioner was polite: "Monsieur and Madame were caught accidentally in the crowd, was it not so? What an error! Naturally, the charges will be dismissed. I shall take care of the matter myself." He waited for his bribe.

The captain of police never got the bribes for which he fawned. He paced in the corridor and, like a good nationalist, told his companions that France would never be happy until all these foreigners were kicked out.

What France needed was a king. "The republic is a synonym for corruption, my dear friend." All the ferocious guarding moustaches having departed, La Guiccioli watched her lover. They had worked together, it was good. She was full of projects. Let them leave for Florence: she knew how to extract secrets

from Giovanni Gentile, minister of culture, and philosophic watchdog of Fascism.

Cristóbal was all worked up now. He wanted to go to Madrid to finance an uprising against the dictator, Primo de Rivera. The twin subjects of dictators sucked their paws with these high resolves, and then, tired, fell back into two weeks of rest and recovery.

La Guiccioli had less reserves than she expected. What would have been routine to a stout wife of the Faubourg du Temple exhausted her fragile being. Her inner rill of generous impulses fell gently into a lake of inactivity. "Well," said Cristóbal, "income can sterilize activity, poverty can sterilize activity—sterilized it is." But her amazing happiness was gone, her bell laugh was dull, the duos, caricature dancing, all the make-believe had not worked. A letter came from the Curia categorically refusing her divorce.

La Guiccioli only wanted peace now. She had gone, in a one-hour struggle, beyond the nervous limits set by her sheltered, philosophic, beautiful education.

Once home, the charms of Serafina vanished with her weakness. She made one fatal mistake. To her lover, still in acute lumbar pain, owing to a clubbing over the small of the back, she was silly enough to say, "Darling, I think you are merely a rich man in search of sensations. Childish irruptions in mobs are for you what motor-car racing is to rich young men, dangerous but merely decorative. It may not look that way to you, dear. I remember your possessed look at Langres and on the train that took us to Paris. But it works out as a rich young man's dangerous employments, in the long run."

Cristóbal said absolutely nothing. He could only speak to himself, since it was he that had chosen her. For him this was the end of well-brought-up girls. They fell in love with him and pretended to like his ideas. Inward unity could never exist. La Guiccioli was liquidated. As he was no cad he decided to make no speeches, justifying himself. He was wrong. It must enter into his education.

"Serafina," he spoke slowly, "we can never be married in view of your religion. The Curia will not grant you a divorce. If Henry VIII could not buy one, neither can Cristóbal Pinzón.

I am as convinced as anyone can possibly be that if you regret your little adventure into insurrection, you will equally regret your play with adultery. You dip into sin, but you cannot bathe long in it. I dread the day when you will lament your offences and rush to the confessional, contrite, insane with the fear of damnation. It must come. I see your nature. I can only live with a rebel and an atheist. I say, deliberately, too, that I can truly love only such a woman. She must accept me in full with all my follies."

"In other words, I am to go." Her tears were ready to well up but the small image kept up her status, she just held from bawling. "Then I must go. I am humiliated." She walked out without a kiss. Without a farewell. With no regard for money.

Cristóbal, worried, expected to read of her suicide every day. Perhaps she would kill herself in a confessional box. Not at all. Two months later she married uncanonically Antonio Camcilli, editor of an anti-fascist paper of Brussels, her second cousin—a man of taste, distinction, learning, liberalism, eloquence, but opposed to terrorism. He favoured education; he had £100,000 in British war loan. La Guiccioli had given up saving Byrons: Casa Guidi windows had married a type like Robert Browning.

●

XXXI

DOROTHEA

THE traumatic pains in his back were so continuous and acute that Don Cristóbal Pinzón, despairing of his physicians, moved on to Zürich, Mecca of the blind, the diseased, the halt, and the lame. He came into the Kantonspital on the hillside, as two plumed hearses were coming out; he laughed, for he thought them good omens. "The physicians are successful, if not the patients."

Cristóbal was stretched out on the X-ray table. The stereoscopic machine was let down above him. He got the impression that it was to press into his entrails. He felt a perfect comic sight, laid out like a scientific specimen, the focus of attention of three serious doctors, peering through their eyeglasses at another lens. Their many courtesies to their rich patient, the polite phrases in which they asked him to lower his trousers, their solicitude, forced him into a burst of laughter. The priestly trio were shocked. They were also disturbed in their delicate tasks.

"Why did you laugh?" asked the oldest of the doctors.

"The absurdity of it all. Here you are—three men educated for years, a gigantic equipment, all devoted to the ills of a man who ought not to live at all."

"Medicine is based on the assumption that all men ought to be preserved, and this, too, I believe," the oldest doctor replied. "If I see you at all as comic, it is as artist, not as doctor. A Daumier would have delighted in the picture of pompous or important men, under the stereoscopic X-ray. I collect caricatures. I am mad on the simplest ones—those that parody the assumed dignity of men." He smiled humanely. Cristóbal looked up, and was quietly placed back on the table.

When the photographs had been taken, the patient spoke to the oldest doctor. The physician was a Swiss, five feet two,

round-headed, his sparse hair arranged carefully over his bald spot, his walk that of a man with hip-joint disease, the limp reduced by skilled care. He was pleased to talk about his collection of cartoons. They were his avocation. That collection, he averred, was the finest in Central Europe. "Visit me at my home in the Plattenstrasse, but not for dinner. We never have it. I am busy all day long in the dermatological clinic, here in the Gloriastrasse. I take a bite with the doctors or nurses, or the hall cleaners, or anybody who happens to be eating when I am free. My wife rarely sees me; she is what the English call a Lady Bountiful. She works among the factory immigrants at Zollikon, and takes charge of nurses. My three daughters all work in the Kantonspital here. You would like my oldest, Dorothea—she is humane. Heidi is pert, but she obeys her father. My baby daughter Lili is waiting for her daddy to die, so that she can meet young men without shame. You see, she thinks I will rebuke her for not devoting all her time to the hospital, and she cannot believe an old doctor papa like me means business when I tell her she's free. Oh, by the way, you must meet my son Kuno. He is a fearful snob, thirty-three and a master of knowledge. I feel like the old proverb: he is more sure of everything than I am of anything." The doctor hobbled off.

"By the way, where do you live? I saw it on the card but I have forgotten."

"At the Baur au Lac."

"Switch from there: it must be uncomfortable to live in a Stock Exchange."

"You detest wealth?"

"Completely. When you see my home, you will see that the one extravagance I have is cartoons, political and medical primarily. The city of Zürich built me this clinic as a tribute. After all, no matter how much money I had, I could never have bought anything so grand." He called back. "My name is Professor Dr. Stehli."

That night, Cristóbal telephoned and was told that the family was working, but would he call again? Three nights later, the X-ray report came. There was nothing wrong with Don Cristóbal, at least in the torso. Would he remit three hundred Swiss francs at once?

Relieved on the score of his health, he telephoned again, and learned that owing to an attack of hip disease, Dr. Stehli was confined to bed. He would be glad to see him. His daughter Dorothea was there, his son Kuno, and his devoted assistant, a man of thirty from Breslau. The assistant, himself a professor, still felt like a little boy and worshipped at the feet of the master. This adoration had wandered over to Dr. Stehli, for the father of the young professor, Dr. Sarasohn, had formerly been the light of dermatology in Europe. The master was upright on a pillow, a good old feather pillow of the antique style. The bed was covered with a green madras bedspread. The three visitors quietly welcomed Cristóbal; Doctor Stehli alone raised his voice.

"Glad you came, Don Cristóbal Pinzón. Read the clinical report, you're all right basically. But worn out. You're worn out. You need to recover new forces. You are married?"

"No."

"What a mistake! My clever son here is not married. Why aren't you married, Señor? You are rich. Were you jilted, or is it because of some imposed philosophy?"

"Because I met the right woman once, met several wrong ones afterwards, suspect that I am the wrong man, and a hundred other banal explanations that sound like a lovelorn column. Why am I not married, Dr. Stehli? You are a physician of souls, too, I judge."

"You are not married because you are too important. Humble fellows like myself or Sarasohn here, we get married. But great personalities are so rich in texture that they feel a poor little woman next to them will rub it all off."

Kuno tried to interrupt his gay father but Dr. Stehli said to Dorothea, "Come out of the shade where no one can see you and you tell everybody why they must get married."

A soberly dressed tall young girl, with straw hair, came into the area of the lamplight. "Papa, you know I never like to talk of marriage. All day long I walk in the hospital wards. I see the results of promiscuous love. I can only understand men and women now as parents, I am afraid of everything clandestine. But doubtless that is a prejudice arising from my hospital experience. If I saw the gaiety and amusement of the loves of

unmarried people, perhaps I too would like it. But it gets nowhere."

Cristóbal watched the simple girl. She was broad-faced, of peasant cast, clothed in the student style—that is, in no style; her long, green Petersham dress outlined her modestly against the white wall, undecorated.

He asked her to come with him, her next free day, for a trip down the Lake of Zürich to Rapperswil, the over-picturesque town at the southern tip of the elongated waters. Her father nodded consent, then she accepted. His warning words were happy.

"Dorothea, make sure you entrance Don Cristóbal before your saucy sisters get hold of that winning cavalier."

"Father, some courtesy and taste," objected the elegant Kuno, but no one cared for this irrelevant counsel.

"I am willing to go out with Señor Pinzón, he is so different from the prim young men in this town. No one is big here in Switzerland. I like large views."

The appointment for Dorothea was shoved off day after day, as some unforeseen contingency in the dermatologic clinical compelled her to remain. Some interesting cases of yaws had been sent in from the West Indies. Dr. Stehli, despite his hip disease, was determined to explore this strange disease in a new fashion, and his one staff was Dorothea. But after ten days, she was free. By this time Cristóbal's diathermic treatment for the back had succeeded, and the excursion to Rapperswil took place. They met at a large café, moored in the Limmat River, and from there took the white ultra-clean steamboats that in the most leisurely manner possible made their twenty stops before Rapperswil.

Dorothea was not a talker. Cristóbal did not want to be one. At first, they sat beside each other on the forward deck, eating *Würstli*, potato salad, cheese *fondues*, and drinking beer, the strange quartet of dietary sins consecrated to Switzerland. They exchanged fugitive smiles. Dorothea took in the scenery. She was of the town but since her school days had never taken this nearby trip.

She wore a red dress, peasant-embroidered with gold thread; in the centre the arms of Appenzell. Her straw hair was uncon-

trollable; the slightest wind turned its wisps about her forehead, until

*Her hair was caught
In fashion light as her own thought
About her head.*

The red dress gave a wholly different impression of the girl from her appearance at her father's house. There in the green Petersham garb, she looked as old-fashioned as a Sargent painting; here in country red, and in the spotted sunlight, she lost all Victorian appearances, and might have been one of the camp followers of Ulrich Zwingli, when he led the men of Zürich into battle for the Bible. Her family had been evangelical for four centuries: she still sang the childlike Sunday chorales with a simple fervour. She hummed a small *Ländler* from the Bregenz land, a lullaby in Romansh of the Virgin Mary, sung by the shepherds near Pontresina, and a doughty Bach song, with the gentle words of Philip Melanchthon. It was strange for Cristóbal to be in the company of a German-speaking Protestant: he who had always felt contemptuous of any but the Latin men and women.

The boat passed first by the luxurious villas of Germans, all in the latest styles appropriate to the ultra-modern *rentier* and cultured millionaire, then followed long ridges covered by burnt grass, then gardens of wax flowers which came down to the landing stages, and finally chalet-villas of the older type became numerous. For twenty minutes Dorothea continued to hum; still not a word. Cristóbal broke the silence.

"Do your sisters go out often?"

"Very often. They are popular with young men."

"And you. You are not popular?"

"Certainly not. I am a truth-teller. Mind, not an unpleasant one. I have no mind to tell the truth if it hurts. But if I am asked directly about anything, I cannot lie, deceive, conceal, evade."

"All four. It sounds like a catalogue."

"Is it? I am not so complex. I tell the truth then, that's all."

"Have you ever had an offer of marriage?"

She turned slowly towards him. "No. I have no dowry. That's fatal in Zürich."

"Are there no libertarians? Socialists? Reformers? Free-lovers?"

"There are a few. But in this land they are not harmonious. They are always cranks, temperance people, vegetarians, you know."

"Do you visit town much? Go out? Enjoy yourself?"

The boat was nearing Rapperswil. The town was the picturesque absolute, castle tower jutting into the lake, crenelated castle, great gardened walls, winding streets with Middle-Age dwellings, quaint fountains with gooseherds and gnome kings, painted walls with long scrolls in the Allemanic dialects, and pictures of heavy grape-vines slung over lank, blond wights. It was genuine, tourists were few (but there were plenty of post cards), it was the ideal town for newly found acquaintances to disarm and become warm towards each other.

Dorothea was happy. She got up the mountainside with remarkable speed, and soon was sitting on the turret, far above the lake, and looking east towards Austria. She then lowered her gaiety, and answered Cristóbal.

"I love this town, but not Zürich. I cannot bear the easy attitude of people who sit on Zion's high seats. That means something to me, that's from the Bible. I walk down the Bahnhofstrasse—it is peopled by prosperous faces. The men look at luxury shops, have perfectly creased trousers, the latest in Zeiss-Ikon field glasses. I don't resent their being well off, I resent their exclusions. I listen to their prattle about prosperity. But what nonsense! What they call prosperity is simply a somewhat diminished adversity for most people. Even that is so precarious. The people live in a permanent crisis, that is why it always waits for the second coming of our Lord."

"You are a Christian, Fräulein Dorothea?"

"Of course. Aren't you?"

"Why, no. I have never thought I could like any. But I like your company exceedingly. Go on."

"You see, I work all day in the free clinics of the Kantonspital. There we are in rich Switzerland, in the richest city in the world per head. They say that none in America rivals ours. We are in a prosperity phase, they tell me. We have a learned man here, Dr. Somary, and even my father's friends hang breathless on his moneyed words. It is a boom, he tells us, it cannot last.

Be sound, Switzers, and put away your money for the evil day. But back to my story. Here, in this boom, I see a procession of goitres, ulcers, hereditary syphilis, yes, tuberculosis, in this mountain land. Here there are millions of worn-out stomachs, leaky hearts, and the twisted muscles of the poor. Yes, Don Cristóbal, when I went to school, they showed us man, idol of Greek sculptors. I see the statues shrunken, deformed with sores and welts; I see the idols of Phidias, drag-bellied, mothers of dwarfs. And the crowd on the Bahnhofstrasse reads columns of strange figures. That is why I am not popular, though I am more a woman than my sisters. I nurse, I cook, I sweep, clean, serve, and love, but I am not a woman. No, not for them. I have no money."

Her eyes, steel-grey, opened like saucers in a doll's kitchen set. "By the way, Don Cristóbal, do you play tennis?"

"Scarcely. I can make a try at volley-ball."

"Let's play then. I hate talk, talk, all the time. Are you a lover of sports? I am. I worship mountaineering. I fell into a glacier last year and got out. That's a high moment."

"Let's volley for a half-hour."

When they left the court, Dorothea asked, "Have you ever been to America, Don Cristóbal?"

"What scattered questions you ask! Why? Yes, I have, but why?"

"Because I want to go there. Leave all this. Leave even my beloved daddy. Leave all this Alpine beauty, these old towns, I want the world to begin now in 1927. Don Cristóbal, wind and weather will decay the old monuments. Some day the cathedrals must crumble. Some day the gum mastic won't hold the frescoes of Leonardo. What then shall we have if we do not create, create, all the time?"

"True enough I am at one with you. Is that a need of yours, Fräulein Dorothea?"

"You mean creation in the sense of motherhood? Yes, yes, of course. You have experienced women, much, Don Cristóbal?"

"I decline to take the role of the man of the world before a young girl. It is a vulgar posture: the only weapon of men over thirty against the ardours of their younger competitors."

"Don Cristóbal, stop looking at yourself in the mirror to see what poses become you or ill become you. Answer me."

"Fräulein Dorothea, my experience of woman is normal, perhaps less than normal. Several near-serious relations, some serious, a few frivolous, a few casual, one very deep."

"Why did the last one break up?"

"She was killed."

The trip back was accomplished in silence. The Alpine foothills were covered by thin lights, until the chain of lamps along the Zürich driveways came up, a respectable Aladdin's cave. It was ten at night.

They walked through the Rämistrasse, up the hill, towards her home. They held hands, swinging ever so little. Cristóbal felt a peace with this woman that had not come over him since his youth. The warm evening, the quaint street, cracks of lights from gables, the hushed students passing, serious, their blond hair brushed back full, and a simple girl by his side: this was indeed rare.

She said again, "You find this soft and lovely. But I want to be in America." He ventured, "But they just killed two men there—innocent men. I am still horror-struck. Boston is not backward like my own Spain; it was the best educated that condemned them. I fear that land."

"Sit down on a bench with me, Don Cristóbal. I don't want to go home. I am free to-morrow from hospital work until ten. I can stay up yet a while. Don Cristóbal, I too was horrified by the deaths of Sacco and Vanzetti. Daddy cried. I have never seen him cry before. He had seen hundreds die, but that he felt personally.

"And then a light, a light. I bought a literary weekly, some German modern paper, and sat down on the Limmatquai, under the towers of the simple church of honest old Zwinglius. I read there an American, a translation, a Michaël Gold, so pretty that it must be a pseudonym, the flaming archangel of gold, *enfin*, an American, imagine that, and he writes of Jews without money, and he writes as simply as a bard, a people's poet, with none of our high European style, yet with none of the American rough or cynical reactions. A strange creature in our zoo, a human being. How does anyone recognize him to-day? A human being. How does he keep out of the museum? I turn to the *Neue Züricher Zeitung* and read the miser's squeak of the righteous

Mr. Coolidge, and a Mr. Hoover, a cabinet minister. He is circumscribed and stodgy and he draws up long figures too to see what he can boast about. And here is this Michaël, who vindicates the needs of human beings against the liars of the stock exchange."

"Their insolence should not disturb you overmuch. They always act that way until their bubble is pricked. Man picks up arrogance during a boom faster than a child takes up chicken-pox."

"There is hope then that we may see finer things?"

"I don't know about finer, more disturbed for them, yes. I visited America once——"

"You have seen it! The skyscrapers, the canyons, the Yellowstone?"

"Not all that, no. I remember the hobos of San Antonio, for the Americans have their gipsies. They wander and they have ballads and they are fearfully driven about by the solid people, as we in Spain. What a destiny that people has, what a warm humour, spacious sentiments, engineering dreams, profound democratic insight! They have the spirit of giant fresco painters with the precision of machine toolmakers. Have you ever read the poems of their Walt Whitman? You can chant his 'barbaric yawp.' When I was a boy, I was an anarchist at Barcelona, we worshipped him. No, you mustn't judge the Americans by those horrors pasting five-franc violet notes on Paris taxis, those great-bottomed tourists, fed by profits from sweated immigrants, who came back to the lands from which their victims came, to degrade their relatives. Oh, no. I saw no skyscrapers that impressed me half as much as the honest people who built them."

"Ah, America," she thought aloud, "a new soil. The very potatoes must have a fresh taste, not like those from our worked-out soils. I want to see their great prairies and woodlands. Even the Alps here smell of laundered hotel tablecloths. A new people! Good-bye to this old, ordered, dirty society."

"Goethe said: 'Here or nowhere is your America.'"

"He was a well-paid court official. He ate his bread with tears in his lyrics, his cake with laughs at the ducal table. A poseur. You know what my delicate, learned brother wants me to read?" she continued. "The bureaucratic *larmoyant* odes of

De Musset, the melancholy complaints, so carefully nursed, of Leopardi. We are too cultured here. We know too many languages. I prefer that of the heart. I will read this Whitman and his appeals to free womanhood."

"Young Americans consider him dated, *passé*."

"Freedom is never *passé*," she said quietly.

"Fräulein Dorothea, you are a woman I honour."

"Don Cristóbal, you spoke of one woman you loved, she was killed. Of course, you love her still?"

"Yes, Fräulein. But perhaps if she had lived we might not have loved. That is always possible. Death immobilizes love, it is as perfect as an eternal lyric."

"That is blasphemy. I believe she lives, believe it with all my heart. You have not been true to her, that is your sorrow in life. She watches you from on high."

"A daughter of science talks this way? And Dr. Stehli?"

"Father is easy about religion, but not dogmatic. But I believe. I see hundreds of patients, once poor men, and they are carried out as though they were stones, and their bodies stink. You see them dead, but I see them saved by our Lord, sure of eternal salvation. Your woman waits for you. What was her name?"

"Conchita Morales."

"Morales? The Spanish religious composer?"

"She was of a humble family."

"Don Cristóbal," she held his hand as the moonlight slanted over them, "father said to me, 'Don Cristóbal may like you—be kind to him.' He thought I might try to engage your love, to marry you. And I would. I need to get married, a great need, a husband, children, the many hungers of women. You know how fathers plot for their daughters. What do you want to do in life? It must have an end. Father says all people have some object in view."

"I am an anarchist, I want to bring about a society where men co-operate freely without a trace of compulsion, where they work together and share out of the common store without conflict, envy, covetousness, ambition, the will to power."

"You are a follower of Jesus Christ, then?" she said.

"Police officials, army officers, statesmen would not think so."

"I could not accept your love unless you worked for your ends, and unless you are sure that you love me and not your Conchita."

"Fräulein, I have much affection for you, and high respect, but if you forgive me, I did not as yet breathe a word about love."

"But I have not presumed?"

"I would not dare say so, Dorothea."

"No, I have not presumed. All my life, I have lost my chances by telling the truth, and going against my own interests. But I would rather it were so. You are going back to Conchita?"

"I cannot answer."

"That means you are going back. Good-bye, Don Cristóbal. I must go home now. It is past midnight. I have never been out so late. Father will be worried. Don Cristóbal?"

"What is it, Dorothea?"

"Kiss me good-bye. I can't see you again. I am falling in love with you although you have said so little. I do not know you. But I am falling in love with you. I know it cannot be. No one ever kisses the plain Dorothea Stehli. The last time it happened was when I was fifteen, and then the boy had freckles. No one since. Please, Cristóbal."

He kissed her long, held her well. It was the high moment of her simple life. She left him and entered the garden firmly. She had a proud step as she opened the door. He turned down the street, on to the high wall above the city, and began the long journey to Spain.

XXXII

THE GIANT COCOON

HE slept in Spain. "Home is the sailor, home from the sea, and the hunter home from the hill." Upon the hillsides of the Catalan country, not far from the home of Conchita Morales, he took a tiny peasant dwelling, to live there until he knew exactly what to do to carry out the high resolves with which he had toyed so long. All the trophies he had bestowed on other women, in his full manhood, he now realized, were borrowed from the neck of his boyhood idol! The first day he walked into the old and ugly cemetery of Gerona where rested that unquiet soul: she slept badly among the poor. He laid flowers on the grave: the lightly engraved word **MURDERED** was nearly effaced on the tomb.

He cried as though she had been killed only yesterday. How long had he known her? Several weeks only? It seemed only that. Recollection had full sway as he heard the crack of rifles in the civil wars of his boyhood. He saw the great teacher Ferrer fall into the ditch of Santa Eulalia, before the unfeeling muskets. He felt a peace in these angry memories. They stilled his discontents, and, instead of whipping him to action, they were so much a part of his life most dear to him that for the first time in ten years he slept like a boy.

He laid out his clothes, the next morning, for a long stay. He carefully deposited the belt of Ferrer, the watch of Carmen, and with a mixture of adult amusement and recurring respect watched the tattoo in the mirror. Upon the wall he pasted pictures of Ferrer, Sacco and Vanzetti, a charcoal sketch he had made from memory (remarkably exact despite his amateur talents) of Conchita, daguerreotypes of Father and Mother, and a giant, crude poster of the heroes of the anarchist cause that he had purchased in a dirty libertarian shop in Brussels. In the centre were the seven Haymarket martyrs in America, on the side the several

terrorists who had killed kings and presidents in Europe, the theoretical leaders, old Bakunin, Kropotkin, Jean Grave. It was the typical believer's crude gallery; it was the only artistic treasure prized by the world's leading collector of modern art. No Rouault, no Dufy or Renoir, was allowed to compete with the sacred chromos.

He did not visit Conchita's grave again for a long time. It was so natural to be home in Catalonia that he felt as though he had always been there, always would be there, and that he should visit her resting-place only when he felt he had something to say to her or something to do there. Although it was September, he sprayed the vines before the last gathering of grapes, or tended the late flower bushes so that he might do simple labour again and abandon the abstract employments of finance and politics, of love and luxury. It was his absence from the common employments of men that had made him sterile; in Gerona for the first time he was truly to be educated. The home of Conchita would be his real university.

At night, he sat alone in his garden; the neighbours passed by and curtsied to the well-dressed Andalusian. They were a sober lot, these Catalans near the French frontier: they liked small farms, savings-bank accounts, ordered life; they viewed Cristóbal nearly as the French did, as a highly romantic type.

He reflected over his life, came to a rush of conclusions, then went into the house, for he could not wait. He must make precise his task at Gerona. Dorothea knew it was best for him to be near the woman he loved; he alone knew why. He wrote down a disordered programme as it came to him. It was October 9, 1927.

A YEAR IN GERONA—WORK AND OBJECT

"I swear that I shall prove worthy in my own person of this high resolve." The Oath of Montjuich must be fulfilled. I must never repeat it again. No incantations, no rosary of revolutionary phrases. Promise must end, fulfilment be attained.

This year my emotions must be stilled: no action. Like the objects of tragedy, I must find serenity, so that I may hear one clear call that must be obeyed.

I have youth, wealth, strength. These potent pace-makers have been exercised at a price; that I did not use my intelligence

for the objects set out in the Oath of Montjuich. I must draw from my marriage here to Conchita that intelligence.

I have acted violently; every event has been heightened into drama. I could not stop the play and give the audience its money back.

I have been seized by family duty. For three years I played a fierce sanguine drama like the surcharged heroes of Marlowe or Alfieri. That was a proper task. But it was a blind one, apart from natural piety. Father employed labour, he had to make his fortune out of profits. I avenged a simple exploiter on nimble-witted rogues. I placed a premium on the direct exploitation of the poor as against the imaginative exploitation of the rich by the rich. Socially I was a fool—only as a son was I justified. Now I must do nothing that is not wise socially. I am too rich. I alone of all men have a duty to act exactly in accordance with justice, for I alone am capable of considering that and nothing else.

I must abandon all contradictory ideas, the debris of youthful education. I must no longer contain, in the same man, the son and the enemy of the legal family, the Spaniard and the citizen of the world, the insolent Andalusian, and respect for my fellow-workers in Spain, everywhere. I must be a unified man.

Why did I fall in love with La Guiccioli? Her name, and that only! The memory of my Conchita, the only love, the only true love will act for me as the real Guiccioli acted for Byron. He was a mixture of poetic genius, political liberalism, West-End dandy, cock-fight enthusiast, sexual paradoxer, cad, hero, in short a man, yet a man who, once he selected the right path, looked only one way to an honourable death at Missolonghi. His woman took him away from his harem and carousing at Venice, from Roman snobs, from his viciousness towards mistress and child; she left a husband to set him right. In Ravenna, in the quiet town of the Goths, by the shallow Adriatic Sea, in that yellow fastness, with its large crumbling walls, Byron recovered his manhood.

He was thirty-six when he played his part, and died.

One year from now I shall be thirty-six. This year I live with Conchita. This crumbling yellow town is my Ravenna. On my thirty-sixth birthday I shall not be in the sere and yellow leaf like Lord Byron, for I have a cause and he had to seek one.

He sprinkled salt over the brown ink, then walked over to Gerona to kiss the tomb of Conchita. But his steps were retraced. He had no space for gestures; those easy moments were gone. He held on to his gnarled Alpine stick with the unflexing grip of a new-born baby.

That night he dreamed a sort of panoramic sweep, going through the darkness, and cutting wide swaths. These panoramas followed in determined sequences, invariably ending in death in one of its protean forms. Several times he was hurled from a cliff into boiling waters; many times he died horribly among their threatening noises. He woke unafraid, and wondered if these images, four times repeated, were distortions of the disgrace and fall of the four victims of his private apocalypse. He soon forgót them. The universal apocalypse was his sole preoccupation.

Months passed in the quiet country. The flowers faded, the rainy and slightly chill winter set in. Cristóbal's thoughts were attuned to the seasons, for, vegetating himself, he followed the laws of the plant creation. His leaves were green on the sunny side, grey when they looked elsewhere. When would he flower, after so much repose and nourishment?

In the winter, he was near Conchita, but did not visit her. In the spring he was beside her tomb every day, even when it rained. He sat there and became one with the dead beloved. Day by day, peace grew in his heart. It was like some serene sonata for two violins in D minor. The quiet affirmation of the leading violin was joined plaintively by the other, it ended in a slow quietly triumphant concord of double stops. He would sometimes sing to her the Catalan *goigs* she had sung at the street festivals in Barcelona; he knew them well now.

One hot April day beside his Conchita, he suddenly burst into full voice. He had known his own cello qualities in singing, for he had had records made of his voice, and he knew that it sounded differently in the ear of others than when the singer hears it internally as well through the skullbone vibrations. He counterfeited a harmonium for volume. What had hitherto muted his mighty tone? What had dampened those chords, in which the Magnificat shouts in the cathedral were blended with the melting serenades of Spanish men? Who had chained that voice in registers, that now came out spontaneously? He might have the voice of Tamagno, for whom they had to buttress the chandelier of La Scala; he might sing as Battistini when his audience rose to defend themselves from a mighty accusation in some hoary opera. But he could do that only when his actions were as powerful as his resolutions.

The rest in the country was calling up his powers. His bronzed face replaced the yellow-olive countenance he had in Paris. His beauty was restored. He breathed like an ox, his nostrils moved like small fans as he rose for morning tasks. "I am lending myself forces which I must repay with a usury so rich that the rheumy eye of a Shylock would be rubbed with envy."

He passed a law for himself that for a year he would not read. This resolution had to be broken for financial mail but, apart from that, the taking in of other men's ideas was prohibited. Sometimes he wondered at what the news was; he conjectured the fluctuations of taste in great capitals, while he remained alone in the country. Had his collection of art grown in value, or had the supersensitive idlers of Paris got new gods, the old one hurled from the temple and dusted in the cellars of the flea-fair merchants?

Easter passed. The carnival things were packed up. Peasants worked hard in the tormenting sun. As the summer solstice neared, the Pyrenees loomed larger and came closer. The dry streams filled, then grew broad. The washing on innumerable clothes-lines, strung over towns and countryside, grew whiter and whiter with the sun's great bleach. Housewives on the river bank scrubbed and rubbed on the stones with a new vigour and told of the prowess of their husbands that had lent them such great forces. Flour mills groaned and droned, their worn millstones grinding coarser and coarser. Cristóbal grew lazier, and had fewer reflections because the sun was too fierce in his Spanish demands. At first he wanted to go to the high Pyrenees to escape the heat of the peneplain. "A change of scene is the recipe of a Midas or a hobo. It disguises for those related types their inner futility. I stand by my Conchita." He soon was readapted to the insane heat; it was pleasant to live at night and pass the day in sleep.

To those who had known Cristóbal with his avid love of markets it was impossible to believe that month succeeded month without his reading a newspaper. He held out against walking in the main street of Gerona, where a progressive shopkeeper had installed a wireless set that screeched borrowed news from Marseille and Toulouse. He had no mind to the fluctuation of a fortune, too great to be affected seriously, and too well placed. He had an abundance of silver and copper coins for a few weeks' needs: what else mattered? For the first time since Lanson seduced him

into the mystery of banking, he asked himself nothing but human questions, felt anything but human demands.

The Spanish soil, the fresh memories of youth—those memories plus a year of complete break with financial and social habits, worked the miracle. He was a true rebel again, a passionate one. He spoke to the unlistening mountainside.

"The people is too kind. What it needs is a universal sadism, an orgy of contempt for its ex-masters. It needs a studied humiliation of its oppressors to free itself from their worship. Its revenge should be as schematic as my ruin of four nobodies, every one of whom had to taste self-exposure before he sensed ultimate ruin.

"The masters are never kind except through fear. They have to be cruel, for the moment they weaken they are not obeyed. That is why culture stands on its head. They are pessimistic when they are rich, seek barbarous simplicity when they are surfeited with luxury. When society stands on its feet, men will act like the Greeks in the *Iliad*. They will yawp when they are happy, eat like porkers when there is abundance, chant bacchanals and dance like madmen when the grapes have yielded a luscious wine, cry when they are beaten, fight back because their enemy thinks they're done. The rich can't behave honestly; to be honest one must be free. The first sense of freedom will be felt when men even accounts naturally, for themselves, for their ancestors who suffered before them. With the blood of the rich they will wash out their infections, too, infections of our mind, of our art. No damned evolution. A fierce, general *Jacquerie*."

He stopped. He could go no farther as the road ahead was covered with mirages, due to the heat; it was dangerous to move. He resumed, this time to himself.

"No one need be a partisan of the poor. The more I see the peasant the less I idealize him. If the worker were as beautiful as fools say, why attack the system that produces him? No, he is sottish, horrid, that is why he must rise. I respect the outhouse of the peasant for all that more than the plumbing of the nobles, who have taken the waste system into their houses, where, for them, it belongs."

The long rest in Spain was difficult to sustain. As the fatal birthday approached he would be straining at the leash, let go with more force than ever, and of course in the wrong direction.

Fortunately, the dog days in August rendered him so weak that the show ran out in sweat. He was forced to stop and await the cooler autumn before deciding on a course of action. On a late September night Cristóbal went to Gerona to dance to the tune of the strident wind instruments and dented brass of the local scratch band. He went through both happy and sorrowful dances with equal zest. The townsfolk were gayer than for many years past, the crops were both abundant and had brought high prices, and the Hebrews in their autumn booths around Salem were not happier than the townfolk in the harvest *fiesta*.

In the dancing crowd, Cristóbal whirled rapidly and became dizzy, for he knew every Spanish dance in his ankles, but the one image that came swinging into his eyes, moved as on the curved iris of a soap bubble, then vanished, was Conchita Morales of Gerona. He looked about and saw several girls who resembled her somewhat and asked them if they were related to her.

They were hearty girls from the nearby countryside and they liked this old style of flirtation. But he seemed sincere enough to break down their hoydenish laughs, and when he asked them again did she still have a family, they asked when she died. "Nearly twenty years ago," and they burst into renewed peasant laughter, and asked him would he want to woo their grandmothers. Nice old ladies, yet quite ready for a lively dance. Youth was really gone. For the first time, he spoke to a generation that knew him not, and to whom he was an "old man." No, this could never be.

He left the gay youngsters still going strong, at two in the morning, rather early for Spain. He cut across the fields, full moonlit, towards the cemetery of the poor.

He came to Conchita's home, and in the heavy light of the harvest moon he spoke to her. "Conchita, you are listening. You alone would never have chained me, you never wanted anything for yourself, you never sought to manage me with delicate arts, you never sought to do anything for me. You knew that if you did your tasks, and I mine, our love would be honest. You are the woman I love. You and you alone. Your death ended Cristóbal Pinzón. Without love, he buried his soul quietly beside you, and his face has sported masks, ever so many masks. If you had lived? Ah, we should not have lived long, with your zeal, with your great heart. But we should have died together . . .

that was our destiny. It has been twisted, and I am twisted too. You foresaw it all, you predicted that I should outlive you, though dead in honesty.

"Conchita, do you hear me? No, you are dead. Listen, awaken, my voice is the trumpet that should delight your vanished ears. But your ears have fallen away, they hear no more." He choked and cried, "What will awaken you? Shall I repeat the Oath of Montjuich? Not its odourless flowers, the real oath. I still know it, every word, every comma. I swore it to our old teacher. No, I shall not repeat it. Twenty years away from you! Am I the young man as you saw me? Or am I the gold-stuffed old man the girls mocked to-night? Can I be reborn? Can you arise?"

He looked about him at the chapels of the pretentious poor. He spoke again in a whisper, "Good-bye, Conchita. I am leaving our land. I must not stay here until I am as ripe in knowledge as I am in resolution. They killed you by violence, they must perish by violence. For you, for you alone. I must learn to avenge my loss of you. Other women were afraid where you had hope. They thought to hold me—you alone wanted me truly to be free."

He was quiet. "Good night, beloved. You shall bloom in another name. It must come again. Trust me, beloved. I have not yet avenged you. I avenged my father: his flesh was mine. I shall avenge you, my beloved wife. Your soul is mine. You did not believe in a soul, did you, darling? Sweet atheist, you must remember when the workers covered you with flowers on the train? Oh, I am so weary of fine women, of dashing women, of soft women. Should I live with another like you? Counsel me, who else will?"

He listened for the certain silence. "Why do I speak only of myself on your grave? Conchita, I must see you again. In another woman. Do not be offended, my darling. The living must seek the living. I have your consent, O my unselfish love? I know it. I have it. There is so little left of you now, so little, and that little so vile. Let me bend over your tomb again. Do not stop me, O my love. I cling to your cerements more than to their robes. Do you remember the laundry where you worked?"

At that he fled suddenly and regained his house before the first morning light.

That morning he left Gerona. He could not stay in Catalonia—it was an impossible strain. He would think of what to do in some other place, some place that did not consume him with memories, with reproaches for neglecting the obsessions of his youth. He got to France, and, in spite of all his vows, naturally found himself on the Azure Coast, fatherland of the bank balance. It was the first of October, pleasantly warm, deliciously fresh. The heat of Spain was gone: he had time to think. He settled in the village of Saint-Paul-du-Var, not yet a teashop cult. The garden of his furnished cottage looked towards Cannes. To the north-west the belvedere allowed him to see the wild uplands and flowered approaches to the old perfume-making town of Grasse. The estate agent, a British-Museum sexagenarian virgin, recommended as his housekeeper Mlle. Jacqueline Ravillac, of Grasse. Her father made shaving creams, perfumed with fern; the young lady soft-soaped in her own Southern way. The twenty-five-year-old girl came. She had a beak-nose like Henry IV, she was immensely polite, she cooked well, she had a complexion like those painted by the celebrated artist of her town, Fragonard—in short, she was a genre painting of the simili-rural school of the Marie-Antoinette epoch. She was a housekeeper, in a manner of speaking, for she had other attractions.

The Azure Coast revived Cristóbal's cash aspects. He read a file of newspapers from September 25, 1927, to September 25, 1928. The index of *The Times*, news reviews, financial summaries all helped. "Monsieur reads the papers very zealously?" asked Jacqueline. "He is perhaps a journalist?"

He told her he had not read them for a year. The French, readers of newspapers (even to six a morning), do not understand lunatics. She watched him with alarm, prepared for a Jack-the-Ripper outburst. A non-newspaper reader is unpredictable.

For a few days she plied him with counsels of good sense. He was rich, well worth humouring. Despite the last night at Gerona, Cristóbal, however determined that his year with Conchita gave him a set purpose, faltered and used the interval of a week before the fatal thirty-sixth birthday in habitual philandering. Mlle. Ravillac was asking to be pawed. He caught her up, kissed her abundantly, strongly, poutingly, with every refinement of pressure. Her ceramic

charms were soon shattered by his needs: he found her an excellent bedmate, a good chef, a calculating Frenchwoman. She reminded him of the artist's model, the sensible Bretonne, the only decent one among the four women in the grand seasonal speculations of 1919. She was febrile, gallant, sane. This girl presents no problems, he thought. No one could ever love her too much. She is to be enjoyed and paid, with no regrets on either side. I like France. It is the land of understood relations between men and women. Imagine sexual satisfactions comprehended under the rule of reason! Here I will have no excitements of the mind, but time to analyse and plan.

His birthday came soon enough. On the twelfth of October the town of Saint-Paul was shaken by car dust, echoed to motor horns. It appeared that it was a holiday in the far-off U.S.A. and that for this reason there was no stock exchange open in New York, and therefore the Americans at Nice went into the country instead of plastering their eyes on a green board with dancing black figures.

After a happy set of gamblers, in a high-powered American machine, inquired the way from Cristóbal, a peasant in corduroys, he directed them carefully on the Grasse road. They tossed him a franc. He stopped them, the Castilian boiling in him.

"Why have you tossed me a coin for proving myself a gentleman, and doing you the human kindness of directing you?"

"What the hell's the matter with the guy?" asked a large face behind a Corona-Corona. "What does the S.O.B. want—two francs?"

"I don't particularly need the money," answered the blue shirt and corduroy pants. "But I want an apology."

He took out of his pocket £5,000 in one-hundred pound notes he carried with him "in case of war." "Stage money," commented the cigar.

"Will you bet me a thousand dollars it is genuine?"

The cigar face winked. "You're on, where's the thousand bucks?"

Cristóbal took out a thousand-dollar note, a talisman given him by one of the copper magnates he had dealt with in 1915 as part of the pay.

"Well, this is as good a laff as any," said one. "The thousand

bucks are as phony as the pounds. We'll go to Cook's at Cannes, and then we'll send the squirrel back to the nut hatch."

They drove to Cannes. The manager of Thomas Cook and Sons' offices acknowledged Cristóbal Pinzón, far and away his most important client. The Banque de France also identified the money as genuine; the Americans had to pay.

"Well, cheer up, buddy," commented one of the losers, "it's only a quarter of a point on your four thousand Solvents."

"I demand an apology," replied Cristóbal, "as well as the money."

"You get it. A millionaire, walks around like a hobo. Sure, you get your apology." They raced off.

Cristóbal took the bus back to Saint-Paul in time for lunch. The terror of the money attitude still had him boiling. Old Marx was right. Money annuls all relations, man to man, man to woman, doctor to client. It was an unfortunate episode, it made him bellicose at his birthday dinner. He declaimed to Jacqueline.

"There it is, a thousand dollars, the first money I have made in a year. Two years' salary of a prosperous French worker, a mason, a weaver, but a quarter of a point to gamblers. When idiots like that talk so easily, it must all be coming down. They ought to kill men who toss two years of honest labour about that way. There's no health in that crowd, and we ought to see that there's no life left in them, either."

In the garden they played at teeterboard while waiting for lunch and they used the child's swing. He then felt much easier.

Lunch was served at two, outside. It was warm enough. Cristóbal's place had before it a caravel model, the *Santa Maria*, of course. He celebrated his thirty-sixth birthday by that of America's discovery. It was beautifully carved of butter, as in the Italian children's legend, of the lad Canova whose genius was discovered by the lion he carved in butter in his father's kitchen.

In front of his own plate, Cristóbal put down a little piece of paper, torn out of a book, but covered it. No questions were asked. Jacqueline sat down with him, his unique, accidental guest. His thirty-sixth birthday was toasted in Russian style, his name sung. He drained the champagne at one gulp. When the lunch was over and he was alone, Cristóbal took the page

from under his plate and read the lines of Byron on his thirty-sixth birthday, with its burden of despair of life as he had lived it and his clean resolve to seek death in battle in freeing Greece. He reflected on the meaning of Byron's conversion for him. As for death in battle, where were the poems of the millions of equally brave men that died in the last war? These romantic postures were merely a sign that Byron was a surfeited, wealthy, self-dramatizer, who made a great song out of what most men do in routine.

Granted for him but not for me. This is the last day of the year that was to make me into a man who knows what to do. Well, it has. I have regained in Spain my understanding of militant anarchism through Conchita, my need to act soon on my boyhood dream that when I had the millions I would use them to liberate men and avenge their wrongs on their oppressors.

THE AVENGER'S SOLILOQUY

Who speaks to me to arrest vengeance? Who counsels me to be just, to be moderate? Not only the timid but the brave who are kind and cannot see. Who listens to the good men? Who inclines his ear to the generous? The rich, the powerful, the generals, the police? Do they beam on those who speak them soft, do they thrill at the idea of abstract justice? What fools those who assail them with logic!

With my vast money interests what can I not accomplish? Can I give them away? It would circulate again in terms of the system, and by the rules of the game they have set up, it would go back to the rich again. Monte Cristo's fortune would be lost, my immense wealth would lose all its glory, and do no good. Shall I give it to charity? Shall I laugh? How then shall I act if not by financing the revolution? And even then, how? Shall I give \$1,000,000,000 to the revolutionary parties? I will then transform them from labour parties into job-conserving machines. Who will care for revolution, if there is \$1,000,000,000 in pretending to be a revolutionist? I will thus practise, on a lesser scale, the permanent process of corruption of the ambitious, that capitalism does so much better on a universal basis. Shall I give \$1,000,000,000 to Russia? Whatever my fantastic wealth, it is useful when directed by me against the whole system, but no

man's wealth, no Croesus beyond the dreams of the covetous, is rich compared with the whole effort of one hundred and sixty million souls. I cannot aid Russia internally: to help her daughter parties abroad creates the same problem of corruption that I thought of before. But if I pay to blow up the whole pack of scoundrels in a country like Spain say, if I win, what a marvellous gift to the oppressed of my country! If I lose, look what vermin I have destroyed! Let this mass terror be as nicely calculated as possible, let it coincide with mass movements, let it be timed to take place when the difficulties of the bourgeois state are insuperable, and terror becomes the midwife of liberation. Why has the *attentat* always failed? Because it was done by poor men with miserably poor chemicals, done in lonely fashion, without continuity. Let the assassination of the rich and the noble be carried out systematically, permanently, and they must give way under the attack. No one will want to hold power when death is certain. Their class is beaten, when it loses the will to control others. With that it seals its doom.

My accounts are here as of October first. If I can sell my factories, mines, works of art, bonds, and other commitments at prices far below the market, I shall still be worth more than a milliard in sterling. And this after paying the obscene crew of brokers, lawyers, tax-gatherers, and all the other fat leeches of the rich. And this fortune is unsuspected and mysterious because of my exotic garden of holding companies, bearer shares, and releases. My money is like the icicles reflected by cunningly disposed mirrors in the hall of the Ice King. It is a maze of distorted lights turned on each other at a thousand angles. No one can suspect it for the very reason that all the wisecracks argue plausibly that such a sum of money cannot rest undetected. It is as much as the national debts of Great Britain and the United States together, before the war. The fools, however learned their economic titles! It is not the sum of money that is mysterious, it is its attribution to an owner. If anyone said I owned this fortune, if I said I owned it, we should be sent to a mental hospital to count the noses of the black angels with Pately. I am safe because I am Monte Cristo, the unlimited man. THE WORLD IS MINE.

Well, what shall Monte Cristo do? Science? I can buy them all—yes, all. Look at the shameful prostitution of the

proudest names in British science this very year, in sneakily giving Delphic recommendations to swindling share promotions. Musicians? Painters? Sculptors? From Bach to Brahms they have licked the hindquarters of patrons; from Titian to Cézanne they were the sport of the wealthy, the servants of their tastes. A free society with free artists, free scientists, free musicians: that is something of which we cannot even conceive, so much do we think these poisoned geniuses are all our species can produce. Their ultimate geniuses; a Shakespeare with a covetous eye cocked on box office, patrons, throne, his dream, a gentleman's quarterings; a Darwin anxious to extend the speculations of Malthus so as to hold down the English poor. All that such geniuses prove is the wonderful stuff that man has in him. We anarchists are right: mankind, now hideous, could be a chorus of angels, if governments did not distort its natural, marvellous possibilities. Whatever survives in spite of their crimes, we call genius and virtue. Let the cynic point to the horrors of conduct; they all arise out of distortions due to tyranny. The will to power is the original sin, freedom the road of salvation, terrorism the atonement. The only genius man requires to-day is not one that repeats the thousand poems, paintings, symphonies, discoveries that have led us into nothing but war and poverty, but the *Gateway Genius* who clears the road for a billion others, the liberator of man.

And are you afraid Monte Cristo will spill a packet of blood to open up these endless perspectives for children? I sound mad but how sane I am *sub specie aeternitatis*. That very language which in other men is madness, is rationality itself when accompanied by a milliard in sterling.

Shall I enjoy this mad destruction, testimony to my vitality, to my dedication?

I shall, though I can do nothing good. The Americans put \$15,000,000,000 last year into factories, roads, dams, schools. Can I do nearly as much on the positive side? The whole world is nothing but an accretion of these positive contributions. What good are they to nine-tenths of mankind? Will the skyscrapers they are building now in 1928 stop unemployment for ever? Will their schools, so lavishly endowed, stop the plague of fascism if the rich need the astigmatic learning of the professors to that end? Or go beyond that. What good are they compared

with creating a race of men such as Shelley proclaimed in deathless verse? But if I use the money for destroying the system it is the first time that so gigantic a force of capital has moved towards the destruction of its own vessel. I remember now the story of *Ninety-Three* by Victor Hugo. The drama of the carronade. It was on the home-reading list of our high schools in Barcelona.

Well, that cannon was small in weight but it was loose; it was nothing compared with the whole ship, but by shifting about it could destroy everything. It was a personal monster in its movements. That is what I can do. What I did to the four, but on what a scale! Even proud America is vulnerable. A sale of \$1,000,000,000 worth of shares on a dull day could unchain a panic. The banks would have the money to plug the market but not to arrest the fear. The total value of American shares is upwards of \$80,000,000,000, but it is the carronade on the ship all over again. Then I can shift my forces. What does it matter that money fifty times mine defends itself? I attack at weak points, at a time and place chosen by me, one man. I gain in mobility what they have in size. I am protean, they are fixed by a thousand relations, loans, advances, agreements, laws, heaven knows what! I mean it. I mean to strike at capitalism itself, to assail the holy of holies. I have Archimedes's lever with which to hoist the world. He was not mad, nor am I.

They tell me not to usurp the place rightly held by social forces. They tell me not to yield to the temptations of *Kaiser wahnsinn*. Delusions of greatness finally defeated a Napoleon; his strategy and armies were to him as money is to me. They tell me men must work out their own emancipation, they must learn by trial and error to operate the state and industry in place of their old masters, who alone know how to run them now. Help them, they say, like the friend you are capable of being, but stay away from the role of Lucifer. The heaven-stormers are always beaten.

Not for me their counsel, not for me their timid counsel. My battle song is in the last movement of the "Eroica" symphony where the fists shake at God. Blasphemy is another name for man's battle against masters. What socialist nonsense is this reliance only on social forces! Did Marx ever foresee a type like me? The old duffer's theory depends on the perception that all plutocrats must stick to their class, they can do no other.

If that is wrong, then the *individual* is reborn. He is the only true value among men, as we anarchists have always contended with raised voices. How can I, Cristóbal Pinzón, identify myself with the capitalist class, I who am raised a celestial cubit above the greatest among those pygmies? Old Engels, you were right but once. A change in quantity, at a critical point, changes the nature of the object. Too much heat, and water becomes steam. \$5,000,000,000 and the plutocrat turns anarchist. He must, he must, he has passed the ordinary measure of his class.

They have had socialism, or an essay at socialism, these ten years in Russia. Have the oppressed Polish yokels next door, the Roumanian tenant paying the voivode in Bessarabia, the Lettish farm-hand, followed it? No—they dread to act and will until some outside force smashes the state machine. The German high command sent hundreds of thousands of men in waves against the unyielding walls of Verdun, as though they were an experiment in physics. Did the survivors revolt? No, they cheer a Hitler who reserves the same fate for them. That peasant may win, despite the tinkle of Viennese disdain.

The rich people have killed the poor beggars by the tens of millions, injured them in still greater numbers, torn up the earth, ruined the middle classes by inflation, and who revolts? From the nursery of time, the rich have enslaved them, brutalized them, covered them with pestilence and famine, sent them to die in the wars. For the long chronicle of their martyrdom, how rare the revolts! The horrors related in this scroll are usually the excesses of the few uprisings. They write history backwards. The story is told of the achievements of the refined, the educated, the privileged, not of the vulgarity, misery, horror of the great mass. My God, what more are we waiting for? Till they destroy every mother's son in the next carnage? No, Durutti is right, Spanish anarchism has always been right: led by Ferrer in education, by three generations of martyrs. Conchita, your death, the end of your body is paralleled by the living death of a hundred million girls among the coolies, in the sweatshops. Smash the state now. Don't revolt first and hope to transfer it to workers' control and then hope distantly that it will wither away. Terrorism is good tactics; I was right as a boy, wrong since. Monte Cristo, take your winnings, play the Revolution. The red against the black!

XXXIII

THE MADMAN SANER THAN THE SANE

THE new resolutions of Cristóbal required immediate action. The year at Gerona was his resting period. He moved to Paris, gave up his old home in the Place du Palais-Bourbon, and settled in a dilapidated but historic home in the Rue de Montpensier. His study looked out upon the gardens of the Palais-Royal. It was better than the formal grandeur of the Chamber of Deputies. Here he heard fountains, children, cautioning nursemaids. Their world was so remote from his that he attained peace and was able to concentrate. He paid off the schematic flirt, Mlle. Ravillac, with some regret. He was hoping for a love built on harmony of objectives, of temperament, of fire. He waited for that woman, sure she would come. But while awaiting, at thirty-six, even the most fiery of warriors requires a solace or two. He had thought of asking Mlle. Ravillac to Paris. Inertia stopped him. A bigamist of rest and activity—perhaps the newest contribution to the wisdom on love, so worn by ages of reflection. Why not? Men associate with friends on this basis, Miguel for drink, Jacinto for reflection, Pancho for horseplay, Ramon for athletics. Why not Mlle. Ravillac for repose and the as yet unencountered successor of Conchita for brilliant action? What harm, provided these women took surcease for their other psychic needs similarly? Here was a sound monogamy, freeing man from the childish sport of promiscuity, free from libertine inflexion, eraser of the clandestine, profoundly loyal and open, on deep and serious foundations, frank, free, clean, real. But to work and quickly.

He found, upon reading all that had passed in the year, that optimism had become the watch-cry of the capitalists everywhere. It seemed that values, especially in America, had taken on seven-league boots and that we were in one of those eras when the dullest head glints with the brilliantine of the stock exchange.

His holdings were worth more than he had bargained for: the crop of victims was so abundant that if he rained down his offerings on them, the thirsty flowers cried out for more. He spent six months satisfying the foolish demand at any price. He sold bonds, factories, everything except Congo, La Fortuna, and objects of art.

Nothing is more boring than the chronicle of success with no deep purpose. One sees the thermometer rising . . . the rest is but wind and weather.

He sold out all his American holdings, for he no longer believed in their superlative destiny. To him, contrary to all European financial idiom, America had never been really a speculative country. Like most sensitive European scholars he was convinced of the over-simplified but brilliant thesis of Turner, that the frontier explained American history, was the divining-rod of all its development. It always gave it a sound basis for expansion. He had dissented from the view that America was more wide in its swings of prosperity and depression than the older lands, and that American speculators were distinguished from European by a greater insolence on the uptake and a deeper grumbling on the toboggan.

The Kaffir booms in London, the Mincing Lane scenes in rubber, the frenzied *coulisse* market in Paris, the inflation tornadoes for seven years in Central Europe, gave him a speculative thrill that America had lacked, except for an occasional irruption into Burk-burnett oil or Florida lots.

But now the swings in America followed the cheap European pattern of gambling in mere paper, instead of on a secular upswing in production owing to immigration, high net birthrate and the opening of free land in the West. The very vigour of the bull market, he opined, was degenerate. It was a proof that America, like Europe, looked to Mumbo-Jumbo as a source of wealth rather than to mine, forest, and prairie. The American no longer smelled the blue cornflowers of the Texas plains. They were replaced by the rank cultivated garden of the Riviera.

He was saddened, too. He had always loved in Americans their healthy rejection of European culture. The individual outlook of free Thoreau, the homely farmer philosophy of Emerson, the clean assault on tyranny by Jefferson, far straighter than

Rousseau, the democratic and humane wit of Mark Twain, the American economic Messianism of Henry George, based on free land, the pragmatism of William James: all these useful individualistic brains were a relief from the thought of Europe, overloaded with class and state. He had always thought of the States as astounding mankind by their broad sweep of frescoes on public buildings, the splendour of their hard, smart engineering; both the delights of vigorous youth, in high endeavour to develop the new on that freshly upturned soil.

He saw the crowds of American æsthetes in Paris, the exiles who sought a deeper beauty in Europe than at home, the exploiters leaving an art based on their own scheme of industry, to buy the feudal arts of Europe. They bid for canvases and busts travestying the European feudal and pastoral arts, done by rebellious artists in Paris, Berlin, Vienna. Cristóbal decided to sell them everything, to fling them everything, for they were as foolish as the Romans before the age of Theodosius.

All the works of art that he had accumulated in 1921-22 were now appreciated by the sybarites of the steel mills. He was entertained to note that the profits yielded him by his wise investments were only a tithe of those realized by manuscripts, first editions, paintings, and all that farrago of art goods, classic and futurist, that he had gathered together. The icing on the cake had advanced in value five times as much as the plain flour out of which the cake was made. This could not endure. He sold, sold, sold. He got out of frills and into fundamentals.

Every day, he worked, through his agents, who gave orders in Basinghall Street, in the bazaars of India, the market in Johannesburg, in the precious metals mart in London, with the State Bank at Moscow, in the Kalgoorlie district in the Australian desert. He accumulated gold, gently but relentlessly. What had been the fetish of man for ten millenniums would outlive the parrot pratings of the day.

Keynes and Cassel, darlings of metropolitan cafés, might annihilate its conventional value from university chairs. It had been cursed by St. Augustine, reviled by Thomas Aquinas, condemned to the meanest of uses in the *Utopia* of Thomas More, denounced in endless sermons, used as the symbol of evil, of greed. It had survived classic antiquity, the Middle Ages, the

steam engine, electricity, and paper values and relations, and looked like a good basic play for some more eras, if the game was to go on at all. Karl Marx, the man who never had anything but copper pennies in his pockets, said that in every crisis the bourgeoisie try to escape with paper, but always break their head on the solid wall of gold. Right, too.

It was the ultimate of the whole system of values and for the purposes of a concentrated anarchist attack it was unrivalled. Good for you, old Dumas, who gave the Count of Monte Cristo gold and jewels with which to annihilate foes. A solid taleteller, no fool.

Every national treasury must take gold in unlimited amounts at a fixed price. If it can't, it must pay a higher price, not a lower. If it has large amounts of gold, it cannot reduce the value of its principal asset. If a nation has none, it will borrow, beg, steal to get some. It was the only sure play in the system.

He found himself in July, 1929, with a fortune as follows:

Gold bars: 400,000.....	£661,400,000
Currency and bank deposits.....	£440,000,000
plus Congo and La Fortuna interests.	

He had not a bond, not a commodity, not a share, not a factory, not a house, not an article of furniture. He was stripped for action.

His gold consisted of bars of four hundred ounces fine, looking like baby coffins. They were distributed as follows:

India	68,000 (Bombay, Calcutta)
China	12,000 (Shanghai)
Singapore	3,000
Australia	5,000 (Melbourne, Perth)
U.S.A.	60,000 (San Francisco, New York, Denver, New Orleans)
Canada	10,000 (Vancouver, Halifax)
Holland	10,000 (Rotterdam)
Belgium	7,000 (Antwerp)
Switzerland	49,000 (Lausanne, Winterthür)
France	55,000 (all Paris)
England	40,000 (all London)
Argentine	15,000 (all Buenos Aires)
South Africa	24,000 (Durban, Capetown)

Russia 10,000 (consigned)

Scandinavia 22,000 (three capitals)

And 10,000 in Madrid as a base of anarchist operations.

India would always be the principal area of hoarded gold. Chinese economists favoured the institution of a gold basis for money, to replace silver. Australia, Canada, and South Africa were producers. So was Russia. England was the principal market, France the Western India for hoarding. The U.S.A. was the safest place socially. Switzerland was the safe-deposit of the rich of all lands; the others were creditor countries. The Argentine was the only risk, but it was necessary to distribute geographically; it was the safest Latin-American country.

Monte Cristo was invincible. No matter what happened he was from now on the richest man in the world, and would remain so forever. The buying of this gold was gentle, steady, diffused, but still the central banks sniffed it.

No market is more delicately known. There are two firms in London, polished, learned, Jewish, who have a refinement of perception not given to the children of men in meaner businesses. It is nearly impossible to get around their understanding. The statistical hounds of the South African mining consortiums, too, seem to have a seer's sense for the disposition of their precious products. Monte Cristo was not fighting any longer in a wide-open anonymous market but in the closest market in the world. He enjoyed the new challenge, infinitely harder to succeed in. But he succeeded.

The constant purchases of gold in the open market, the presence of buying agents in the rich Rand of Africa, not sent either by the great banks of issue or their usual agents or correspondents, the storing of gold bars for a mysterious account in twenty-six cities, in seventeen countries, the strange buyers in the Oriental bazaars: this colossal intervention in the most rigidly accounted for of markets was extremely disturbing.

Even the façade of holding companies was pushed through, even the bearer shares at the end of the trail were soon discovered. The most powerful governments are not so easily side-tracked on a vital interest as are private investigators. Their secret services are fur-lined with money. They grooved into all channels.

The straw directors had to reveal the names of the lawyers with whom they had deposited their advance resignations. Only old Frank Robinson shamed the sphinx. When the trail got hotter, Cristóbal set up twenty entirely new companies, gave up the London office, and directed all operations from Rotterdam. The Bank of England, especially annoyed, was just on the point of finding out the unknown hoarder, they thought, when a new purchase in the Argentine by apparently Japanese interests perplexed them again.

The psychology of the four brokers was repeated. The experts of the London bankers thought this concealed some sinister move of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York to oust British banks from Argentine supremacy. They feared the "Banco Electrico" as the First National of Boston was termed. But it was mysterious. Federal Reserve circulation had not risen, rather the reverse, and increasing credit demands in New York were fully accounted for by the Amazon River flow of loans to share speculators in the Greek-temple bedlam of Broad Street. The visibility on the economic horizon became extremely low. Cristóbal exulted. He was beating the closest game, against the most powerful opponents. He could beat the whole system, if this kept up.

He established offices for a few weeks in the small Hôtel du Rhin on the Place Vendôme. There he looked at the column of Napoleon, thought of himself as a dictator of the whole push, rejoiced in the limits of human cunning. He knew first that the bankers would suspect each other of double-crossing and bad faith (and in this they were profoundly right), but the wildest imagination could not conceive that a fourth of the gold supply on this old globe was in the hand of one man and that man not well known. He could acquire no more without showing his hand. He had calculated the limit with a rare nicety. If Bank of England reserves fell below one hundred and fifty million pounds there would be a crash, if Federal Reserve resources fell a thousand million, deflation of the credit base would lead to a panic and result in gold restrictions or commandeering. Cristóbal could not allow a panic to get him; it was he that must get the system.

He enjoyed himself, therefore, reading books on the historicity of Jesus, and roared as he read their serried proofs, for the pattern was identical with his own. Here was a man, living in the full light of the most documented period of antiquity, with the greatest

number of administrative reports from the provincial governors to Rome, when roads were universal and excellent, and luxurious cities abounded with a splendid commerce. And yet this mysterious object caused hair-tearing among the greatest savants, as to whether he had ever existed in the flesh.

He fancied writers a few centuries hence maintaining that Cristóbal Pinzón was not a man, but a syncretic image, pieced from a multitude of legends. He was a god clothed in gold. This made him human, so that the vulgar could comprehend. His believers made him resemble a picture post card or an idol.

The name Cristóbal, like Chrysostom, points to gold as an abstract word. His alleged birth date, October 12, 1892, proves that he was a reflection of the hopes of anticipated gold in the Indies, sought by Columbus. He was a symbolization of Atlantis, of the golden apples of the Hesperides, his birthplace, Palos, a convenient gloss for the vulgar, his father's mines (mines, note you), a recreation of the father sacrifice, an Isaac theme, common to all faiths. If the scholars of the future would be baffled, he had little fear of the bank presidents of the present, although his holdings stuck out in the economic system as the Eiffel Tower on the face of fair Paris. To be so conspicuous was to be safe.

In October, 1929, as the twentieth anniversary of Ferrer's death approached, he planned his great vengeance to begin on that day. "On that day the barbarians returned to Western Europe. On that anniversary civilization attacks."

Cristóbal was no madman. He knew that no one man, however powerful, could hope to attack the system, unless, so to speak, it was crying to be assailed. Even an archfiend of the Furies must calculate the moment propitious to assault. His role was to increase the tempo of the collapse and deepen the dramatic fall in values. All these conditions were ready in the fall. The crash of Hatry in London was an omen pictured in photomaton.

This smash must be remembered as one that set a term to an age, that altered the very conditions even of a temporary recovery should one ever take place. It must initiate an epoch of breakdown (part of the eternal war cycle he still clung to), alternating between simulated and spurious recoveries and culminating in an epoch of revolution. It would be punctuated by frantic tyrannies on the part of the doomed governing class. The prototype he fancied

in that oppressor, Huerta of Mexico, with his race fetish of Aztec supremacy, his orgiastic court of adventurers. The prototype on the other side would be Durutti: systematic, beautifully conceived terrorism, the *riposte* of the oppressed. Under the idealist teaching of Ferrer, that cause must win. It was practical, it held the highest promise.

On a sunny morning, a little pale man appeared in the rue de Montpensier. It was Dr. Bosch, home after ten years' work. He was sombre, did not look much older. He was scarcely bronzed by tropical service. He was neat, precise, but clearly discouraged.

Cristóbal was rejoiced to see this half-forgotten ally, Bosch, whose superb sanitation programme had built up the Congo, and with it the means for avenging his father—the one man who made possible the realization of two sides of Cristóbal, a constructive vision in industry, a personal vengeance. He welcomed him, but Bosch directly went on to the story with which he was bursting.

He reported all that he had accomplished. His work rivalled that of Gorgas. He had achieved all he set out to do, but there were apples of Sodom in his large pockets. "Think of it!" he trembled with fury. "After I get our labourers improved by hygiene, double their lives, and preserve their children, the mines develop so fast that the native population cannot suffice."

"I have your reports on all this, Doctor."

"But not on one thing. An American director from New York, from one of the Rhodian companies, approaches us all, and says the mines will never show big development unless we can get a large and steady labour supply of natives. We must get them from Mozambique. But the natives there are Portuguese nationals, they dread working in the mines. We must therefore bribe the Portuguese home government to authorize our constabulary to co-operate with them in 'persuading' their natives to come to us on, say, ten-year indentures. I blushed at this open advocacy of slavery: they will reintroduce slavery, anything, to make money. That I could not tolerate. I am here to speak to you, my chief. What can we do?"

"Nothing."

"How nothing? Do you countenance slavery?"

"No, I am engaged in attacking these evils from their source, the masters in the metropolis." Cristóbal explained his reasoning to

the attentive physician. "The boat of capitalism is shaky, it is headed towards the magnetic pole, the needle shakes on the compass, the officers and crew are battling on the decks, when suddenly a clean white iceberg hits the ship, annuls all the laws of navigation given in the compass. The crew, who are the most numerous, seize the lifeboats, and the survivors, after cruel experiences, get to land, to create a new existence."

Dr. Bosch understood nothing of this wild thinking. "Pardon me, but I thought you were anxious to build up one constructive industry, a giant copper business. This was to be your one real legacy."

"It was, so long as I was not prepared for a still greater work. That was a compensation. There is no need for it any more."

Dr. Bosch got up and said decisively, "Then my services are terminated."

"I am selling my interests. Would you care to work for anyone else there?"

"Decidedly not—you were an employer in a million."

"Then accept my gift to you of whatever money you need to pursue your researches in tropical medicine."

"I need very little. A good mind requires a serviceable but small laboratory, and I flatter myself my mind is good."

"Well then, £100,000 for your work and living."

"Make it £40,000. I have to have figures I can still comprehend."

Cristóbal would have pressed far greater gifts on the man to whom he was so grateful. He realized it was of no use: Bosch would resent any Maecenas gestures. The encounter left an indelible impression on Cristóbal. "I cannot use the constructive talents of a man of the quality of Ernest Bosch: the constructive aspects of capitalism are over. Now I know that talent can no longer avail for the upholding of the system. He who wishes to serve can take only the path of liberation."

Cristóbal was glad to sell his Congo holdings. They were his last link with industry, except La Fortuna, which was a family keepsake, not an investment. He was paid the sum of £60,000,000 for his interests. His shares were floated the next week in that crazy market for £120,000,000, by the very purchasers of his interest. They lost it all in the market crash a month later. It

was like the purse of Othello. It wandered in air, was caught up in whirlwinds.

On October eighteenth the short-selling fusillade began. Cristóbal sold shares heavily in New York. They gave him lovely prices. He sold more. They gave him fine prices. He sold up to a million shares. They gave him pretty good prices. He sold a million more. The market reeled but looked steady at the end. He gave them another million. There was no market, the bubble of prosperity was burst, the caterwaulings of the overfed were heard in diabolic chorus: "Dey autta shoot Morgan, he autta stop dis." And his attacks were beautiful in their precision because they were equally beautiful in their conception.

He sold two Boston stocks to the memory of Sacco and Vanzetti. United Shoe Machinery and United States Smelting were attacked in the purlieus of State Street. He sold Pacific Gas and Electric to the honour of Tom Mooney. He smashed into Southern California Edison and offered it on the altar of the MacNamaras. On local exchanges he sold Seattle shares to a frazzle, on behalf of the Centralia martyrs. But one joy to the militant anarchist surpassed all others. He stabbed at the heart of the Insull holdings in Chicago, and every Chicago operation was dedicated to the Haymarket victims, to each one individually. International Harvester was gored for the intrepid Spies, Montgomery Ward to the memory of Lingg, People's Gas to that of Parsons. In dedication to a just man the sales of Illinois Central were offered to the *manes* of the merciful governor, John P. Altgeld. For Alexander Berkman, who had stayed in jail fourteen years for his *attentat* on H. C. Frick, inspired by a generous vindictiveness for the Homestead massacre, he dedicated all sales of U.S. Steel, that overstuffed beast, gorged by war. "Their private cops, their hired sheriffs, their prostituted priests, can't fight off paper on the New York stock exchange. They are only small-change defenders."

Not one of his faith that had suffered was forgotten. For Joe Hill, Utah Copper and Union Pacific were assailed; for Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone, he concentrated a withering fire on Anaconda, Phelps-Dodge, American Smelting. The Ludlow victims, offerings to the Moloch of Colorado Fuel, were made the object of an attack that did not get so far: the Baptist mask behind them receded into darkness, surrounded by an oily flame, lurid

in its darkened surroundings, but a poor target. On November third, anniversary of the Oath of Montjuich, he stopped, and bought back for seven days the shares he had so lavishly sold.

The profits to be devoted to anarchism were one hundred million dollars. Added to his receipts from the Congo he was now worth nearly \$6,000,000,000. He converted the proceeds of the stock-exchange raid into the same yellow metal, the rock of ages. He placed the gold bars in special vaults in Barcelona—the first to be used in the revolution.

But he was beaten. However fine the melodrama, he was beaten. The system could not be defeated by these easy manœuvres. The rich remained terribly rich, even if less so. They stopped work in the mills, the poor paid more for the crisis than they, relative to their needs. Rockefeller dominated oil, whether Standard of New Jersey was 75 or 20, Morgan dominated General Motors whether at 70 or 7, and the Du Ponts were in a fortress so imbedded that they could not move it themselves, with their own dynamite. The panic merely eliminated the froth among millionaires. It deflated the speculative myths like Meehan, Livermore, Durant. It reduced the Arthur Cuttens from domination to side-shows. It dehydrated watered share kings like Insull. It diminished the heroic legend of a Harrison Williams. It made a laughing-stock of the "mystery men of Wall Street." It tuned the oracles into targets for raspberries. It made economic analysts gathering points for Bronx cheers. It revealed to a laughing public the bottomless credulity of London bankers before Hatry, the bottomless credulity of Boston bankers before Krueger. It was a profitable but profitless path, reflected Cristóbal. The wiping out of infallible graph merchants and the strangling of tipster services in their ticker tape were no compensation for the fact that the system of the powerful, however dented, was still there.

When values recovered for a space in the sunshine revival of the spring of 1930, and the old corpse of capitalism smiled with its galvanic shocks, Cristóbal faintly suspected that the despised Marxists might be correct, that the relations of classes are determined not in that theatre they show the populace, the stock exchange, but rather in factories, mines, forests, land, where wealth is produced.

He flicked this from his attention by the handkerchief of melodrama. He could not imagine himself so impotent with all his money, with enough money to bury the system. The socialist calculation had not measured with the ultimate concentration of wealth embodied in himself. These learned socialists had been blabbing for fifty years about the tendency of wealth to concentrate. Then, they argued, by reason of the few that would own it, and the many that had either shadow wealth, or none at all, the assumption of power by the masses became necessary. "The expropriators are expropriated" was their last vision. Well, that day of absolute concentration was here. As far back as 1847, recalled Cristóbal, Marx in the Communist Manifesto had predicted that the first sign of the break-up of the system would be the desertion of important members of the governing class, principally the intellectuals, to the workers' side. At the least, they would become critical of the virtues of their own side. This day too had arrived. It was a new combination to see these two tendencies united in one man. The more he reflected over the whole business, the more his conviction swelled that his belief that he alone could overthrow the whole capitalist system was consonant with the deepest science of the revolutionary movement. He inflated steadily.

Twenty years of passion accumulated, the imperious necessity for action imposed by middle age, formed a dangerous phalanx for Cristóbal. He tossed away all books. How could clerks of the revolution teach the man that had forced the rich to pay him \$6,000,000,000? He who had filched that much would know how to take the rest.

The winter of 1930 passed, the spring of 1931 came. He hung about Paris like a little boy enamoured of the city of life. He still drank in wisdom bought by the cup. And he did nothing.

He came up the stairs of the old house on the Rue de Montpensier. He loved that street because of its medieval wall-like feeling, and the *opéra bouffe* lights at its turning; a theatrical street. He lit the candles beside the gilt mirror, looked at himself, noted he appeared strange; but he had lost the habit of thinking about himself. A pretty girl on the next landing came up occasionally to exchange physical favours; she was a poor filly, romantic, who haunted theatres for a job as substitute. She rapped at the door of the high room, said, "It is so dark here and you look so old, I shall

not disturb you. You need sleep—you must be fearfully ill.” He barely noticed her tiptoeing down the stairs. She was always considerate; her high heels were carefully poised, on the uncarpeted landings.

Cristóbal waved his arms; the candles tumbled on to the floor, caught on to the carpets, behind the reflective man, and the rugs and coverings began a great wave of flame. He turned about and rushed to his desk, took out the neat bundle of papers, which were the clue to his infinite wealth, but was burned lightly in the arms. He rushed down the landing, knocked violently at the door of the girl, took her out of her room. By this time the old building, a complete tinderbox, set with hangings, full of stuffs, wooden staircases, draughty, was a pyre. He carried her down the stairs covered in a quilt; he forgot himself.

He got to the street, the helmeted firemen helped him to the chemist’s shop, there, while he writhed like the damned, to await the ambulance. The girl was saved, not a burn. They rubbed him with unguents; the burns were not very deep, but blistery, and after three weeks’ stay in the Hôtel-Dieu, the lord of terror walked out with his body covered with large raw-beef-coloured patches, which the doctors assured him would lighten and almost vanish in a few months. The deepest red nearly obliterated the tattoo **THE WORLD IS MINE.**

His face had been spared. Everything in the flat was burned. His papers, in their oil case, were intact. He was too weak to walk: the doctors had overrated his recovery; he fell faint in the street, and was assisted to his feet by a careful pickpocket, who examined the paper titles to mysterious companies and vaults, which he carefully restored, to steal a fifty-franc note. He was put in a taxi at Notre Dame, staggered into Barclay’s Bank for some money, and was installed in a hotel in the Place de la République, recommended him by the solicitous driver. It changed his axis of Paris (he liked jingles) and he remained in the Hotel Moderne for quite a time. He tried hard to trace the young lady he had saved. Her gratitude would have taken its natural form. He was desperately lonely, hungry for a friendship, even for one as meaningless as that little flirtation.

He looked at himself in the mirror of the hotel room. Middle age had put its impress on him with amazing suddenness. His

side hair was streaked with iron-grey; he had long side-whiskers in the Spanish style . . . they looked messy. His centre hair was a silver that suspected it had once been black. His face was long and gaunt; his features produced, and lightly departing from curves, suggested, as he ridiculed himself, a modernist angular viewpoint. Curves were too old-fashioned, they were going out of furniture and painting—why not his face? His eyes had the fluctuating quick glance that projected the terrible thoughts within. They were slightly more deeply set, only slightly, but the sockets had developed a romantic shadow. The accumulated passion was shown in their black centre against the greying eyebrows, the concentrated purpose in his staring regard. He was older, no doubt of that: he must act now or be forever an actor of unfulfilled bombasts.

The nearness to death filled him with despair. He could have been burned to death without having achieved one important object in his life. He could have died without having avenged Conchita, without having avenged Ferrer, Sacco and Vanzetti, the Haymarket martyrs, the multitude of fellow-believers in sixty lands who had borne witness in jail and on the scaffold of the libertarian faith. The only man that ever had the power to avenge them, dead without having moved his little finger for the cause! The stock-market raid he counted as nothing: the cause must show one final victory. The fire obsessed him for months; the stigmata on his body became a fixation—every burn was a rebuke for inaction to the man who might have died missing the one last opportunity of his species.

He came across the little actress one afternoon. She had a small role in a second-run play at the Théâtre Ambigu. He saw her smoking a cigarette on the pavement while waiting for her call. A job made her pert, indifferent, had worked a transformation even of her silences. She was more than articulate, she could not stop talking. When the show was over, she joined him in his hotel, but after the sports of love were over, she hinted at presents instead of showing gratitude as she had done when she was poor and ambitious.

He had used her much as an audience for some of his less dangerous thoughts, she had listened all attention; now she disdained his every word, for she had a thousand francs a week,

The terrible facility of the French mistress for political speculations had got hold of her, along with assurance, and she mocked him.

"My dear don, you are much too serious. What do you want with all your political nonsense? To make sure that the workers will have some fun? Why them to-morrow? Why not us to-day? That's what I want. Fun, fun, and again fun. Suppose capitalism outlives us as it surely will? What then? The boys and girls who believe in it and try to enjoy it will have had a splendid time and we will have wasted our lives. You men have a grand time out of yelping and annoying everybody, but what do we girls get out of it? What woman's voice is ever heard above your bass-voiced clatter? No matter what pretty little speeches we deliver, they are unlistened to because of the cataract of noises of strong-voiced males. That's all your superiority consists of. You love revolution, it makes a noise; the dictators love to crack the whip, it makes a noise. The only noise I want to hear is a jazz band. From the beginning of time, there has been nothing but injustice. Well, what of it? Somebody has written perfect music in the meantime and the prettiest women have danced to it, have thrown off all burdens. Well, that's what I want to do. I am brittle. I may not live long."

She drank her third glass of champagne. It was poor champagne, the kind reserved to rheumatic English gentlemen playing grandee alone in their homes. To her it was divine, it was the symbol of expense. Cristóbal did not counter her arguments. He looked curiously at this absurd being, whose life he had saved, and who was translated from a primrose into an orchid by a thousand francs a week. With what ease money gives an impress on the undistinguished!

She ended by being a philosopher. "Besides which, my good friend, suppose you mouthy fellows get the paradise you are talking about, won't ~~you~~ be miserable? Everyone will have enough to eat and wear, everyone will have a nice home. There will be nothing to do but dance, sing, play. You'll all be so sad: no one will listen to theories when they're happy. I'm an actress, so I'll tell you something. Plays in your Eden won't be about problems or reality or life; no, they'll be fun, mostly revues, with much dancing and jingles, or they'll be easy arabesques. I know, I'm an actress——"

She passed out on the fifth glass of champagne, her brain having grown as light as her body.

Cristóbal had the lady taken out by solid porters, deposited in a taxi, and sent to her new apartment in the Alma quarter. The lonely man needed no temporary consolations; he had to await his women, the frivolous girls offended him too deeply for him to take pleasure even in their embraces. The avenger concept was whirling him along; humour was going, toleration long past. The only conversation he wanted to engage in was one centring on the ways and means of attaining a quick, decisive revolution.

It was not too easy to acquire the sure formula of victory. When the dictator Primo de Rivera was driven from power and came to Paris, despite his hatred for him, Cristóbal had made his acquaintance. He wished to see how this fat, unimaginative, bellowing general and *marqués* had acquired for some years a complete authority over his country. But the dictator came beaten, disenchanted. He was mumbling about having begun to distribute some land to the peasantry.

He said sadly, "How happy I am to renew my student days in Paris!"

Cristóbal spoke to the fallen dictator in the students' bars of the Boulevard St. Michel. He found him a bore: a combination of military adventurer, Tammany contractor, family nepotist, inspissated bureaucrat, skilled in the art of managing cabals, a believer in "modern progress" in machinery, but with only the remotest notion of what it was all about. When he died in the middle-class Hôtel Pont Royal, Cristóbal looked upon him, clad in Franciscan robes. He was just another of the fat-bellied carcasses of conquistadors, disguising a long pursuit of wealth and power in mendicant monkish garments, to deceive their absent-minded God at the last roll-call.

From this dictatorial futility, he wandered up to the ratty hotels near the Buttes-Chaumont, in whose undistinguished rooms the ascetic Macia, liberator of Catalonia, held his court of expectant exiles.

There was a medley of lawyers dressed in torn shantung, of sleek police spies, agents of the royal Spanish embassy, of ideologists in rags, who flitted from one bedbug-infested room to another, scheming to overthrow the Bourbon.

Cristóbal helped their cause generously. It was a first step, but not a very important first step. Like all exiles they read every item from the home country in reverse. They all made up an accumulation of events pointing to their early return. Despite the sneers of Cristóbal, they were right. The spring saw Macia in Barcelona, acclaimed on the balcony of the Audiencia, by a liberated small nation. His skeletal face showed his joy, his silken parchment cheeks filled with his eloquence.

Cristóbal refused to return. As an old anarchist this great event, the restoration of the second Spanish republic, the Catalan autonomy did not impress him in the least. The more it changed, the more it was the same thing.

When the new polity was styled the "Spanish Workers' Republic," the horse laugh of the iron-grey terrorist could be heard across the street. Another sham republic. In France the police cracked the workers' heads and hauled them into court before judges (well-to-do scions of a nearly hereditary aristocracy of bench and bar) in the name of liberty, equality, fraternity. In Spain the lazy señoritos sat in comfortable woven straw chairs, sunning themselves all day long, and gassing endlessly. These were the symbols, then, of a "workers' republic."

"A republic," he told scandalized followers of Macia, "is a demagogic corpse which, as it rots, feeds three fat worms—bureaucrat, capitalist, soldier. As its taxes are digested, the worms, now fattened, creep out, and consume the cadaver." He predicted with the justice of the disillusioned that the hero Zamora would falter in the people's cause, that uprisings like that of the perjured Sanjurjo of Seville would plague the infant republic, and bring it down, as surely as the machinations of Prim had brought down the temporary republic, on behalf of Amadeo of Savoy, as surely as the vacant republicanism of Castelar had doomed the second. "Poor men, with hungry bellies, loud voices and luxurious wives," he called the leaders.

Cristóbal sat with anarchist exiles in the Place de la République drawing on café tables cartoons of his expected victims. Largo Caballero had been state councillor under the defunct Primo de Rivera, a fine socialist that! Indalecio Prieto was the subject of general Madrid gossip, as a Lothario overlaid by rhetoric but folded in ladies' arms. Besteiro would rather be an academician

talking on the "Metaphysical Limitations of the Proletariat" than save a solitary labourer. This was the socialist trinity. Cristóbal enjoyed himself in pasquinades.

Finally the old Spain lifted its head, that Spain Cristóbal had known so well, when he was the genius of Jesuit banking. Gil Robles with his legalistic brain, son of an old jurisconsult and professor, was spawned in the yellow, plateresque market-place of Salamanca. He brought the learning of the college of law in that forgotten university to the service of clerical orthodoxy. Cristóbal saw the end.

Gil Robles had sucked exposition with his mother's milk; his father had taught him the tortuous see-sawings of the Spanish civil code on his rocking horse. He knew every turning of traditional thought, and the newly enfranchised women of the arid cities of old Castile in their high black mantillas applauded as he poured on them his oily clerical demagoguery. In five thousand churches a million children buried in darkness were learning the rites of the fourteenth century, while a secular republic prattled of tolerance. The women went straight from the confessional boxes to the ballot boxes: there was none to know the difference.

But it was when the amazingly handsome Calvo Sotelo came back to the Cortes, and the maniac Carlism of Navarre crept out of its traditional hiding places and put on modern clothes, that Cristóbal saw that unless the anarchists acted soon, the men who sincerely wanted Spain to reverse four hundred years would be back in power. Cristóbal saw in that supernally handsome face (one that outdid his own in its prime) the winning mask of tyranny. Sotelo had the poetic face of an oppressor, honest in the service of his class. He was a reactionary on principle, a madman of reaction, not corrupt.

What eloquence! With what a cruel skill he pierced the compromises of socialists and dispelled the vapours of pious, stupid radicals. His followers cried constancy to the exiled house of Don Carlos, sputtered at Don Alfonso, spoke of the king beyond the mountains as the father who would restore their lands to the pious shepherds of the Pyrenees and take their wealth from the merchant robbers of Madrid and Barcelona. It was the authentic voice of St. Louis, of St. Dominic, in the twentieth century. Cristóbal trembled.

And the republic gave freedom of expression to men who would restore the stake, the auto-da-fé, who would kill every Protestant pastor if they had a chance! They gave them a voice in the state as well as coffers in the bank. The idiots! A rich man votes with his bank balance. He should as such be deprived of a vote and of office!

"No," declaimed the Messiah to an admiring group, recruited from the staff of *Le Libertaire*, the anarchist weekly, "the republic in Spain is a beehive of sentimental idiots working to supply reactionary bears with honey. They are just calculating when they can put down their heavy paws and take that honey with the least stings."

The sporadic rising of the workers in passion-torn, wild-heroic Saragossa, where he had helped to kill Leichtentritt, provoked his first scheme of action. It was the rebirth of boyhood hopes. He was in constant touch with officials of the C.N.T., the anarchist trade union. Soon their hour would strike. With his money they could win.

Even communists, even socialists, he noted with glee, who affected to despise the "lack of discipline" of anarchists, joined this union, for it alone got anything done, and *à l'Américaine*.

When a boss was refractory, he was "taken for a ride." When a police official was too zealous, his life insurance policy came due. The socialists were full of borrowed phrases from more "civilized" lands. The anarchists knew quite well that the Spanish capitalists were basically illiterate and feudal, that they had no social understanding. The anarchists knew that the political system was based on that unique Oriental survival of the effendis, the *caciques*, compound of squire and mandarin. They knew that the governing class understood only one language. After a dismissed chauffeur had obtained the nice legal support of his trade union from the socialists, which got him nowhere, he crossed the street and got the six-shooter aid of his anarchist syndicate. He ended by joining the ~~lads~~ that made good.

Cristóbal felt sure of victory, for the anarchists were as hospitable as humanity itself. They admitted all and asked no question. The socialists tried to make their followers theoretically sound.

"Absolute nonsense, they think the revolution is a university

class," he howled. "Always the tyranny of words, always the smell of the old books in the British Museum, in which Marx illuminated the scroll of activities he really created outside."

Unlike other anarchists, his economic experience had given Cristóbal a real respect for the whiskered wonder of Trèves, despite the fifty years' feud of the followers of Bakunin with Marx's army. But a true Spaniard, who thought with the heat of the sun, he looked on violence as the only serious Spanish policy. The hectic talk of a baked nation, the permanent hysteria of the dervish singers of desert dissonances, came back stronger every day.

When his old idol Durutti started working again in Barcelona, words failed him. The old eagle was spreading his wings again. His claws, he prayed, would be as sharp, his mewing terrifying, his spread beautiful, his sweep decisive, as the past had promised. Youth renewed and a world to gain!

But Cristóbal was troubled by his not having worked out for himself, despite his wealth, the exact mechanism for rallying followers for a decisive victory. He always remained realist. In spite of the clouds he could see the earth like a detailed relief map in his flight. He would take action on his fortieth birthday! The Swabian wiseacres held that a man is a blockhead until that moment, when, presto! he is illumined.

He fiddled about until that date. There was only one weakness Cristóbal had in common with all ultra-rich men—the belief that esoteric wisdom can be purchased. Whereas the mass of plutocrats, statesmen, and generals go to clairvoyants, soothsayers, and other poverty-stricken guides to fortune, his greater intelligence took him to the study of pseudo-scientific devices for manipulating his fellow-men. He made three false starts. First he studied the plots of playwrights like Lope de Vega who specialize in a variety of sudden surprises. One might profit thereby and be ready to meet any emergency. But as with the futile lessons of Professor Skoda on the arts of negotiation, he learned that theoretical strategy was as useful as theoretical billiards.

The second silly but plausible study was that of the art of illusions by which men are collectively deceived. He studied fraud and chicane, accumulated a select library on charlatans from

Cagliostro to sleight-of-hand tricksters, and took up with borrowed enthusiasm the study of the academic psychologists on illusion, optical and otherwise, so as to be versed in human fixation and direct it. But that, too, led nowhere.

The third methodical study promised better. He read all the pseudo-scientific *mamamouchi* palaver on the "crowd," so dear to the superior folks, who have elected themselves out of the crowd. All this olla-podrida of thoughts on mass suggestions, auto-suggestion, the laws of imitation, was thrown into the rubbish heap with the other showy and pretentious properties of sociologists. These temporary employments kept him going until he was forty. He had a lonely banquet for himself, toasted himself in water, and toasted his ghost, "my clever twin," in champagne. He fêted his destiny alone, for he was to accomplish it alone. The waiters thought he was mad, but his lavish tip convinced them he was the prince of reason.

With loneliness he became increasingly theatrical, walked about Paris with a romantic long cape, then with a Don Juan cloak, the perfection of mystery. He had a beautiful large white bérêt, cocked gallantly over his left cheek, as among the Basques. He paced down arcades—the Rue de Rivoli and the Place des Vosges were favourites, the postured man traversing the colonnades of history. From a sensible fellow he was well on the way to becoming a complex fool, a tawdry stage property. But an economic revival also revived his brain and put him straight again. There was a discipline that imposed its own laws.

He had in all £1,200,000,000—£720,000,000 in gold and £480,000,000 in currency, or banks, and nothing else. La Fortuna he had turned over to a trust, in memory of his parents, and he ceased active connexion with the trustees. Values in shares had fallen to one-eighth their boom level, commodities had fallen by two-thirds, and bank deposits had shrunk by half. There was no use in keeping currency, since if the shares were worth nothing, an inflation must supervene to give the economic ghost a borrowed body. More gold he could not buy safely without going athwart interests that were identical with the state itself. He reflected that, owing to the cheapness of investments, he had many times the power he had spoken of in his explanation of

the carronade, in proportion to the possessions of other capitalists. He must not lose this newly gained advantage.

He bought industrial shares during 1932 and the early spring of 1933. He was not so much interested in the subsequent fabulous increase in values as in guarding his proportion of power in the system. He also wanted to call the turn: that showed he was not eaten by the worm of melodrama. He did call the turn of the economic cycle. This confirmed him in his belief that he was the inspired man, the hero with a sense of destiny.

The economic philosopher of the communists, the Hungarian professor and connoisseur of Chinese prints, Varga, has said the revival was only a "bull-market jiggle." He now knew that the poor cannot understand the philosophy of revolution. Only the rich redeemer can act. The fullness of time was at hand.

"There are only three acts left—Inflation, War, Dictatorship. Then they go." For inflation he bought shares of raw material products; for war, he concentrated on armaments and mining shares, especially copper and gold; for dictatorship, there was no hedge, only struggle.

He was coming back sharply in 1933. The advent of Hitler in Germany set him aflame with ambition. If the reactionaries could utilize this banal soul, with the face of a Slovak servant girl, with the hysterical delivery of a street peddler, and make him a man-god, what could not be accomplished by a man with a presence, a golden voice, terrific wealth, much learning, true devotion to the people? He elected himself at once.

He spurned the lachrymose exiles from Germany. They had used their culture first to fortify their wit, for they expected to be back in no time, and latterly their tears. Those that had believed in the State would perish by the State. The socialists and communists, he held, have played the parliamentary game for decades. They sat in the jawing parlour of the Reichstag; what wonder they were slain by the jawbone of an ass! Result, the nauseating brown-shirted terrorists on the right forced the Junkers and magnates to use their services, even while holding their highfalutin noses.

If terrorism could win on the right it could on the left. Europe was governed by ex-brigands: Pilsudski the sell-out, Horthy

the abattoir genius, syndicalist traitors like Mussolini, square-headed sadists like Svinhufvud. All had one trait in common, terrorist private armies. Time we stopped playing with tinpot theories borrowed from happier days, and played the same game on our side.

When even Durutti was afraid of this mania, Cristóbal replied in a simple, almost babyish letter to the F.A.I. (Iberian Anarchist Federation) in Barcelona:

Beloved Comrades,

You are poor, you pay no attention to the specific economic tricks of the rich. A world economic revival is in the making. Its secular flow will go on for five, perhaps ten years. The dictators will appear solvent, appear to be vindicated. It is time that Spanish revolt took advantage of the same flood tide to ride into port, and there discharge its rich cargo.

Comrade C. Pinzón (card 11874, July 5, 1909)

Why did he not act? Was it a disease of the will? A fire alarm was ringing. He looked for hurry-up techniques. The fashionable Malaparte was then read by the European statesmen, for the "technique of the *coup d'état*." He studied its clever theses, but after Malaparte had proved Q.E.D. that Hitler could never win, the year 1933 finished other men's theories. Cristóbal was ready to go to Spain prepared to act. When the last prophet of sudden coups was washed up, he realized that even terrorism was awaiting its organizer and statesman.

XXXIV

FIFTY THOUSAND FUNERALS OF THE FIRST CLASS ONLY

EVERYONE in Paris knew Dr. Raymond Walewski. He came of a Polish family related to some other Polish family who thought that they were related to some other Polish family descended from an illegitimate son of Napoleon I. It was all a myth, but Dr. Walewski was the last man in the world to challenge it: he was too busy being the miraculous doctor of the Bolshevik group to trouble about a history that conferred on him a spurious lustre.

Dr. Walewski was a stupendous personage. Like all polymaths he waged guerrilla warfare on all sciolists. He was five feet one, five feet broad, had an immense belly, dirty clothes, wore the low bowler hat of a junk merchant, ambled down the Left Bank boulevards with miscellaneous papers held under dirty fingers, the papers constantly slipping from him. He had an immense beard. It was one of the two sacred beards of Paris. The other belonged to the policeman of the Porte Saint-Denis; the latter was bifurcated but that of Dr. Walewski was patriarchal in length, sweeping in breadth, square-cut, in a manner of speaking, and was supposed to connote endless indulgence, wholly satisfying exercise. This legend created about the learned doctor a volunteer harem. The constancy of his seraglio was the unfailing witness of the doctor's prowess.

Dr. Walewski knew everything, had read everything, wrote all the time he was not eating, sleeping, making love, delivering speeches. That is, he wrote four hours a day. Even conservatives who piled rich anecdotes about his filthy clothes, even society ladies who alternated between disgust and hope, all agreed that Dr. Walewski was the mentor, philosopher, paladin of the communist sector. They were afraid of him—he enjoyed that. He was a fifty-year tradition: he was only sixty-five years old.

His maxim repeated in German was, "The day will come when holy Ilios will sink beneath the waves." Ilios was capitalism.

His joy in life was trapping professors. He had once sent out a questionnaire to every savant and celebrated writer in France. He asked why they opposed socialism. Two hundred strong the high priests of the human mind responded that it killed the precious individuality of man. The two hundred answered in nearly the same phrases: ideas and style were, for all practical purposes, identical. Never had men been so neatly taken in. Dr. Walewski laughed with a fat, dirty, dwarfish, visceral roar as the replies rolled in. "You see," he explained to an admiring bevy of young ladies, "the class of men who are *sui generis* is the largest, most vulgar class in the world." He exposed the pack of geniuses in the newspapers: Paris, laughing, for once gave the socialist the edge.

He not only knew everything, he knew everybody. His studio on the Rue Daubenton, near the Mosque, was the centre of nightly prattle. It was composed of three rooms: one a cavern of papers, of every degree of age, fray and dirt; the second a sitting-room consisting of three divans and countless hassocks and pillows, and third a kitchen with two samovars and a Turkish coffee urn. The walls were covered with paintings donated by indigent admirers. The hubbub of every gathering was stilled only when the professor dogmatized. It was interrupted when the great man drank coffee.

Cristóbal never knew how he got to the studio of Dr. Walewski. "*Cénacles*," he observed, "take in adherents by osmosis. The process is never clear." One day, he found himself in the middle of this jabbering mob, all either socialist or communist, all gifted with the prophetic eye, all masters or mistresses of certainty, all of whom regarded the anarchist cause as something that belonged to the early ages of man. When Cristóbal was asked his politics and replied, "Anarchist—Communist," they let loose a volley of brays. He did not resent it: his experience with the insolent gentry of Lombard Street had prepared him for another species of disdain.

Dr. Walewski was a strict rationalist. Not an old-fashioned rationalist but one who followed modern tendencies. He criss-crossed arguments before the new sacrificial victim.

"You're a Spaniard?" he asked carefully.

"I have no nationality," Cristóbal answered.

"What group do you adhere to?"

"My purse."

"Beyond that?"

"Terrorism, and, as a chopping block, I might try a few discourteous people in this room. I don't like friends of the human race who love revolutions so much that their one pleasure is the studied humiliation of another comrade. What sort of world do they think socialism will bring about if they behave that way now?"

Dr. Walewski admired straight hitting. "Bravo," he cried, and the sheepish wisecracks retreated. "My friend, we must meet. There are better atmospheres for the comparison of ideas than this smoke-filled room."

"Not at all," Cristóbal replied. "We will have to do most of our thinking in the smoke of battle. The revolution some day must leave the university and the café, the trade-union hall, the street platform. Let us talk here."

Dr. Walewski had an opponent. There were thirty-eight visitors present who waited for the victim to fall beneath the wheels of Jagannath.

"My only objection to anarchism," the doctor began, "is that it puts the development of society on its head. The state must die, we all agree to that. But first we must seize state power, hand it over——"

"Dr. Walewski, forgive me if I am rude and interrupt. The hoary arguments of the two parties are known to both of us. They have been repeated a thousand times. Conversation is like a chess game; we all know the standard openings. Let's take the first six moves for granted. Now I move. I am an absolute terrorist, who literally believes in the bomb. I am not a police agent talking big in order to trap you into an unfortunate sentence. I know you all disagree with me. I repeat, I am a terrorist. Most anarchists are afraid of me—the individualist ones would even hate me. They would say I am the kind of man who gives the world the totally distorted image of the cause that it has. But I am a terrorist. What is your real objection to that? No banal arguments, please, about the inadequacy of terror without

mass revolt. What we are discussing is the midwifery of revolution. My forceps works with dynamite; yours?" The audience was still: the man was mad.

Dr. Walewski was equally simple. "My answer is Russia."

"You mean that the manner in which the revolution was carried out there is a model for all time?"

"You are intelligent enough to know I cannot think in so wooden a fashion. My answer remains Russia."

"Thank you, Doctor. I am not trying to oppose you. I do not even belong to those that think Russia has betrayed revolution."

"I thank you for that. You did not finish?"

"No. I am thinking of the price. Russia went through three years of the World War, four years of civil war, two years of famine. Here capital was lower than that of Dahomey in 1921. It was at the bottom in 1923 still. The capitalists did all that, didn't they?"

"I do not often let myself be led on in argument but, I say, 'Yes.'"

"Good. Lenin had to retreat with the Nep to permit capital accumulation. The older incentives were the only ones that could be used in that chaos, right?"

"Go on."

"I shall be brief. The epoch of industrialization had to be initiated with domestic capital since Russia alone received no foreign aid. To obtain foreign capital required mass exportation of raw materials. This brought up resistance from the wealthy landowners. When these counter-revolutionists were being eliminated, their sabotage impoverished the countryside again. In spite of all this, the development of Russia is a marvel, a triumph of socialism. But with a low level of housing, consumption goods, et cetera . . . Am I fair, Doctor?"

"I challenge certain aspects, but you show no bad faith."

"Thank you. I would rather speak well of Russia than otherwise. Now, all these difficulties came about because the Russians did not have the courage to murder the whole governing class. They did not kill them as a class—they killed them for specific offences. Now, I say Lenin was a criminal when he let them live. They lived to go abroad, to plot in every capital, to organize armies. They lived, the secret army within, to plot

and sabotage from within. More than that, a tradition of cruel, brutal sabotage was created which will be used in Russia by every opposition group—it will seem natural. Had Lenin killed every rich man, every important *chinovnik*, every general, every colonel, every noble, he would have destroyed a million people. He would have saved twenty-five millions from the grave, given Russia fifteen years of socialism instead of five, provided a better basis for the socialism there was, and given the people an orderly development. The state would have disappeared by now, instead of being more firmly entrenched than ever. Do you know how to defend a revolution? Not by the dictatorship of the proletariat, which requires more and more vigilance to defend. No—it is by the total destruction of the rich.”

Dr. Walewski did not reply at once. He did not laugh. He looked carefully at the Spaniard. Cristóbal, exhausted, took a large cup of coffee. The crowd was silent, uncomfortable. The talk was outside the consecrated circle of references; the audience was searching for a gazetteer: they were lost. The smoke fumes were nearly gone; cigarettes rested in many fingers, as the argument went on. Dr. Walewski asked, “May I comment?”

Cristóbal replied, “Not comment, dear comrade: refute.”

The professor laughed. “The trouble with your attractive hypothesis is that everyone secretly likes to do it. Every Wells romance is based on some simple wish: ‘What I would do if I could destroy everybody,’ for example. We all have the small boy’s love of killing the rich. But it is a stupid method. It is Guy Fawkes . . .”

Cristóbal rose, recollecting. “That’s where I get it from. Mother. She always remembered Guy Fawkes, and the scheme to blow up Parliament, King, Lords, Commons, at one swoop. She denied his guilt and insisted on his martyrdom, but she really believed in his guilt and adored him for it.” He laughed, “Mother, that’s where I got it.”

“Your boyhood must have been strange,” commented the doctor. “I was rapped on the knuckles if I made a logical mistake in algebra. My father was a great logician: he married three times.”

The expected titter of the crowd did not come off—they were waiting for the doctor to refute the terrorist.

"My objection is simple. If killing the rich is the method you employ, I presume it will be by way of a small selected band of terrorists. For secrecy is the essence of success . . . so is dispatch. The greater the numbers, the less these two desirable objects are attained. Now, a small band presumes that a large mass is less effective. Therefore your theory by implication assumes that the mass is not sufficiently revolutionary. More than that, it is aristocratic since it entrusts power to a revolutionary nobility, rather than to the democratic will of the people. It is against the people, Q.E.D."

The audience breathed, the doctor had delivered his crusher. The hum of conversation was notably gayer. They waited for Cristóbal to answer. He did not. He simply said, "Doctor, I am not trying to win this debate. I am anxious for the truth. My life is bound up with it. Let me digest your very pithy argument and see if it is as strong as appears."

Dr. Walewski examined him even more carefully. The long body, the drawn face, the wreck of a once superb countenance, was compelling to the candid encyclopædist. The man was a personality, no doubt of that. What a pity he knew nothing! He asked another question. "Monsieur Pinzón, would you destroy religion if you won?"

"Why, of course. At once. I would prohibit the exercise of religion exactly as fortune-telling is forbidden in many countries. That is, we hope every free commune of workers would abolish it. There would be no state to enforce the prohibition."

"Have you ever read . . . ?"

"Dr. Walewski, let us say we have read nothing. No names, no citations. Our arguments are as strong as they are. Don't you see I am a tortured man? Revolution is not my salon hobby; it gives meaning to my every breath. Let me ponder over my position."

The doctor could not restrain himself from an ineradicable habit.

"Don't you realize, though, that every institution, every belief, is an outgrowth of previous social factors, that their meaning is conditioned by their history, that they can only disappear as the conditions that gave rise to them disappear. How then can you believe in sudden gusts of violence?"

"You repeat the evolutionary business?"

"It is an axiom."

"The reactionaries cite evolution to show that the law of tooth and claw is splendid. Kropotkin on our side showed that mutual aid is the decisive factor. Which does your evolution teach?"

"It teaches us to calculate the strength and direction of our forces in accord with its possibilities; it teaches us to understand these possibilities in terms of their origin and purpose; it causes us to reject Utopias and wish fulfilments."

"Dr. Walewski, your reasoning does not impress me. What do I care how injustice and superstition evolved? Do I care how cholera evolved, if a dramatic cure will end it? Did Watt care how the mill wheel evolved when he invented the steam engine?"

"Bad analogies! All such innovations are based on previous research, resulted from a previous level of knowledge."

"Still *what do I care?* There must be sudden developments. A situation goes on, *a, b, c*, it reaches a point *g*: it may have acquired enough power and movement to skip *b, i, j, k*, and break into *m*. Everything in the world does not add; some things multiply, others leap. But let me talk. I want to see if sane people can possibly agree with me."

Dr. Walewski was fingering the newspaper. It contained pictures of the Reichstag fire the night before. "*They* believe in violence, arson, war, the gallows. All I am asking is that we meet them with their own weapons," cried Cristóbal. "Your damned party in Germany counsels against assassinations. By the time your counsels are heard, all your leaders will themselves have been killed."

Dr. Walewski said, "Nonsense! Hitler cannot last six months. He has neither capital nor credit."

Cristóbal countered, "As Lord Macaulay said, 'Attila did not have to see his five per cent bonds at par in order to sack Rome.' But let's go on."

"What the world needs is fifty thousand high-class funerals. I know. I have been in intimate business contact with the governing class since boyhood. Let us take England as a fine example."

"The British oppress and rob four hundred millions, ruin the lives of thirty million people at home. How many men do

this? Mighty few. The governing class in England consists of public-school boys. How many are there at Eton, Harrow, Winchester? Twenty-five hundred, let us say. The course takes four years. Six hundred a year. How long do the boys live after the university? Say forty years. That means the boys from the three posh schools number about twenty-four thousand. They have pretty much everything that isn't nailed down in England. That's flat. Now from this twenty-four thousand we must subtract idiots, failures in life, pensioned younger brothers, and other parasites. There are left about sixteen thousand oppressors. Let us add the second-grade heroes from Marlborough, Uppingham, Fettes, and other alleged institutions of learning. We must add, say, another five thousand. Now kill nearly all these twenty-one thousand and you destroy the oppressors of four hundred and fifty million, the enemies of the growth of these multitudinous personalities.

"That is an exaggerated figure, though. Actually, real power, control of the finance oligarchy, the revolving high diplomatic mandarins, the ministries, the Army and Navy, the key concentrated industries, the prize pouches of the Established Church, number about five thousand. Five thousand first-class funerals would do the job. The moment a chap joined a West End club, it would be equivalent to ordering his coffin. The moment he took a job in the high seats at Whitehall, he would be in satin crepe within twenty-four hours. The boys with silk hats entering the fanes of Threadneedle Street would be on their way to the Golders Green crematorium. How many candidates would show up under this regime? Not one. A few brave thieves would hope to escape, you might get a second wave, a few heroic stragglers on the third raft—then it would stop. How many men would be required for this killing? You would be surprised how few.

"Well, what would your masses do? There would, for example, be nobody to command the fleet. The ratings, for the most part, would be left; so would the sailors. No one would want *power*: the job of admiral would always be vacant. What alternative would the people have? To abolish power, or rather power would have been abolished. The only way society could ~~run~~ at all would be by voluntary communes or co-operatives of equals. Thus anarchy would come about by your own law of

evolution. And so I refute your theory that terrorism is anti-democratic. It is power that denies the masses freedom; he who cancels power is the only true democrat.

"My dance of death does not have to be universal. England controls, let us say, Denmark, since she takes nearly all her exports. How many Danes would keep a king when proud England was anarchist? No. The key points of capitalism are in London, Paris, New York, for strength, and in Berlin, Rome, and Tokyo for rottenness. I eliminate Spain. There I would act as a Spaniard and not as a theorist. Besides which, I would never speak openly to a public audience of what our group thinks it ever will do in Spain. To resume, when the capitalists in Germany want to act, they arrest the leaders of the Marxist movements, and they do very well. What will kill the capitalists eventually is the economic contradictions they cannot escape from. But a communist-anarchist revolt does not need to fear that. There, and there only, I agree that the evolution of capitalism is significant."

Raymond Walewski had been waiting to pounce. He saw his chance.

"If the German capitalists cannot save the situation by terror since they are caught in ineluctable contradictions, why use terror? Mass movements will finish them when they cannot work the system? Why then assassination?"

"Who says that because a system has contradictions, it must give birth to communism? It may give birth to a cancer—barbarism. Your own prophets, an Engels, who held that savagery was a possible alternative, or a Lenin, who held that for the rich there is always a way out, were not nearly so predestinarian as you. And if they are right, my good Doctor, there is a chance of our total failure. I cannot dare face that alternative: it is too horrible, I must act. Rather our collective death than permanent slavery and degradation. We Spaniards have never known what pain or death meant."

"You have distorted cunningly what our leaders said."

"Mistakenly, perhaps, not cunningly. Keep a monopoly of brains, Doctor: allow me a modicum of honesty."

"I bow to your honesty, which I accept. Few men would have your obsessions who were not honest. Would you kill anyone other than the British? How about the Pope?"

"He's not a fixation point of capital at the moment. If they go, so does he. You mistake my reasoning. I do not wallow in blood. I favour great economy in assassination. The fewer the better. But you cannot do with less than fifty thousand. Let us say:

"For strong countries, England six thousand, France three thousand, U.S.A. twenty thousand. That's on the strong side. Weak side, Germany five thousand, Italy seven thousand, Japan ten thousand. Say, Spain five thousand."

"Your figures are curious, my dear fellow. They are wholly disproportionate. But surely they must follow the shares you own in casket companies, necropolises, crematoriums, hearse manufactories. By the way, do you own factories for mourning materials? The victims are elegant—it is an excellent business."

"My figures are very well calculated, and now that you mention speculation in funeral shares, it is not a stupid idea. I will give you a participation, Doctor. My calculation is terribly realist. Here it follows:

"England is in the hands of a closed governing caste. Hence the number is given as before arranged. In France, the constitution of the Banque de France, insurance companies, et cetera, is even more concentrated for an opposite reason. That is, most property is still small and fairly distributed, as compared to England. The proportion of great properties is less to the total, hence the number controlling is also less. For France, the best students at the École Libre des Sciences Politiques and Saint-Cyr, and the members of the four great clubs would be nearly enough. For the United States it is different. In the first place, their great capitalists have taken fair pot shots at each other for a long time. If fear of death could have stopped money being acquired, the Union League Clubs would not have a single member. No, they are tougher . . . it would take much more work to scare them. They got it that way, and recently. On the other hand, the job can be done more easily there."

"Oh, I see that, of course," the doctor said, "I'm becoming an expert in calculating the gruesome."

"But relatively speaking, where assassination is needed the most is where the system is weakest. There the spell of doom is over the rascals anyhow, so it takes a frightening amount of

corpses to make them let go. Besides which, in the dictatorial countries, wealth is constituted by direct power. The rich and the state are wholly identified. But one must be an artist in shooting. For example in England I would kill all Eton, Harrow, Winchester leaders, but few others. In America Groton, St. Paul's, St. Mark's, Lawrenceville, wouldn't even begin the job. This is a serious difference, you see."

"Clearly," said the doctor, smiling.

"Now that you think me so funny, I conclude. The Japanese samurai have been told to hold death an honour. The same with the Spanish hidalgo. Wherever, therefore, the feudal element remains, the killing must be much greater in proportion to wealth conserved. So you see my system of assassination is very critically studied. How do you like it, my fearful doctor? If you are so scared by these concepts, I wonder what you will do when the streets of Paris run with blood? Read homilies on evolution?"

"Dr. Walewski, don't trouble to reply to a madman's insults." This advice came from a young lady who was not clear on Cristóbal's arguments, but certain he had a time bomb in his pocket.

"I give you straight Marxism." Dr. Walewski smiled all over. "You asked what I would do if the revolution broke out? Support it, of course, even if it were timed wrong and thought wrong. Never correct the masses, fight with them."

"Perfect," said Cristóbal. "You are a right man."

"Now, secondly, the time for correcting people is at moments of comparative inaction as to theory, and at moments of action, as to tactics. Right, Monsieur Pinzón?"

"Absolutely."

"Then I say to you, before your terrorist band can accomplish this object you have set out for it, it requires years of training and must number thousands."

"I agree but I propose to have the terrorists a superbly trained group, working within yacht clubs, royal courts, banks, and knowing exactly how to act on a preconcerted signal. Great precautions must be taken against the police."

"What do you mean?"

"Let us say we get a Harvard man to study in the Western European division of the Department of State at Washington.

He is made secretary at Rome. He is received in his high function by Benito. Like the nihilists of old he sacrifices his life in order to shoot that dictator. I only say, for example."

"It seems more long-winded and requires far more education than the development of the core of revolution, the communist party, disciplined in theory, strict in party functioning, and carefully allied to mass movements, themselves a great guide to theory. Your nihilist methods are more cumbersome than they seem."

"Then I will try it out in one country only."

"Why not try Spain?"

"Why Spain?"

"Because our own party scarcely exists there, and your group is numerous."

"Don't you consider assassination wrong there, too?"

"Yes, but our party is small there. It is bigoted and rejoices in sectarian superiority. A select party will always be small." His laugh was embarrassed. "I think your method futile for Spain as well. But there it has a chance to be shown false within a measurable time. Elsewhere refuting your superb fifty thousand funerals is like refuting a Utopia. Why waste the time? Ideas like terrorism are not of necessity false, they are merely inept. Why talk about the inept?"

"But I would sacrifice less than the motor car takes as its toll every year. It is not outrageous in numbers of dead planned."

"The point is not that at all. I too believe that evolution as a passive process is not all there is to history; that is an alibi for inaction. I agree that history takes sudden leaps: we had socialism in Russia before we had it in highly developed Germany. We are no longer so schematic. I do not reject terror for that. If it could be as continuous, steady, universal as you put it, then I might be impressed. It would be a social reality. Perhaps in some countries it would activate the co-operative replacement of state functions by spontaneous soviets, so to speak. But this is only the poetic idea of one man."

"It is not. I have an awful lot of money and am willing to devote it to the proof of this mode of vengeance on the thieves."

"Much money?"

"More than you could believe."

The last remark, not the preceding, frightened Dr. Walewski. The first mania might be an idea, the second was part of a paranoiac system. The man was a package of delusions. He politely escorted Don Cristóbal to the door, and asked him to come again, "but not for the next few weeks, for I am busy on a book."

As Cristóbal went down the stairs, Walewski said carefully: "You cannot refute a lunatic. If, on the contrary, he tells the truth, and I am a dull fellow, we have something rich and new to learn about men, if not about history. But it is impossible to argue with a schematic terrorist, because his mind transcends the thousand social difficulties of his enterprise, whereas our minds ignore systems that require the experience of man to be turned about."

Everyone was relieved at Cristóbal's departure. It was his constant politeness and softness of tone, when detailing the funerals, that worried them more than if he had screamed hysterically.

Cristóbal had seen the ultimate in Marxist wisdom—it was not possible for him also to ignore the extraordinary action of the communist pundit in seeing him to the door while the others remained. He knew what that company was afraid of, and was enough of a boy to want to give those comfortable rebels a scare. He ascended the staircase, knocked at the door with his knuckle-bones, in a hollow style, and laughed as he watched their obvious fear as he stepped back into the room.

"Dr. Walewski," he smiled amiably, "you are not accustomed to the company of the rich, so that you suspect the sanity of those that have money. This lack of familiarity with your opponents makes me feel that most of your arguments are specious or, at the least, amateur. I have the self-confidence of a millionaire: I embrace terrorism, for I feel that I can get through such a programme as I have got through with moneymaking. You, on the other hand, are confident only of defeating straw opponents, who will live or die irrespective of the issue of your arguments."

The doctor did not like psychological exposures before his admiring camp followers—he pretended to be amused. "My dear señor, it is nearly the height of impudence for a romantic anarchist to talk of economic reality to a scientific socialist. Why,

your theory contains no medium for exchanging goods as between countries or even for the division of labour as between communes in your own country! Your lazy minds fail to recognize the difficulty of organizing economics under your so-called free groups. And you come back here, discourteously, to reproach me with an amateur attitude."

The crowd admired the doctor—he was back in form. Even a crazy man could understand how thoroughly he was beaten.

"I have no time for a poor man, who is inflated," summed up Cristóbal, "for if you have not the sense to see that all business is conducted throughout the world to-day on the basis of anarchy, you have no sense at all. We would retain the spontaneous mechanisms of exchange, by agreements between free groups, instead of by the machinery of money plus armed force. But man, in the experience of centuries, has learned naturally how to exchange: he could not wait for your bureaucratic wisdom—he would have starved in the meantime. But as you have never bought or sold anything in your web-spinning career, I will look elsewhere for economic wisdom. And so, comrades, you don't mind if it is I who show you so delicately to the door." He swept his cape over his shoulders, looked upon the zoo with a royal air, and without a pleased face or any other vulgar gesture of victory, said, "Good night."

Dr. Walewski drank much coffee, and waited ten minutes before resuming his discourse to the let-down entourage. When he was certain that the don would not return he said soberly, "There is no need for us to refute anarchists. They will have their play some day in Spain. The social reality will prove too much for them, and you will see the bourgeois walk out of their terrorist hides and run to embrace their fascist enemies. I am sure of this . . . every Marxist must be. I am confident their hero, Bakunin, had strange relations with the police. They would shoot me for the slander on their Messiah, but I am sure of it."

Cristóbal walked for hours under yellow lamps, under swinging signs, under swaying branches. A rain came. He walked through the drizzle, he was absorbed. The dawn came up. Exhausted, he dragged himself, mad with reflections and reproaches, towards home. "It is not possible for a man consumed by the need to

avenge all that his fellows have suffered to explain the roots of his system to a fellow who sees only the development of leaves."

He looked up at the plane trees, wasting for want of nourishment at their base.

"The reasonings of men have always been deadly, the understanding of women helpful. Oh, you wise old Frenchman who said that there was nothing in the understanding that did not first come from the heart. I have swirled about for years in one eddy because no woman has taken me out of it. I can conquer the world but not alone, not alone. I have seen the cleverest man in Paris; he is useless to me. Let me meet one woman with whom my loneliness will be ended, who will really break down the walls that keep one animal from another, and they shall hear from Cristóbal Pinzón."

He crossed the Place de la République, and gave alms to many beggars.

XXXV

THE LEVANTINE BELOVED

At last the light came. "I will bloom again but in another name." What he needed to succeed was, like the humblest of men, a woman who loved him to stand by him. This time the woman must be no mistake, no sport of fancy. No aristocrat, no oversensitive or refined soul, but Conchita once more—a worker, a realist, a dreamer, a woman, no trace of the lady. Perhaps (though of this he despaired) a greater than his Conchita, greater by reason of age, of experience, even more inspiring for a high endeavour.

For years he had led the life of a gilded snail, nearly ascetic, wrapped up in the one purpose. Suddenly he realized that was the reason for his failure to act. For an anarchist liberator wants to free men, not abstractions.

Who would free others must feel what they feel. Men are rich-blooded beasts that love women. He who stays away from them is not of his fellows: he is a priest, not a liberator. How could he rejoice alone where nearly every ripened man rejoiced with another? Would that woman come now that the fullness of time had come? Would the stars conjoin to that great end? He walked with his wide cloak swinging around the burned body, through all quarters, and he thought of this woman. He had met many and they were always the wrong ones! When all these thoughts kept up their Eblis dances in his head, and scratched darkly at the inside of his eyes, he carried the headache burden home to sleep.

He was walking down the long Rue Meslay to avoid the noisy boulevard, when he heard a screaming and a bellowing that bespoke the devil's kitchen. He entered and found two gendarmes barring the way. A strike was in progress in one of the old lofts, in an abandoned palace with a large, handsome courtyard. It was used as a lace-making and ribbon establishment with second-hand

Bonnaz machines and antique German equipment. It was insanitary, dark, dank, foul, obsolete. It was a sweatshop run by two Orientals, Syrians, dark-skinned, greasy, barbarous, the harem treatment of women in their blood.

Obviously, also, they were cockroach capitalists, who had bought third-hand and fourth-hand equipment on hire-purchase or long-term notes, and were smothered in these and crushing bank overdrafts.

Cristóbal was told that the fight turned around a sixty-four-hour week and eighteen francs a day. Apparently these idyllic labour conditions had not yet been attained.

Fighting the police off, bashing them splendidly, as proud as Carmen, stood a tall young woman in her early thirties. Her face was distorted by a fighting mask. For all that, she showed no hysteria. She was swinging a chair at two moustached sergeants, already having kicked two in the groin: they lay groaning on the pavement. She was at last seized. Her arms were twisted. She was taken to the commissariat nearby in the same street, and to her amazement found herself free for a hearing later on. She had been bailed out. She could not conceive where the money could have come from.

As she was leaving the commissariat, the sergeant pointed out the gentleman who had put up the caution money. She advanced and slapped the face of her benefactor.

"*Bon jour*, Monsieur. I thought I had seen every trick for making up to women . . . I was sure I had exhausted the pack. But to put up bail, in the hope that Madame la Criminelle, in gratitude, will take up half your bed! Why don't you buy boulevard girls on the cheap, you damn fool! What woman would work so hard, all day, in that sweatshop, if she was what you think?"

He bowed and excused himself. "Madame, I assure you it was a testimony to your courage, to your vindication of your class. I gave the money out of respect. I happen to be able to afford the loss, should you default. If you do not care to see me, I shall leave, Madame. Believe me, I am sincere. I only admire men and women of your type."

She became sane and polite. "Monsieur, I have been mistaken many times before. Forgive me but I don't like the way men

talk to women in Paris. Not because I've been a fool, either. Our sex owes itself an equal status. . ."

"You speak with a slight Spanish intonation. Are you . . . ?"

"I am Spanish-speaking. No more French, please."

Her name was Miranda D'Acosta. She was of Jewish stock, a daughter of the old settlement of Spanish Jews in the polyglot town of Salonika. Her face and bearing were suffused with the thoughts and gestures of that incredibly proud people. But her own family were miserably poor and outside the pale of Jewry. She suffered not only from the ribald wit of young Muslims, intoxicated with lasciviousness, the scorn of orthodox fanatical Hellenes, the lowering looks of savage, powerful Macedonians, but she was anathema also to her own people.

For her family belonged to that nearly effaced sect that were still convinced that Sabbatai Sebi, the miraculously handsome young man who had announced himself as the Messiah at Smyrna in the apocalyptic year 1666, was truly the messenger of God, and that the story that he accepted pure Mohammedanism to save his skin was an invention of scheming rabbis.

In her family the Ladino speech, which is primarily an antique Spanish (bearing the same relation to current Castilian that the stuff of Yiddish does to Franconian German), was scarcely used, except that it was read, for it is printed in Hebrew letters. In order the better to distinguish themselves from the great body of Salonika Jewry that rejected the wondrous Messiah and foolishly awaited another, her father taught her a remarkably polished Castilian, almost superseded in its perfection of inflected beauties, its magnificent idioms of the classic age.

The family genealogy had been preserved as jealously as that of the Arabian tribes. There was one male ancestor of Portuguese extraction, his name D'Acosta, persisted for hundreds of years like permanganate of potash, however diluted. Every other ancestor was Spanish.

From the terrible day in 1492 when they were forced out of Cordova, every item of their wanderings had been noted. Her family had left Spain in the same year as the feat of Columbus, of which Cristóbal's birth was the anniversary. But Columbus travelled westward to empire, and they travelled eastward to misery and sorrow. Her family recalled its wanderings to the

lands of the Barbary pirates, its suffering in Algiers as slaves, beaten and cuffed by the exalted of Allah, its long servitude in the blessed land of Djerba, that golden island, source of the perfume of Salammbô, its capture by a raiding party of the knights of Malta, its hundred years' apprenticeship in that militant island, and the last wanderings to Salonika. These stories were recited with gaiety and in a soft singsong, in the D'Acosta hovel, on the Feast of Esther. The father's high pitch, warm tone and poetic diction were those afforded by the fusion of beauty, pride, poverty.

Miranda d'Acosta was now only thirty. Her father was a shoemaker. Occasionally the four-hundred-year skill of the sons of Cordova was used by him, and a pasha or an effendi would order wonderfully embossed and brocaded leather sandals. In this poor way the family somehow survived while Salonika remained under the Turks. As her mother and she went out to do the marketing, the veiled Turkish women spat upon these creatures, and the *shirri* clubbed them if they protested.

When she was eight the Balkan Wars broke out. The town was subject to everlasting disorders, and whatever had been their previous poverty, there were still worse levels, hard as these were to conceive. The Jews cast them out and would not bestow a crumb of bread on these heretics. Her parents were swept away by the smallpox epidemic. She was left with some slight pock marks, too lightly impressed to be seen cursorily.

At eleven she went into service as a kitchenmaid in the French consulate, protected by the capitulations as extra-territorial to Turkish law. The French consulate also protected her from the bands of ravishers roistering through the city at night. She spent hours reading; she was permitted to take books from the library upstairs.

The Balkan Wars were quickly succeeded by the World War. The Allied armies, a little neglectful of the treaties of neutrality that were so dear to them in Belgium, crowded into the city.

Business was brisk as the motley French and British armies jostled each other in the bazaars. The Hindoos, Sikhs, Arabians, and other true-born Britons mingled with the Indo-Chinese "French" regiments, the Sidis from Tunis, the stately Senegalese. In the streets milled tall Australians fresh from the Dardanelles butchery, Russian officers, and crowds of Serbian refugees from

the lands about Monastir and Nish, Bulgarians by race but Serbs legally. There was a veritable tin-can city, built mostly of Standard Oil American cans, in which there were huddled tens of thousands of civilian refugees and in which also, the poorer regular inhabitants of the city took refuge.

Into this mass of cosmopolitan filth were introduced the most learned and gallant officers of the French Army under the talented Franchet d'Esperey. It was a strategic war between Adrianople and Sofia, and the whole atmosphere was that of the purple but pestilential crusades.

Into this circle she was soon introduced, her insatiable reading having given her a ready and pert address; she now served at the officers' mess. Her fourteen-year-old form, relatively mature in that climate and people, looked tempting to the French officers, hungry for life rather than death. She was soon in the social swirl, bought cheaply, and then more dearly by a succession of newly breveted captains and lieutenants, just out of the mathematical discipline of the Polytechnique. To them, women were a new delight.

In a city where hunger put up all the women for sale, the pious dicta about chastity had gone by the boards. There were four hundred thousand customers and fifty thousand women, and of these women many were behind harem doors. Not one case of suicide was reported due to the degradation of womankind.

When the war ended Miranda, turned fifteen, found that the Greek government, with its long Turkish wars and dreams of conquest inspired by Lloyd George, had forgotten to nourish the population of its second city. Such menial preoccupations were beneath the heirs of Miltiades. She wrote to her old employer, the French consul, who sent her a ticket for Marseille, but added that he was now retiring to Aix-en-Provence on a small pension. This passage money represented a real sacrifice and was all he could do.

She arrived in the bedlam city of departures, a sister city to Salonika in its many-tongued peoples. But even its celebrated slums in the old port looked palatial compared to her childhood home. All the easy sexual life during the Allied occupation was forgotten, she thought normally. The approaches of the multitude of procurers in Marseille were so importunate that she soon left,

for unchastity had lost its glamour in an organized, commercial setting. It appeared simply as an exploitation of poor women. Prostitutes were simply less energetic and more lustful than their slum sisters. She made her way to Paris, an ambitious girl of sixteen, to work and study.

There she found that the whole of serious education was based on the assumption that people work in the night-time, so that only the well-to-do and night watchmen are expected to be culture carriers.

She got a job on a sewing machine at sixteen. She had not left it since. She went from filthy loft to half-home workshop and dismal suburban sweatshop. She organized her fellow-workers with unflagging energy. She was invariably dismissed within a few weeks or months, depending on the acuity of the boss, and was now on the blacklist of several syndicates of employers. She had to change her name with every job, a great difficulty on account of the labour code and the need for filing police cards for foreigners. After five years she became naturalized as a Frenchwoman, after which she went into trade-union work with doubled force, as she could no longer be expelled.

In addition to her labour struggles, she had studied for three years at night in the industrial school attached to the centre of the Confédération Générale du Travail, in the Rue du Château d'Eau. She wanted to become a skilled craftsman, as otherwise she would have no moral right to speak on behalf of her fellow-workers. A good job of work, she held, preceded any social vision; converted it from mere amorphous discontent to demands based on performance.

The poorly stocked municipal libraries, always upstairs, greasy and small, had been exhausted by her in her search for civilized reading. Finally she had borrowed books and pamphlets from the Librairie Populaire, in a vile side street near the Place de la Contrescarpe. There, in a quarter inhabited by barbarous Berber workmen, the borrowed light of Positivism illuminated the slums. She was enthralled with the Feminist classics, from the initial text of Mary Wollestonecraft, who in Paris brought forth an illegitimate daughter and the legitimate demands of women, down to the concrete demands of women workers as formulated by the socialist, Bebel.

Her home had always been, since her arrival, in the descending, rurally paved streets, on the south side of the Panthéon, declining to the Wine Halls. The houses were crumbling and miserable, but they had large, though neglected, gardens behind them, and from them could be seen the great clock of the Gare de Lyon in the south-east, a minaret to those who had come to Paris by way of Marseille.

In all these years she had been starved of men. Her deep poverty compelled her to wear shabby clothing, and not even all the amateur chic of the Parisienne could remedy its poor stuffs and indifferent fabrication. She led the life of multitudes of poor women, a harassed and poorly fed childhood, a smell of suety cooking infesting the walls, a long dreary day in a sweatshop, a lonely room in a slum, and a cheap iron narrow bed for her troubled sleep. Shabby men pick tinsel women in tawdry bazaars: her taste set her apart, she was not for sale or on offer. Dowdy clothing has no clients.

Tuberculosis was her husband, but not her lover. He had sealed her cheeks with two deep furrows, that their wedding might be known. These hollows in the cheeks, in a ghastly way, accentuated the beautifully descending line of the face, they refined the drop from the symmetrically rounded cheek-bones. Her face was olive, very light, not so much olive-yellow as olive-peach. The unnatural red of consumption gave it a falsely pretty glow beneath the sick, almond, black eyes. She had a remarkable chin, which might become ugly when she was old, since it had begun to protrude towards a point; it seemed to lead on somewhere. Her manner of speaking was strangely warm and very cadenced, like a Chinese sybarite reciting the Confucian lyrics of poppies and oleanders. Certainly she followed the proud rhythm of her father's reading, and the whole *épopée* of her life was as sequential and as spaced as the enumerations of her ancestors in the long chronology of the fifteen beaten generations since Cordova.

She spoke only in Spanish to Cristóbal; he was for once an attentive listener. He heard her history as does a magician's apprentice, lost in wonder. That face was soon his cosmos, he swam in it, its foundations were spiritually the most beautiful he had seen in twenty years of wealth, wandering, and love. Its tragedy gave it a heightened impress to a sensitive man. It put

her aside among the daughters of the earth. And this was the woman at which no man looked: this was the window so clear that the spiritually blind turned from it to look at stupid painted panes. What, he wondered, made women respect the obtuse sex?

Her dreams, she told him, were only two. One, that came from her reading, was for socialism. That would take her to the promised land of co-operation and vistas of welfare. But her own dream, for herself, was that of all her sisters. She wanted a man whose brain and heart and speech would be her counterpoint, whose kisses would be warm with truth, "just as the officers of my girlhood were warm with wit and gaiety and inconsequence."

Her racking cough was incessant as she outlined her dreams. The grave, tender attention of Cristóbal made her bold.

"Oh, my dear friend," she said, "I have stuffed you with my story, my memories. I have identified for you ancestors, parents, girlhood, work, dreams, and you have been my victim, my one audience, so kindly unprotesting, so angelically patient. Forgive me, I have talked to walls at night; they are badly painted walls."

"Have you no friends among the factory girls?"

"Many, and they love me. But they can see me little and they too are beaten, hungry, have no men, or if they have any, it is so as to be married to years of servitude in a close kitchen, all day alone." She spoke carefully. "Dear Don Cristóbal, I cannot talk to an ear, but to a man. Who are you, what do you seek?"

"I am a very rich man, as you surmise. I would like to see the kingdom of gold invaded, overturned, by the peasant, the worker."

"Who can credit this childish formula? Why not release yourself from your riches now, if they discolour your heart?"

"It would fall to the other rich, in the turn of the wheel."

"But why not dedicate it to——"

"To what?"

"To emancipation."

"How?"

"By propaganda, organization."

"Good for small sums, but not for what I have. It would corrupt rather than help."

"You are *very* rich, worth, say a million francs?"

"More than that even."

"You are right, socialist movements thirst for resources, yet, at a given point they would change their quality from medicine to poison."

"My dear lady, you are perspicacious."

"No, clear-seeing from sorrow. But what do you propose to do?"

"Prepare an anarchist uprising in Spain."

"There are so many, they all fail. Look at Saragossa just recently."

"I will explain my point of view if you will be a good girl and not say boo, even if you think me mad, silly, unreal."

He explained patiently his background, resources, showed proofs that she might not suspect his sanity, developed his analysis, his plan, his portentous prognostic. She listened devotedly, interrupted by coughs. They had sat down to a cup of coffee in the *Espérance*, in the *Place de la République*, at eight at night. They were still talking at three in the morning. She was dead-tired. Her output of energy, owing to her wasting disease, overwork, and combats in strike, as well as permanent undernourishment, put her near a coma. Suddenly she was too tired to lift her frame from the chair. Cristóbal asked her if she would sleep comfortably in his flat near the *République*. She just as simply accepted, where for years she had rejected every such approach. He helped her into a taxi. She slept on the short ride. It was difficult to get her up the stairs, but finally he stretched her on his large, soft bed, clothed, unconscious. She slept dog-tired until six the next evening, her offering to the first absorbed evening in fifteen years.

He looked in quietly in the afternoon, had the curtains and hangings fully excluding any light whatever, that she might sleep. His servant, Gaetan, a quiet valet, repeatedly made coffee and reheated *croissants* for when the lady would awake. He did not complain. He had never seen his master so kind, so pre-occupied.

When she woke, Gaetan brought her the thrice-defeated coffee and *croissants*, wished her "*bon soir*" gaily. It was the first time in her life she had ever been served with anything. She laughed when Cristóbal entered and told her she had slept fifteen

hours. She was in a home—it was good. When Gaetan prepared the bath (Cristóbal had him rush out for *Quelques Fleurs salts*), and the lady had refreshed herself, she came out knowing that she was with her father in heaven, and that Cristóbal was the Messiah, Sabbatai Sebi; he, he, in the tower at Smyrna, who gave out the light of the world, had counted the legions of the angels, had the mystic number, the divine essence. She told him her quaint superstition of girlhood. It was hard for her to learn to laugh, but she made progress in the art.

When they looked at each other, in the evening, at the window, glancing at the great and small animals, buses, taxis, lorries, bicycles carrying their lights in the *Place de la République*, they fused her years of unremitting struggle with his ambitious dreams: their common streams flowed from jungle and mountain in their experiences into one mighty, potent river, heading towards the illimitable sea. Their hands caressed each other, as they felt they were coming into that ocean, sliding out into that which had no bounds. They were leaving the mean limits of her poverty, his closed conspiratorial thoughts.

But as yet they had spoken little, until she cried in an agony of the lost woman: "Do not ask me, do I love you? I am ready to kiss your dear face, press your lips with thanks, for you are the first kindness I have known for so long . . . so long. But you are rich, you have a fine home. I do not know what I love . . . I am so confused. I feel it is you. I am so confused, confused. . . . But me, you can see, me, you can love. I am hungry for love. All the nights I have walked through Paris, I have been the object of gimlet eyes, of shoddy lusts, but always beaten lusts, of those who wanted me because they could afford no one better dressed. I rejected their horrible advances not because they were poor, not because bad food had pimples on their faces, not because of their low looks due to limited life! No, it was because I was an offering to their poverty—it degraded me, too. Listen to me, I want your love—you can give it. You can never have the devotion I can give. Is not my life the witness to that? Be honest, though. That I must demand. You must become again what you were before. Promise me that and give me your love . . . give it. God, I need it so much!"

This wild strange speech, so passionate, pathetic, so much a

cry from the depths, was not that of one woman speaking. It was a great woman who was poor; it was a class of the disinherited asking for their lost life. The cry of millions was vibrant in that throat. He watched, looked at that astonishing consumptive face, and his gaunt long face swam into her opened eyes. He held her to him and every kiss brought them nearer to what they both desired.

The next day she moved into his flat. She was ill and had to sleep. She re-established herself. He was courtly, she loved it. Revolutionist or not, she was Levantine: soft graces were the burden of their stanzas, elaborate manners their sign.

Some days passed. He insisted he buy for her a wardrobe. She got herself up neatly, but refused to pass beyond her habits. "I love gay things to distraction, I love dresses nearly better than principles, but I dread easy, sudden transformations, especially as I need no such clothes to carry out our Spanish tasks."

"You are ready to go through these dangers?"

"Happy to, do you ask of fifteen generations of misery and oppression, do they ask also for vengeance? Power has struck us down everywhere. I am not passive. Let them hear from me—they shall hear. . . I SHALL BLOOM AGAIN."

Cristóbal spoke to her in another vein. Did he love her? Yet there was no obsession. Could he live without her? No. It was a new love, not the romantic storybooks, not sneered at by that thin imagination called cynicism. He could not place himself. But she was a force, a woman whom he must follow. Her depths made him smile at himself for the shallows in which he had spent his little life with women. This new, unfamiliar relation, wholly unlike the incandescent loves of his past, was his destiny.

"You will marry me?" he asked penitently. They twisted their little fingers quietly.

"Cristóbal, an anarchist, a free lover. Don't make sport of a poor girl."

"I will marry you to-day."

"To-day?"

"Rare is the woman, Miranda, who does not wish the ring upon her finger."

"The old German song, do you know it, Cristóbal?"

"The whole cycle, *Woman's Life and Loves*, of romantic

Robert Schumann, consecrated to his Clara. How the young Germans laugh at it now, how they pour their wit on Schumann and Heine, and all the songbirds, and they cut up their souls on dissecting tables, and swear that formalin is sweeter than honey-suckle! But you and I are children: we are not bright and clever and up-to-date. You will marry me, and with rings for both?"

"Oh, my dear comrade, how I have prayed for that ring! Marriage! blessed word. I love even the papers, the inscription on the book—yes, even the pompous speech of the official at the *mairie*."

There were some formalities, more than they thought. They shopped about for modest trousseaux, bought the rings from one of the Semitic fraternity on the Boulevard du Temple (he loved the profits but he honestly loved a *Hassanah* more—he kissed the bride), they left the worthy rejoicing jeweller, rubbing his hands and blessing them, but he was sorry he had not sold them an engagement ring, too. Weddings are nice, but there's not so much money in the rings. Still they would have children, and what else is there to live for? A smart boy . . . yes, a smart boy—he is what God sets us up for.

They were married on the eve of Pentecost. Paris was gay: the taxis were full of tourists leaving for the three days; droves of English school children were admiring the Porte Saint-Denis with Whitsuntide enthusiasm. It was Pentecost, feast of gladness, feast of tongues, eloquent, and for Miranda; the *Shabwoth*, the festival of early summer, perfect symbol for marriage of the woman of thirty.

Cristóbal wore a modest morning suit, Miranda the bridal dress of the Levant, a gorgeous floral crown, a brocaded headband. Twelve girls were there, all in their best, but mostly black. They had never aspired to such a nice wedding for their organizer and fighter, who had gained them better hours and wages. They brought with them their boy friends. For it was Pentecost and they were free. There were chauffeurs in vizors, *metallas* in cloth caps; two wore white scarfs in place of collars.

Cristóbal and Miranda were married on the Boulevard Voltaire, *mairie* of the eleventh *arrondissement*, before the squeaky voice of the state, in the shape of a sad, henpecked official with the tricolour sash, under the bust of the *retraissée* Republic, looking at them with

classic abstraction, poor Marianne's fixed stare, and LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ scrolled in crude blue lettering before them. The witnesses were, for the groom, his valet Gaetan and the concierge of his house; for the bride, Angélique Pujol, sempstress, Franz Schmid, cutter. The French officials lined up to kiss the bride, so did the twenty-four invited friends and their boys. So did the concierge and valet. Twice on each cheek made one hundred and twenty kisses for both. It took ten minutes and was very solemn.

The banquet was served in the Quatre Sergents de la Rochelle, in the Place de la Bastille. It was excellent in food, but not so fashionable as to embarrass the crowd. The Column of Liberty held the emplacement of the fortress torn down by the people of Paris; it provided a superb setting to the lowered windows. The epithalamium was tooted by a thousand mad taxi horns going to the Gare de Lyon with the holiday crowd. The guests sang, "*Paris, c'était une blonde*" and danced to *Javas* (Cristóbal had hired an accordian orchestra); he was married, as he should have been among the people he was pledged to serve. He was happy for the first time for years. His hair had been slicked back with elaborate resorcinol and gomina treatments: it looked nearly black. His face was filled with his new simple life and love: the gaunt romantic was pushed aside, just a bit, by the resurgent youth.

The party broke up at three in the afternoon: Cristóbal had made special arrangements for the Spanish consulate to stay open late. They taxied there quickly, and Miranda D'Acosta Pinzón, Doña, was a Spaniard again after the D'Acostas had waited four hundred and forty-one years for the day.

The strangely married, loosely joined couple were on their way to his land to avenge the wrongs of worker, peasant, and scholar against their age-long oppressors. That bizarre honeymoon would be unnatural. Cristóbal suggested a few weeks in the South before they began their terrible contest.

The sun had, in its million years of lighting the southern land of France, rarely smiled as benignantly as in that lovely May. The radiance was life-giving; all nature seemed to bow to the champions of justice going on their argosy of high hopes, into the port of war.

In the morning as the coast of the Mediterranean came into view, a new girl emerged in Miranda. She sang the happy,

tom-tom hymns of her father's sect, the curious accident of mountain songs of Macedonia in the Byzantine scale, the sailors' chants of the Gulf of Corinth, the Syrian laments of which Milton wrote. It was her own sea; and the coast, of limestone hills set with olive trees over Prussian-blue lagoons, was her youth again, the slopes of Olympus, the pile of Athos. The islands off Marseille were a miniature Cyclades.

The long face of Cristóbal bent over to kiss the happy one, only so recently the bride of woe, now that of hope. Was he her lover? That he did not yet know, but he knew he was her very husband, flesh of her flesh. The Bible words seemed real with Miranda, not the worn expressions of tired pastors. The Levant and Spain made her his own, yet exotic. He listened to her firm tones in rapture, until below them, under the monumental stairs, lay the limestone-mountain-bordered city, crossed by deep clefts of avenues, with supernaturally high plane trees that played with the startled eye, and said, "Descend, I am real. You will love my sweet shade."

Shut up for sixteen years in the prison on the Seine, Miranda drew from the sea space for her dying lungs. The Old Port of Marseille fired Cristóbal. It was full of excursion boats to the Château d'If where the fictional Monte Cristo had been immured so long, and where he availed himself of the wisdom of the ages, from the Abbé Faria to compass his immense revenge. The boats were gay, named *Monte Cristo*, *Edmond Dantès*, and *Abbé Faria*; they sailed from the dock of the Château d'If.

As they sat at the corner restaurant, eating the traditional bouillabaisse, a boy thrust a red circular into their hands, It read:

TO-NIGHT AT THE ALCAZAR, COURS BELZUNCE

THE HUMANITARIAN THEATRE SEDILLOT

Presents at 8.45 (*price 3 francs all seats*)

THE LIGHT OF BARCELONA

Reconstruction of the Martyrdom of FERRER

Tickets at FERRER HALL

Confédération Générale du Travail

P.S. Proceeds to Spanish Secular Schools

FRENCH FEDERATION OF SECULAR EDUCATION
AND LIBERTARIAN THOUGHT

He was home again on the Middle Sea, where the cities such as Marseille could feel every throb of their sister towns.

They went that night to the Alcazar, a converted music hall and varieties show, leased for the night only. The sincere company of actors, fairly competent, with scratch *décor*s, began their intense performance. They showed the founding of the modern schools, the library in which Cristóbal had worked, the scene of the July insurrection, the body of the girl carried out of the cathedral, his own Conchita, the arrest of Ferrer, the moving scene of his death. His words rang out again, "*Hijos míos, apuntad bien.*"

The audience, dock workers of the animated town, coal heavers, sugar and soap workers, oil refiners, coffee roasters, French, Spanish (they heard Spanish everywhere), Italian, Arab, Greek (Miranda was delighted), followed the drama as a passion play. They groaned, cheered, participated, grew vengeful. But none there rivalled the richest man in the world who, as he saw the recreation of himself in the movement, the death of his woman, the loss of his leader, was transported, gripped the arm of his Miranda, and knew she was the reincarnation of the first woman. He was possessed by vengeance, and at last informed by love. They walked out of the Alcazar and looked at the Monte Cristo boats, above them a threatening tropical sky.

That night they slept together for the first time: the strange marriage had been strange in that way also. But the community of love was now established; she trembled at the thought that the terrorist struggles might soon take him away from her; she had not known the company of men since she was a young girl. The importance of her new life, the calls on all that she had of their long, wild, savage love, translated out of their maturities into their first needs, exhausted her feeble resources but exalted her life. It was wonderful—the long expected love with her husband, after the lonely years of waiting. The rush of satisfaction after privation left her ill. For several days her fever ran high, the signs of hemorrhage appeared. She had assailed the temple with too few offerings, the fire had consumed her.

Cristóbal bent over his new-found life, and held that understanding spirit close; he must build her up, he must make his demands equal not her dreams but her possibilities. "Let's go to Spain," she called out in her light delirium. "I want to smell the

earth from which we came." After a few days the doctors consented, and she was carried across the frontier in a large automobile, by way of the high mountain roads near Andorra, that she might be revived.

So they came into Canaan.

Cristóbal was the perfect male. In Barcelona he took her over every corner of his old city that he had not seen since 1918. He sang over every street, what it meant in memories not only to him but to the revolutionary cause. It had changed greatly, the people too; the Republic, say what he would, had made them manly—it was worth one's life to offer anyone a tip.

He went over this Baedeker of the Reds with volubility and enthusiasm, and with no sign that twenty years of colossal wealth, personal vengeance, amours, had seriously modified the boy pattern. Like the younger Pitt, he did not grow, he was cast.

"I was splendid as a kid," he said, "and I was a kid in four vengeancees later." He described that model of a civil war. "What a fool I was! For every head destroyed, the hydra of Capital grows ten others. Avarice is the blood that nourishes these new faces." But he assured her again and again, for she insisted that he had no other objectives in life than the last fight he had given her as his hope.

They had settled in the Hotel Majestic, but Miranda's dress was so plain that the clerk asked for a deposit. They stormed out and went to an apartment near his old family home in the Paseo de Gracia. Day after day he rolled about recounting the story of the past. If any stone in Barcelona was neglected, it would have had a just claim. The University, the fishermen's district, the industrial suburbs, all came pouring out in that cold lava of youth recollected.

Cristóbal went to the C.N.T., the F.A.I., to which he belonged (at least to the local organization of Barcelona), to every person associated in importance with his ideas. Somehow, it did not quite measure up. The old acquaintances were strange: they had lived through moments he had not; they saw the present as the end of a long series of determining events, he as a new chapter; the missing pages not counting, since he was not there to read them. They were a bit satisfied, unctuous, even stereotyped in their class hatred. At first he was blind to the changes, so great was the rush of

memories, ideas, hopes. But Miranda was detached, she watched to advise him.

It was difficult for anyone trained in her socialist activities to agree with the strange concepts of her husband. But apart from the common understanding given by love, her inclinations soon moved her to accept his plans, except that Miranda felt they needed control and direction. But her socialism had always been feminist, derived from Bebel's monumental work on woman rather than from Marx; her actual work had centred in trade-unionism and not in politics. The views of the Spanish syndicalists did not, therefore, look unnatural to her. Her socialism was emotional, hyperexcited, so that immediate adventure was plausible. She had always been in the thick of conflict, not in the cloistered section of theory. Above all, as Cristóbal's new terrorist plan implied a mass following, she came to believe wholly in its possibility. His ultimate aim did not concern her; they were at one on the overthrow of capitalism.

She grew quickly in beauty; her consumptive cough was nearly gone as her happiness increased. She was plumper; her eyes, from being sick lanterns, dimly reflecting the sickle of Azrael, were lights of love instead. Where each cheek had been pressed by the strong bony finger of King Death, they were now nearer to dimples than to furrows. Then when their love had been made strong, when a month of naïve enthusiasms had worn out their carrier Cristóbal, and brought their temporary arrests, she spoke with a rich voice.

"Cristóbal, get away from here and get away at once. Catalonia is not your soil. Don't you see, my beloved, that revolution here is an institution, not an aspiration? It exists as an object of souvenirs, commentaries, showiness, vanities? Cristóbal, we can never understand these half-French people, no matter how long we live with them. They boast so wearily of their superiority to other Spaniards—meaning their superiority in commercial and industrial power. They do not understand in this frivolous and commercial town such deep land hunger as fills the Estremaduran peasant, such naked poverty as bites through the rags of those who haunt the heights of Cáceres. The revolution here is a ritual, a church, and you will find, at the decisive moment, a lack of will, intelligence, direction."

"You think they will betray?" asked the surprised Cristóbal, not courting the notion that his great theatre might stage a damned play.

"No, my dear, if there is an uprising they will stand by it, be brave and loyal. But they will congratulate themselves no end on everything they do. They will co-operate with other Spaniards, but they will feel gracious that they do so. Believe me, I come from the East where we are accustomed to watch race after race struggle within the walls of one town. I don't speak of race: that is an easy and misleading idea. But traditions and setting count in a clash. One crowd always behaves somewhat differently from others. The revolution may be added to in Catalonia, although I dread the swath of vanity across its path, but for engendering, we want a simple, passionate folk, unrefined by half-learning, yet sound in their arts, human in their loves, quick in their perceptions. While you have pointed this city out to me, I have watched with an eye single to your purposes.

"You are an Andalusian born. I yearn for that blessed land of the West, from which my people were driven. My fellow Andalusian, back to our own dear soil. From its Garden of Eden we shall eat of the Tree of Life. No God shall dare say us nay."

Her Biblical nostrils parted slightly—she was an Arab charger sniffing in the desert night. Her great sense arose from the long struggles in the Paris sweatshops; she knew boulevardiers from men, and she rated the wastrels of the Ramblas with a bright woman's hard precision.

"Do you know why you have never acted as a revolutionist? Because inwardly you doubt, as a first-rate man, the Bohemian talk of the *Paralelo*."

"But the peasants of this province, I know them. They are not like the *café geniuses* of Barcelona."

"Cristóbal, can't you hear your own? Here the peasant gets five pesetas a day. On the estate of the Duke of Medina Sidonia in Andalusia he receives two pesetas, if fortunate. Where his ancestor drove captured galley slaves chained to their death, from the fires of Drake, in the Invincible Armada, his descendant eats his own people, and spends their substance in Montmartre and Mayfair and Monte Carlo. Think of your own people, and free them first."

It was too sane to reject. Homesickness for his native soil was now too deep in Cristóbal. The letters came from Rotterdam.

They told him of fabulous profits: the dollar had gone down, and shares had risen, heaven knows what his fortune was—eight, ten billions? . . . His gold, counted in dollars, was worth six thousand millions, his shares perhaps four. He was impatient with the details—that was surfeit, all over.

They sailed on the white *Ciudad de Valencia* decked like a bride, lovely, bound for Gibraltar. As they left the port of Barcelona, he looked with regret at the city he had fancied was to witness his vengeance.

He stared at the hill of Montjuich, covered by a sulky setting sun. She divined and prompted: "The oath was so cold and lonely on that accursed hill. It seeks the sun in Andalusia."

He put his arm about her and they peered until darkness came. So the night came on, with its deep black African cover. In the celestial velvet glimmered the pointed spangles. The lovers fell asleep on the freshly washed deck as the mountain ranges dipped one after the other into the sea, saluting their passing and regarding the lovers in their permanent night watch.

In the morning they anchored in Valencia harbour, but Miranda, guarding her feeble strength, restrained her cicerone. From a distance she wondered at its skyscrapers huddled together and at the minaret that held out against them. The city looked so soft with its polychrome tiles, the fields so inviting along the coast with their orange trees regimented as far as the eye could hold their ranks. Here clearly was the first trumpet of the Hesperides. The next day the Arab-white town of Málaga with its castle-crowned lavender hill gave the Mediterranean pattern—it was Andalusia! Ferdinand and Isabella, you have failed, for Miranda D'Acosta lives and returns; the Jew is planted once more where his ancestor sought alchemy, ran his chiselled arabesques around synagogue walls, and joined his long wail to the muezzin's cry and the boast of the Cid. A thousand are driven from old Nürnberg by Streicher; one returns to Spain.

When the boat pointed its nose towards Gibraltar, Miranda felt like all other Easterners, from the Phoenicians to Hannibal and Tarik. Her Jewish face coloured over the olive of her forebears. She watched for the Pillars beyond which was the open ocean that mocked the suburban airs of the closed sea. The crouching lion soon presented itself, actually resting in the sea, and truly it parted

the waters like the guardian of naval empire. On the African side the naked yellow and mud-grey desert wall of Africa spoke mystery behind its unbroken wall, its terraced white houses set in its unpromising perpendicular front. The European side smiled wanly: it was not sure of itself with that ghastly enemy coast forever watching.

Cristóbal knew Gibraltar better after so many years in London. "To think that you, great cancer in the breasts of fair Spain, lie there infecting also the route to the Indies," he thought. "The servitude of three hundred millions assured by this piece of Spanish rock! The freedom of our own people may end your fearful watch, the free peasant of Andalusia may ring the tocsin for the ryot of Bengal!"

The *Ciudad de Valencia* carried the Jeremiah or Jonah of British supremacy on to the landing stage, and for the first time Miranda slept on British soil. It all seemed so familiar to her.

There had been so many Tommies at Salonika, and the breed still sported the same military haircut or rather hair-mow. They also conserved the same absence of face.

"Cristóbal," she said, "why do mothers' production of lads vary so little in pattern? There is nothing so unimaginative and repetitious as the endless conjunctions of sperm and ova, and nothing so variable as machinery."

"That is easy," answered Cristóbal. "Man adapts himself at a geological pace; the steam engine and dynamo at a demon's pace, set in the brain."

"The brain is revolutionary, the womb conservative. Let me oil my wit that it may mould my womb. I want a son among millions. I would die to give birth to one."

They clasped hands intensely; it was her need for death speaking a secret language.

The hills behind Algeciras were fatted with purple heather, the flowers amazingly large, colourful, perfumed. As their car moved on to Seville, she felt an abdominal joy in being in the land of her ancestors, where they had flourished a millennium under Visigoth and Moor, even before, for the Diaspora attained Spain under Pompey.

She wanted to get to Cordova as soon as possible and by night they were there. Her genealogy had inflamed the city. She

wandered through the narrow streets, archetypically. Andalusian, hoping to meet the ghosts of the D'Acostas and greet them with *sholem aleichem*, for peace they surely had. She hugged the blank walls of the Mezquita and, at last arrived there, dared not look in at its forest of pillars. For it was associated with her childhood; she had listened to the sagas of the city associated with pomp and terror. She consoled herself by drinking in the cool fountains in the flowered patios, with her receptive eyes.

She was eating the ancestral earth, and she soon became as nearly sturdy as one whose lungs were so impaired could possibly achieve.

From her city they went to his, Huelva and Palos. The gloomy copper town had no charm; even the shining suburb opposite—his birthplace—moved no memories in him and little sentiment. The trustees of La Fortuna showed the benefactor about. His last property gave him a sense of work, a feeling of fixity. His Miranda had been wise, her counsel cooled him in judgment as it inflamed him in revolutionary duty. He was not deceived by easy verbal victories as in Barcelona.

They went over in detail the plan of campaign, the creation of a powerful revolutionary uprising by giving it a plenitude of arms, munitions, experienced disciplinarians, credits, raw materials, far beyond what the other side could furnish. Victory, both thought, was certain, since the only reason the many tolerate the wealth of the few is fear of their armaments. Miranda suggested that even if the uprising were successful in Spain there would be foreign intervention.

Cristóbal was entertained by this "obvious objection." "For others, dear, not for us. Had we a socialist ministry, long social enactments, long civil disturbances, that would be the soil favourable for intervention. But we strike at once, practically overnight; victory is swift. Portugal's dictatorship is a function of our own; let us go Red, they are Red at once, and an Anarchist Iberian Federation is arranged. You forget that Spain will cost me only £200,000,000 . . . I have ten times as much left. The price of corruption that won here will win elsewhere. In the west of Europe the democratic lands would dread a labour uprising; . . . they could not intervene. The dictator countries boil down to one, Italy. If she does not move, Germany can do nothing from

a distance, especially without a Portuguese base. Don't tell me that the Italians are not venal: they have always sold out before, and the vile Benito can be bought by the greatest bribe ever given to mortal man. The Italian statesmen, generals, bankers have always been streetwalkers from the days of Cicero down to Giolitti. I tremble before lions, not strumpets."

From the office of La Fortuna he wrote to sundry agents and began to work towards supplying the revolutionists by smuggling, corrupting carabinieri, until every Red home would be an arsenal not only of rifles, but of machine guns as well. He began slowly, and watched the tactics of March, whom he considered a "Majorcan smuggler, tobacco-magnate, purse-proud parvenu, financial pillar of reaction and fascist putsches." March, of course, had the drop. He had the collaboration of the Army and Civil Guard (on the whole), the Foreign Legion, and most of the diplomatic corps.

Cristóbal, on the other hand, had a hundred-to-one drop in money. In fact, he figured, he nearly rivalled the pooled resources of all Spain, and perhaps surpassed them.

Despite his wealth, Cristóbal watched March with the same cunning he had bestowed on a lynx like Henryson, a puma like Carrington, a cobra like Jones, and a tetanus-infected rat like Pately. He was used to long feline waiting, and as March had the class and technical approaches, he had to bide his time before springing. At the moment, too, the weakness of the proletarian combination was clear. The upswing of Gil Robles was dramatic and the Republic was shaking. None of these facts disturbed Cristóbal the anarchist, for he was planning a master stroke, not subtle political calculations. Still it was necessary to make up a *catalogue raisonnée* of the governing class so as to know when and how to strike.


He moved to Seville, joined the swank casino and clubs, where he spent good money on entertaining feeble-minded officers. They blabbed a lot, but didn't know quite enough. They were all in the know, but they were short one item: where the generals would strike, and when, so as to destroy Azaña and the Republic.

In the meantime, Miranda and he visited the provinces of Estremadura, Jaén, Granada. They fell in love with men of Málaga, authors of the "Torches" or church-burnings; with a

rebel tradition that could shame Barcelona, and before 1848! Before Marx, before Bakunin!

Under the date-palm trees, in the fairest climate known to man, with a soil yielding two, yes, three crops a year, in a land not over-peopled, the people were patently starved. Cristóbal rejected the city as his centre, however, until he was sure of some mutinies in the Navy. He looked about for some headquarters, small, compact, remote, inexpugnable, that would begin the anarchist revolt as little Jaca had begun the republican uprising.

That town spoke for itself. It was Ronda, in the fastnesses of the Sierra, at the western extremity of the province of Málaga, and Ronda it would be. They passed the deep gorges out of Málaga into the impregnable hinterland. As the loneliness and difficulties increased, Cristóbal noted with joy that it was nearly impossible for an army to approach Ronda, that even aviation was dangerous, that all his conditions were ideally fulfilled.



XXXVI

THE WALLS OF RONDA

MIRANDA watched for the celebrated walls of Ronda. They were nowhere to be seen. The train crawled in across olive fields like a caterpillar, its three small cars a mere incident in tame but luscious scenery. At the station two dying victorias waited, with horses so old and thin they seemed misbegotten. They were ruminating on the hay they never got. A short avenue, boulevarded, seemed to land just nowhere. Suddenly long rows of cabins, looking for all the world like adobe settlements of Aztecs, came into view, turning this corner of Europe or Africa (according to one's prejudices) into a Mexico.

The trembling victoria, its leather straps creaking, clattered noisily down the Calle de Espinel, the Regent Street of this tiny metropolis, at that hour without one soul insensate enough to brave the hypertropical heat and the white desert glare of an untamed sun.

The street was named after the most celebrated burgher of the city, a seventeenth-century artist, who had added a string to the guitar. This, in a land of serenades, outranks in importance such miserly accomplishments as the discovery of the steam engine. He had also created a new style in artificial verse, which added variety to the complaints of nocturnal lovers.

On each side of the narrow street were ranged the luxury shops of the town, shops which in other countries would illustrate a lower-middle-class quarter. The older houses had balcony grilles, like life-size cages. They were of the most elaborate workmanship and design, gems of rococo ironwork. In this art Ronda held first place in Spain.

At the end of the street the opera house put on bastard grace and missed grandeur: the Teatro Espinel. It had all the dignity of the soulless academic theatres erected in the stuffy days of the antimacassar queen, Isabella II. It measured the devotion of the

people to the arts, for in a town of thirty thousand, the majority paupers and illiterates, there had been frequently represented elaborate lyrical pieces, *zarzuelas*, *tonadillas*, of every species, and even Italian operas. At present it was used as a cinema, playing every night, and changing the programme five times a week. Ronda had its full share of sentimental culture.

The carriage turned, passed several boys carrying large signs and yelling the attractions of the cinema that night for the illiterate clients, and went by the Plaza de Toros, looking like an Eastern market. It was the oldest and quaintest in Spain, wholly surrounded by covered balconies, and used as a cinema also on hot nights.

There the echoes of the bullring gave a contralto double to the soprano voices of female cinema stars and doubled the villainies of their baritone seducers.

This Plaza de Toros was sacred to the *aficionados* of the bullring in Iberia and Provence. It was the place in which the patrician Royal Academy of the Maestranza, through the inspired Romeros, had formulated once and for all the immutable laws of the modern bullfight. For true hidalgos, the bullring at Ronda shared with Saint Peter's at Rome the glory of the two ideals of their civilization, the priest and the matador. In Ronda had taken place the most celebrated incident in bullfighting. A bull had once caught up two distinguished toreadors and carried them dead, impaled on his horns driven right through their backs. The bull was nearly the Apis of the Ronda citizenry. They shared in his glory.

Nor was the religious comparison frivolous. Cristóbal, like all good Andalusians, had been brought up on legends of Ronda from infancy. He drank in the town. Until recently the city had been styled the little Vatican, the most Catholic town of faithful Andalusia, but lately the poisoned whispers of infidelity and scepticism, socialism and anarchism, had insinuated themselves among the once prostrated peasantry. They had got up and brushed themselves. There were evil mutterings about.

The carriage turned again as it passed a delicious park, as formally laid out as a French quincunx, though full of neglected but heavily stocked flower beds. Up the little poor whitewashed street, again Mexican, they drove into the luxury hotel, the Reina

Victoria. There before them was unfolded one of the most impressive, perhaps unique, sights vouchsafed to men. The hotel, a strange affair in Spain, resembled an English country house. It rambled, had many gables, and was surrounded by carefully tended gardens. A Northern passion for Canterbury bells and foxgloves had curiously superimposed them on a tropical vegetation that simply could not learn the rules of nicely organized gardens in thin Northern climates.

From the walled walk in front of the hotel, the eye, like that of a goat, irresistibly was drawn to look down at the eight-hundred-foot sheer precipice upon which the hotel sat. A giant semicircle of mountains swept before the spectator, moving him on a compulsory pivot to follow their apparent movement.

As the eagles hovered in the open spaces, the emptiness and distance between the observer and mountains struck the pupil like a blow. The mountains were extremely wild in their distant aspects; nature and man seemed suspended in their limits. There was no conceivable world beyond. In the nearer aspects there appeared beautifully cultivated fields, elaborately terraced. There seemed to be no way in which these fields, laid out like a pieced green carpet, but pierced by a winding small silver-blue river, could be related to the mountain from which they were regarded. No matter how conceived, it was difficult to conjecture how one could get from the town to the fields below.

The parcelled lands, the scattered and charming stone farm-houses flecking the centre of the fields, the toy stone fences (so they appeared to the bird's-eye), the crude roads, lazier in their windings than the slow-moving dots of peasants dawdling along them, the eagles circling above and battling the unexpected current of air that rushed at them from the sides of the precipice—all this gave to the town-bred Miranda the certainty that she trod in the celestial plane and her full need of salvation was achieved.

To the right there straggled a long road, with telegraph poles, badly strung. Along it swineherds and goatherds drove to still more distant fields, with their blankets swung about them, and their philosophic dogs sauntering about, after a nip at their charges, became indifferent with heat. Goats solemnly bucked each other and locked horns.

Miranda and her lover walked outside the gardens and about the outlying streets by the customs barrier. Wherever they turned the waves of mountains circled further and further about. Behind the town waved the heavy wheat; the second crop was ready for the reaper. The soil oozed with plant wealth; nothing was needed to complete this paradise. It had a resplendent, absolutely clear sky, refreshing air (the consumptives of the South came here or to Granada), fertile and intensively cultivated fields, superb situation, multiple happy vistas. They wandered down to the centre of town where the one-storied homes of the poor gave way to the two-storied homes of the rich, all cut out of a Mozart opera. The grilled windows (to keep passionate *caballeros* away from susceptible ladies) were universal. Flowers were really placed in every window, usually pink and red, as in the stage sets. The houses were freshly painted. The streets, asphalted in the fashionable section, cobblestoned in all others, were immaculately clean, save for the droppings of donkey, horse, ass, mule, hinny, goat, sheep, swine, dog. But despite these nine soilings, they were really very clean.

It was four o'clock; the siesta was over. The streets were filling with a large group of rather silent people intent upon their picayune businesses. The chemists reopened. Their façades of only a few beautiful bottles were ensconced in medical dignity, the grille of the Madonna above. The barbers peered out of their bead curtains, and in a moment had summoned their clients. Their shops filled with Figaros discussing politics and bullfights with their outstretched dons. Business was always brisk for them; no Spaniard, however humble, wished to shave himself.

The methodical German salesmen of cheap safety razors were wasting their time. Shaving is the last relic of the Spanish dominion. The dons have lost the world, but the meanest of them has a servant for his personal wants, even though, as the stubbly faces show, he can afford it only twice a week.

They sat down at the terrace of the pretentious but filthy Café Nacional at the main crossroads of the town facing the bull-ring. On that classic wall, money having been scarce, there was painted a large North American Indian in full headdress, advertising the specialties in delicatessen, one of the attributes of that talented town.

For be it duly known, Ronda is the centre of the world. This is not hypothesis but fact.

As soon as Miranda and Cristóbal sat down, weary, the waiter came out and chased away the horde of little beggar boys and adult loafers, who have a perfect right to sit down until a cash client arrives. Miranda protested against this offering to their dignity, and talked to the little fellows. One of them, a swarthy gipsy, Diego, with eyes so black they penetrated his vis-à-vis, asked them whether they would see the cinema that evening—some chance American film of no consequence, block-booked. When the youngsters were told no—they had seen it years before in Paris—a congress of gamins was gathered to debate the fancy tale of these liars. They clamoured again and Cristóbal, laughing heartily, said, yes . . . he had seen it before in a foreign land.

The congress divided into right and left. The gipsy boy, who never had seen a school, but whose Castilian would have honoured a member of the Madrid Ateneo, led the believers. He thought it possible (not probable) that the first showing of a film could take place anywhere but in Ronda or its neighbourhood. He was a boy of liberal views, who held there were larger cities even than Ronda, "somewhere." They all knew of Málaga, Seville, Cordova, and Granada: roads led there. The resisters were so clamorous, however, that they reduced Diego to a minority of one. Films, like everything else on earth, began in Ronda for all children and most adults.

Unfortunately, a few weeks before, Brigitte Helm and Jean Gabin had filmed *Adieu, les Beaux Jours* in the amazing setting of Ronda. That was complete proof. Not only were their films and delicatessen first on earth, but it soon appeared the greatest artists lived in Ronda. Señor Martín, the photographer of solid families on the Calle Espinel, had made some portrait adaptations in colour from his photographs. As luck would have it he had won first prize at an exhibition of this type of work at distant Cordova. The waiter gravely escorted his two clients to show them the treasured exposition of his medalled paintings, exactly the same quality as those that stuff poor photographers' windows in the Rue de la Gaïeté, Paris, or Pitkin Avenue, Brooklyn.

It appeared further that there was a foreign painter in town and that, Señor Martín excepted, he was the greatest painter in the

world. The two waiters nearly came to blows, one asserting that when an Englishman (all English are *loco*, insane, and *borrachos*, drunk) settles in Ronda, he takes on the vesture of grandeur by living there, and the other attacking this unwonted radicalism, and stating it was impossible that the Englishman could ever cope with the Ronda son, Señor Martín. For genius is the automatic birthright of Ronda's children.

Worse was to follow. A neighbour on the terrace, sipping some light, thin, and extremely cheap wine, asked the visitors if they were going to the bullfight at Algeciras, to be held on Sunday. What was the attraction? He was as surprised as a New Yorker at the idea that everyone does not know his metropolitan chitchat. He regarded his auditors, as the melodrama has it, as more to be pitied than scorned. The great Niño de la Palma of Ronda was to be matador.

Compared with him the fame of Marcial Lalanda was a trick of publicity men. "Only the men of our town and *Serrania* have the true thrusts taught by the Romeros. The others simulate."

When Cristóbal mentioned Domenigo Ortega and Bienvenida, he roared: "Butchers' apprentices! We could not even use their services in our local abattoir." But Cristóbal was excused. It was plain he was not all there, for he did not understand axioms. So it was in everything.

Miranda was enchanted. This mountain fastness, so remote from the rest, not only of Spain, but even of Andalusia, so beautiful, so proud, so self-contained, was lovely in its warm, childish vanity. She exclaimed, "Such was the Greek city-state, but we have been educated in the boasts of their writers. Sparta was a village, so was Corinth, Athens a town of sixty thousand. All these rural settlements hurled wit at each other and were convinced that the earth turned about them. It led to an unrivalled intensity of life, thought, culture."

"True," admitted Cristóbal, "mankind cannot support the burden of national states. Free communes would have the fine human pride of these people, but give them more knowledge."

In only one thing were they aware of the outside. At five o'clock, screaming news vendors rushed down the main streets crying last night's Madrid papers. They had just come in by the ~~Tortoise Express~~. Telegraph service is not the strong point of

Madrid papers. Countries outside Spain are amusing, since people somehow survive in them, but Spanish sanity tells you not to expect real news from such beings. Nine-tenths of the news was domestic. This fortified provincialism.

The good men of Ronda, of whom two-thirds are illiterates, gathered about their loud-speaking literates, who read the news, interlineated with unacknowledged comments. Cristóbal noted that most of the peasants showed good sense in discussing matters likely to affect their working conditions or rates of pay.

They were soon driven from the café terrace by the opening of a giant bazaar, at the side of the bullring, which was the supernal attraction of the town. It had a string of multicoloured electric bulbs, cheap but gaudy, pseudo-Japanese vases, mantillas made in Manila and Canton. There were large dolls (bisque) and sugar (dream of the poor—beggars and children preferred it to coins). In the centre spun an immense lottery wheel, altar of the Southern peoples. It was the only attraction in Ronda and gave great gaiety to the town.

A loud-speaker was set up, the gramophone was got going, and the blood of Cristóbal coursed thick and warm, as he heard once more the interminable flamenco songs, the fretted falsetto trills, complex warbling, the long-drawn-out inhuman Arab and synagogue lamentations, all given in voices loud as the desert winds, fresh as the clear mountain air.

The enraptured peasants swarmed about the lottery wheel, repeated the songs, and cried when singing. The donkeys were packed round the human ring, impatiently stamping about with their pretty red belts, tassels, and tinkling bells. Outside the Plaza de Toros, the merchant of wineskins sat with his large piggy bags, cursing himself for having chosen a business so much less lucrative than the wandering musical lottery.

Cristóbal was pleased; he was home. Miranda was wild with joy. They swung arm in arm happily, and at twilight walked down to the small park they had descried when entering town. As Miranda wore a hat (no women do in Ronda—there is not a milliner in town), she was recognized as a foreigner. The wild children in tattered regiments came up screaming the English word, "Moneys." They stretched out palms of every age of dirt. When refused they were madly importunate, annoying,

insulting, even beastly, but their animal laugh crept through it all as if to say, "You are certainly a fool if this blackmail gets you."

Cristóbal urged them off in Spanish, as he knew it was fatal to give a penny. As this had no effect, Miranda spoke French very carefully. The children knew by long experience of tourists that this meant no money, for sentiment never separates a Gaul from his sous, and even babes soon become aware of such rational sentiments.

From the pestering children of this savage city, they passed into the park, the Paseo de le Merced, promenade centre of the town where beggar, noble, merchant, rebel, priest, soldier, señorita, duenna, and an occasional foreigner, a tourist, pass in long procession down its broad central walk. The military band was to play that evening, and the promenade was crowded for the free show. As they turned into the Paseo they looked over its railings into the valley. The view was similar to that from their hotel gardens, but with every few yards their feeling for the scene varied.

From the Paseo, the valley underneath looked a trifle less distant. It was less an affair of perspective, much more a mosaic, but if possible even deeper, certainly more mysterious. Three mills in a clump of cedar trees stood by a rushing and noisy waterfall six hundred feet below. A long trail of donkeys loaded with flour sacks were climbing up the side of the mountain, leading to what was a sister town far older even than the town in which they were staying. The great walls of the sister town rose sheer. On top of that survival of the Moorish fortresses was a wave of cupolas and towers, glinting in the sunset. Bees were humming everywhere, over-fat with the burden of countless flowers. Along the precipice walls, thistle grew, but thistle the size of men's staffs, powerful, gigantic. Across the fields muleteers everywhere were urging their beasts home. The chimneys smoked of charcoal fires (Ronda knew no coal). Beside the garden, in a neglected maize patch, interspersed with monstrous poppies, nestled the little hydro-electric works, sole "factory" of importance in the town, employing some twenty hands. Clean water power and charcoal kept the city spotless.

In the garden was a Lilliput kiosk. In it a Methuselah guardian kept a supply of paper books, handed out without formalities to the

eager lads who sat on a Greek stone seat in a semicircle around the kiosk. There they read, for the most part, of the great *gestes* of Spaniards, who had subjugated many peoples in all climes. After four hundred years the favourite reading was still that of the conflict with the Moors. No boy ever seemed to read enough about the Cid Campeador or the fall of the Rey Chico at Granada.

Ronda had been the capital of three Moorish kingdoms. For hundreds of years Arab dynasts, absolutely safe in this Gibraltar of the mountains, had humbled the emirs of Cordova and beaten the Abencerrage kings of Granada. The siege of Ronda by Ferdinand and Isabella had taken years to prepare. No foreigner ever heard the end of that story. When Cristóbal praised the beauty of Ronda, he was pooh-poohed. "You have seen the new city, the Mercadillo, the merchants' quarter." By the "new city" was meant the more regular streets built in 1487 by the Christian kings. The sons of Ronda still resented that upstart quarter.

The Paseo was full of young girls, dressed with a taste superior on the whole to that of a provincial French or American town of the same size, but provincial nevertheless. But for elaboration, finish, imagination, their headdresses shamed the fashionable coiffures of Paris. They were done in an older style now abandoned by Antoine and the disciples of Eugène. But in its own right, on women it suited, the coiffure surpassed that of the modish French capital of hair. It beat Barcelona and Madrid. Nowhere were women more devoted to their hair. Only at Seville in *fiestas* was the hairdressing equalled. The leading ladies' coiffeur, Antonio Vidal, trained in Paris, kept all the fine señoritas in order, in his primitive booth, with appliances so antique that it took the true genius of a born artisan to transform them into good servants.

All afternoon, after the siesta, the girls kept crowding in, to have their hair attended to, if only to have their combs set right, and if only for two minutes. The plump, angelic, sixteen-year-old girl apprentice kept her happy fingers going as she learned the occult craft. She also made rounds of the richer women every morning where for a few centimos she arranged combs and prinked hair. At home all the women wore dozens of combs to keep these tiers of beauty going. It was by far the most active

business in Ronda, ahead even of donkey straps and tassels. When Miranda returned from a visit to the inspired Antonio Vidal, Cristóbal found in her a new beauty. The results were so superb it was no longer a mystery why a milliner should have perished on the street from starvation.

But the soldiers troubled Cristóbal. They were numerous and belonged to all categories, Civil Guards, assault guards, carabineers, policemen, gendarmes, Regular Army, conscript army, Alpine regiments, reserve "Tercio," and, above all, mountain artillery brigades. They wandered by the dozens in the Paseo, poor, trying to attract the girls, but with no success, first because of strict chaperonage by watch or by gossip, and also because they had no money. The men, tall, handsome, well-built, of the selected mountain artillery regiment, with brown bérets, were cocks of the walk, but they were principally recruited in the Pyrenees and Cantabrian Mountains and cordially disliked. This dislike they returned with compound interest. Nevertheless, their extreme manner was irreproachable. Ostensibly they got on with the people though both sides were warming up for a conflict. Many of them spoke some French. When times were slack they crossed into France for factory jobs. One of them expressed surprise that educated folk like Miranda and Cristóbal should prefer Ronda to Paris. To him the dream of life was to live among the modest factory mechanics in a Paris suburb, and not among "vaunting savages and church burners, hot-heads, knifers, and ignoramuses."

The band struck up the *paso doble*, compound of thumpy accents, wild blood-stirring melody, and bright instrumental colour. As evening fell they went to their hotel for their twelve-course evening meal. As a concession to Miranda, a weak foreigner, it was served as early as eight-thirty. The Spaniards drifted in up to ten.

At dinner they were introduced to the guide and interpreter of the hotel, Rafael García Palaciós. He lived opposite, was dressed in the English manner, and spoke with a Harrow intonation. He recommended the English artist, Mr. Palmer, who had a house on a turret of the Moorish wall in the old town, and whose gardens were on the parapets of some extinguished Boabdil. After this routine tip, an inward sympathy grew up between the two men.

He was not merely a disciple, he was a hem-kisser of Largo Caballero, and he believed in Caballero's mission to redeem Spain, as the ancestors of Miranda had credited the Messiah Sabbatai Sebi.

Despite this difference of opinion the two men chummed together.

Palacios abandoned the framework of constitutional socialism to say, "I am going to the *Círculo Artístico* . . . it is on a matter of business. It is full of *terratenientes*" (estate owners). "To be very honest with you, I hate them. I have worked my way up and I say it without shame. I sold bootlaces, cakes, and newspapers, blacked boots, begged for my widowed mother, lived in a filthy hovel. I worked my way to Madrid, studied, learned foreign languages, and now I own my own house worth ten thousand pesetas. But I shall never forgive them, never. One of these days the people will show how they remember. Spaniards never forgive—you know that, Don Cristóbal. They have tried themselves every time they have taken rent from a hungry peasant, when they are bursting with food. I hate them, hate them. I never say this to polite guests here, but some are of my conviction, I see that."

Cristóbal realized that he was typical of millions of his countrymen. The civil war would be to the knife. Neither side would give way, the rich would die rather than yield a peseta; the poor and the well-off who had tasted poverty would personally indict those who had held power. It would be a blood bath, and no mistake. He and Palacios had common Spanish emotions, analyses, and purposes.

"My good companion," he commented, "our veneers of socialism and anarchism have both worn off . . . the rough wood of terrorism appears naked."

"I have a friend who is a weaver of carpets here—the finest handicraftsman in town, Francisco Cruz Sanchez. He works at hand looms that his fathers have worked before him for generations. But he is intoxicated with these new Moscow doctrines. Funny, isn't it? He weaves like his ancestors, but he talks you blind about stages of development. It's all new to me, so learned. It doesn't seem to be direct thinking. We have to have mass action for immediate objectives but subject to a small party, strict

in theory and discipline, but knowing how to collaborate with the mass. I think that's what he says. What do you think, *compañero*?"

"I will meet him and answer his point of view. It will be a good deed to convert a good artisan."

Cristóbal danced in their room. "I have come to the right town. It is a centre of fermenting thoughts, not poisoned much from the outside. The Army itself is at cross-purposes here. They have too many varieties, and their own dissensions will make us safe." With financing, they could develop the first mass terrorist section in Andalusia, as a model for others. He could see that Palacios was square, not a *provocateur*, despite his hectic phrases. But even so, the police in a small town like this could be bribed with so little! They would not credit anyone with his wealth holding such views, not in Spain! At ten at night, they walked into the hushed streets, until they came into the centre of town where there was as much animation as could be wished. Hundreds of peasants wearing the traditional broad-brimmed, high-crowned Andalusian hats, were sitting or standing about in groups of about a dozen each, chattering steadily, but mostly about their condition and about politics. The time had long passed when they discussed only girls, matadors, and proverbial wisdom.

The lights were gay; in no other country would a remote country town be a tithe so lively. They went out from this life into painted streets, to the market square, where the *ayuntamiento*, the yellow town hall, spread out lazily in soft stone under the full moon, and dreamed, before the statue of a local bard, Rio Rosas. Before them was a bridge, short, with twelve remarkably fashioned lamps, of forged iron, scrolled. As they passed over it, they trembled at the eerie sight before them. The bridge crossed a gulch, apparently bottomless, beyond the night eye of man, the celebrated Tajo, or canyon, of Ronda, cutting the city into two parts, and at night descending to Stygian depths. The two towns seemed to be suspended in air, facing each other, on the crest of mountains that had no base. On the untenanted bridge, in the quiet, Miranda held the hand of her lover taut, for in all her wanderings it was the first scene that had held her in awe. There were some straggling lights on both sides where, they correctly guessed, the mills that they had seen from the

Paseo were situated.- The houses on one side were huddled on the very edge of the cliff, in vertiginous and dangerous posts. On the other side, it seemed a road wound down with gardens overhanging stone walls. At the end of the bridge slept a mysterious city, the *ciudad*, city of the Arabs, the old town as distinguished from the merchant quarter in which they lived. Out of this town Don Juan must have sprung, a lover out of darkness illustrated by quiet white walls. The lanes were bordered by large white mansions, with servants bending over the many balconies, to see a rare muleteer stamp over the cobbles.

The supernatural calm of the side streets was modified by the laugh of a shoemaker, surrounded by his numerous progeny. Some wind instrument, playing the long, pastoral, serenade airs of the region, would relieve the quiet in another street. They wound down the Tenorio, into lanes where the walls closed in on them, and rubbed them for a space, only to discharge them suddenly into some baroque square, where large religious walls washed the night. Finally they found themselves in the plaza of the old city. In its centre was a formal garden, in which poplars moved geometrically around a flower pattern. On one side the moon advertised a church with the balconies of a palace; in this immobile scene, the stars canopied the fixed high trees, and the pale milky way festooned the slumbering mansions.

They came back by way of the main road, the Almirian and Corro Teniente, past the palace of the educator, Giner de los Rios, scion of the most distinguished liberal family of Andalusia. They dawdled by the innumerable escutcheons of the houses of the local nobility, until they passed the bridge, poised in the void, embracing the two blessed towns. The first night in Ronda was a fulfilment. They had chosen rightly, there was no doubt. They slept in the hotel, which hangs over the astonishing cliff, floating in their dreams, for they were in an eagle's nest.

The morning found them anxious to see the full scope of their night wanderings, in full sunlight, in their chosen city of revolt. They rather dreaded disappointment, after the poetry of the night, but were pleasantly undeceived. At first they strolled into the Paseo. There they found a pack of idlers, cheering on an insane male swan which was mercilessly pecking at two pathetic ducks, biting them savagely, and really imperilling their lives. The ducks

tried to get into the water, but the male swan was guarding its four cygnets and no alien fowl could swim in the pool where its brood was to thrive. The Spanish crowd enjoys cruelty. They cheered on the horrible defender of his cygnets and roared with large, sadist waves of laughter at the dying ducks. They gave cheers, however, impartially to a powerful mallard duck which had some secret power over the male swan, and swam prodigiously in its own section of the pond. Miranda noted with joy that Cristóbal was capable of a real holiday since he took an absurd interest in barnyard battles. The cobwebs of the counting-house were brushed aside: he would gain forces for his career.

From there they wandered into a Dantesque grove, a round group of wooden benches under carefully trimmed branches, in a circle of trees where four old *rentiers* were conjuring up their youth and, with a red-eyed octogenarian hunchbacked priest, lamenting the folly of the young generation. The philosophic grove gave birth to too much peripatetic nonsense. They left and walked past the bridge.

The canyon was not so terrible as at night but, had they not seen it first by night, they would have been made breathless, for its beauties were astounding in the verdure; its depth could not be believed even as one looked down. The stream at the bottom, called the Guadalevín, bubbled hundreds of feet below in the cleft. Above the precipice tops, goats, sure-footed, looked down in groups over the crazy vertiginous cliff. They nibbled thistles, and were like loafers in a café, lazy and curious about all that passed. Below the bridge, a quarter of a mile down, was a Moorish bridge, graceful as a portal of the Alhambra. Still further down was arched a sturdy bridge, built originally by the Romans and slightly repaired. It crossed the river at its lowest point. The medley of houses, rock, pools, Arab baths, garden walls, sheep, cattle, olive trees, vineyards, cedars, poplars, cork trees, with broad prairies beyond to the left, and fortress walls, Achaean stones, old mills, donkey roads, palaces, market halls, and the mighty Sierra on the right, amassed the picturesque beyond comprehension. They got away from it for, through its excess of beauties, they feared it would work injustice on everything else they might see.

The *ciudad* was fresh in the daytime. The mystical walls stripped themselves of mystery with the dawn to take on mild charm. They

got down to a high-roofed, thin Gothic church, a Sainte-Chapelle erected by their Catholic Majesties to commemorate the wresting of the *ciudad* from the Moor. There they turned down a stony street where housewives sang catches to each other as they washed the paving stones. They passed the Arab gates, into a common leading to the Barrio de San Francisco, a low-lying suburb full of poultry, children, flowers, respectful old crones and coats of arms.

Day after day they ambled, talked to everyone, became liked. They wandered to the east, where the scene ended with a grey mountain barrier that set limits to adventure, for it looked an absolute; to the south, where myrtle and date-palm really flourished wild. The earth was deep red and populous with shrines. The terraced hills were built up forever, like the thousand miles of the Yangtze Kiang: to the west, where the land was mournful, large, infertile by comparison only; to the north, where the twin towns of Ronda were lifted on a fulcrum, as the Málaga highroad went on. Broken-down, high-arched monastic refectory walls served as olive-storeyards. Closed monasteries and nunneries were covered with chalked and painted atheist insults. Women gathered at the water fountains with their immemorial jugs. There, statues of the ever-forgiving Madonnas greeted them with child smiles.

Soldiers sat on chairs by the churches with fixed bayonets, and chaffed the mocking children.

From every corner, the town presented those infinite views that are the witness of beauty. No wonder the family of Miranda had sung of that land for four centuries, that to this day the mob at Fez breaks into laments at the loss of this paradise to the cursed Christians!

Cristóbal became sane here. The life of the people was pure in its objects: they had no devious means of living. One night as Cristóbal slept well, in spite of the Sahara heat, he dreamt he was on clouds, in which puffy, big-bellied cherubim played reedy harmonicons and that they soon receded and plucked at his opened heart, moving the muscles twangily; after that it seemed he was carried on the backs of belled mules, braying senselessly. His consciousness increased in a swimming motion, until he became aware of a serenade whose melodies—tropical, smooth, full of sliding notes—sighed, then waltzed. He went to the balcony, and saw beneath ten musicians: two guitars, one mandolin, two violins,

one flute, one clarinet, one oboe, one French horn, one large harp. This medley made up a night music, saccharine, mellifluous. The lyric tenor voice of the guitarists rang out, operatic, to be succeeded by a still higher lyric tenor from the harpist. He was puzzled, however joyfully involved, and began himself singing the airs. He saw the guide Palacios give them their largess; they went away quite happy. It was four in the morning.

He recalled it was St. Christopher's day—that of his name saint. That splendid chap Palacios had remembered his name and paid for the serenade. Not since boyhood had his name day been serenaded; he felt so young again! Miranda stood beside him at the window. Now she knew Spain was but a stupid geographer's name for heaven. She showered him with short kisses, and laughingly held him in a rain of love until the morning came up full. At breakfast they ate far too many *churros*, *buñuelos*, oranges, and drank cups of over-roasted coffee; the Spanish breakfast faced two Gargantuas and was defeated.

He went to the tailor to have him go over his suits. In the atelier they saw twenty girls, from fourteen to eighteen years old, in the patio, sewing by hand, all day, to the accompaniment of folk songs *a cappella* . . . chorales they were in form. They were the songs special to the women of the province, a well of folk melody. Unceasing and varied, many were finer in texture than the chorus of spinning maidens in *The Flying Dutchman*. The distaff side of creation had worked out these embroidered roundelays to cover up the long day in housework and woman's common tasks in field and workshop. They were like the songs of the girls in the tobacco factory in Seville, but gayer, fresher, less urban. He listened. Miranda asked, "Are the songs of the many-throated people without end?" The bookseller told them that cycles of these songs were being paraphrased by Garcia Lorca, the communist Homer of Granada, and given in his recitals to the workers gathered in taverns in Andalusia. He was also creating a wandering troupe of bards and actors, to sing the life, work, sufferings, hopes, and vengeance of the people, out of their own idiom.

"The poor," said the news vendor, stocked with anarchist pamphlets (but alas, they sold no more—the people were going Marxist), "the poor have four free gifts: air, water from a public

stream, the streets they pace, the voice with which they talk and sing. The last gift is the best."

"Not at all," said a listening soldier, a practical Aragonese. "To sit in bodegas and sing for ever is the sign of a child slave-mind. What we need in Spain is thought and resolution, and then our songs will be hearty, not plaintive . . . they will sound our new manhood."

Cristóbal cultivated the acquaintance of this corporal, an amateur boxer, as a good start for his work in the local regiment. Miranda, too, thought him promising.

The Pinzón ménage settled in a pretty, small house, with a rose-painted patio, a lazy bronze fountain (wonder of wonders!), a bathroom (a British barbarian had once tenanted the house), and a small garden, from which the mountains leading towards Gibraltar peered over their wall. Here Cristóbal got together all his papers. Miranda alone took care of them "so that you can no longer have the feel of money." It was simple. She paid the rents of vaults for gold, paid the fees of solicitors for company meetings, reinvested the dividends received in Rotterdam from all sources in the same shares from which they came. It was no longer a question of policy but merely routine. Cristóbal heard no more of it.

He had failed to convert Cruz Sanchez the weaver or Garcia Palacios the guide, but he had one little hanger-on, a young anarchist who was attracted by the Pinzón sandwiches. He was a child-boned boy of nineteen, with the face of a girl. He had sought fortune outside Ronda, and was conceited in his extremely halting knowledge of English. He looked like a Moorish slave: he might have come from the Moriscos. He bore the superb name of Antonio López Martínez. He always gave his name in full. He was brave, despite his tiny frame, and would have endured for months in mountain warfare with a rifle.

One day as Miranda was coming down the Calle de Espinel, she saw a group of children, sitting on the kerbstone, instructed by a young man weighing seventeen stone, dressed as a six-year-old in sailor costume. The children had to sing "*Yo quiero chocolate, oui, oui, oui,*" and a long rigmarole to vary the chant.

In the crowd was Antonio, laughing with the other children. Miranda followed him for several evenings, and found that whenever the fat boy appeared, he was met by a howling mob of children

who forced him to repeat his ditties. In that dancing crowd was laughing Antonio. She followed the poor chocolate seller to his mean hotel, where, in his terrible shabby civil clothing he sat, weary of his manufactured jollity, eating oranges. It was all he could afford. Through the window there looked at him with brotherly compassion, the hungry Antonio. His tears were free: he always forgot to cry when he put on his Castilian dignity for others. The Pinzóns gave him up, though an anarchist, as a possibility, for the Ronda cell, but continued his sandwiches.

Apparently, even in little Ronda it was not easy to gain a following. The common people read the communist *Mundo Obrero*, warning them against the "pyrotechnics of terrorism, firecrackers set off by police spies." Cristóbal therefore thought it might be more practical to go back to Catalonia where the job looked easy, but Miranda held him to his own people, and he had found in her an inflexible mistress. He changed his mind as he began a cycle of rapid successes. The successes resulted from the work of his wife, whose patience achieved more than his large hopes.

XXXVII

THE TERRORIST FORCES GATHER

MIRANDA began with the women. She had lived a year in Ronda before she was universally known and respected. The energy she had displayed in fourteen years of labour fights in Paris remained with her. Only the police commissioner knew she was born abroad. Her classic Spanish speech was far more inward, varied, rich, puissant, than that of the dialect speakers of the town. She was now feeling stronger. The invasion of her lungs was stayed; she coughed much less, although frequently her sheets were covered with the damp of the tubercular body. But her life was now so stoked by high endeavour that her flame would have consumed a phalanx of germs. Her love was great, but while she worshipped Cristóbal, whose meteor had sped through the world and landed in the cave of Monte Cristo, she worried continually whether his frenzy of vengeance was not the whipped-cream emotion of the billionaire, and not, as with her, the author of her thoughts, the lash of her being. For Miranda never forgave what she had suffered: in that Cristóbal and she were the same.

She loved him powerfully, but not believingly. She respected women more than men, to begin with. The child-carriers, the child-nurses, the wardens of the poor men's castles, the ferocious beings who would kill to defend their cubs, the individualists (since each plays her own game in her own little cell)—these were for her the foundations of anarchist approach. Men worked in gangs, fearful of shame before others in their pack, full of dodges, compromises, excuses, often day-dreaming about deserting their duties by some fancied tramp life in the land of no-one-knows-where. Men were the weak sex, the coward sex. They were natural tavern loafers. Rather than face the stark issues of the home, they sought the solace of bar-room cronies, or club *plapperer*. She was more than feminist

—she was near to advocating the matriarchate and the Amazon Guard.

Especially in Spain. These women who sang all day in chorus, who danced from their mighty abdomens downwards, who were crowned with headdresses that proclaimed them all queens, mighty laughers, unashamed in their gurgling bragging of their lusty joys of the night before—*these* were women, not the civilized, neurotic-libertine, thwarted ladies of New York or Paris.

She waited for the stirrings of pregnancy, that she might feel life in her belly, as in her heart and brain. She was not afraid that it might gear her towards early death. That pregnancy never came and her mouth tasted vinegar. Great as were her love and lusts, she felt they were out of an orchard suspended in air that could suck up no fruit from earthy roots. She must present mankind with a child made up of her stuff and Cristóbal's. She loved the legend of the Gracchi . . . she had the assurance of Cornelia. In that sick woman, all was health.

A year they had waited in Ronda and still Cristóbal was absorbed in his schemes. He spoke much less, he was preoccupied. Miranda said, "It's the dull clothing of empty thoughts, it is lazily woven by a torpid will." She had gathered a thousand women in Ronda who would have assailed the arsenal had she given the order. "Such was the result of activity; reflection had nothing comparable to show.

The Right had won the elections in 1934, if elections they were. Gil Robles was coming into power. His populist mask slipped at once. The wages of peasants were almost immediately slashed in half. The *Bienio Negro*—the two black years—began; the judges were jailing radicals right and left.

Still the anarchists did nothing and talked of the "great day." The city of Ronda remained in nervous order during the fearful October days of the Asturian uprising and of the crash of Company's in Catalonia. Still Cristóbal, faithful to the philosophy of his group, sustained them in their refusal officially to back the insurrection, although their individual followers could not hold off and had helped splendidly. Their day of vengeance was so comprehensive, it need never come.

In the meantime, the consumption again made inroads into Miranda. It was clear she had only a few years to go, even

in that climate. She must do a good job before she was struck down.

"Cristóbal, I don't like the moves of your Barcelona friends. Isn't it about time you took out a pair of surgical scissors and cut the tegument that unites you to your Siamese twin, Cristóbal the boy anarchist? Don't you see the contradiction between your exulting yesterday over the loyalty and aid of the syndicalists who backed those Asturian miners, and your excusing the lame reasons for their inaction of the leaders in Barcelona in the same crisis!"

When the jails were filled with over thirty thousand political prisoners, and the firing squads had finished their jobs, the anarchist papers still appeared, properly censored. She spoke at once.

"Cristóbal, do you propose to stay blind to this simple business? Must I use the old phrase about a woman's instinct? The anarchist newspapers appear, they plaster the walls of cities with appeals to the workers against the tyranny of state communism. They sing the beauty of libertarian communism. Now, note you, they are ten times more virulent against the unborn slavery of communism than against the reigning oppression of Gil Robles. That stress is so perfectly adapted to survival. You—the man that hopes to lead in conspiracies—on this one vestige of youth, you take refuge in sentimentalisms. Not that I love you less for your unflinching loyalty to old ideals. What do you think of my suspicions?"

"I understand your implications. I am not agreed, but the folly of the exclusive righteousness of our anarchists certainly makes them act as though they were in league with the state at this time. Wait till they hear from me."

He wrote a series of letters to all the leaders of the movement in Barcelona and Valencia protesting against their sectarianism. He advertised the merits of a people's front. As the largest contributor to propaganda funds, he was listened to with some respect, despite the independence of the committees. He helped to smooth matters, to create a less intransigent attitude, but he could not congratulate himself too much. It was plain to him that he would have to come back to his old terrorist plot, conceived and executed with his unlimited funds. He should rely only on men trained under him.

Events moved fast. He was called in by the chief of police, who threw before him a large bag containing copies of every letter he had ever sent out.

"These letters prove, Don Cristóbal, that you are a man of great wealth, too rich to live in Ronda for no reason at all. Secondly, you are, for some reason I cannot plumb, unless you are unsound of mind, connected with the C.N.T. and engaged in every kind of absurd plot. You know the recent dispositions of justice in the Asturias. What have you to say?"

"How much?" asked Cristóbal.

"Don't be so clever with me. I cannot be bought. I would rather live poor in a Catholic loyal Spain than rich in one you seem to think you can get away with."

"How much?"

"I warn you, Don Cristóbal, not to provoke me. I am not for sale."

"How much?"

"Thirty thousand pesetas."

"Too much."

"I know what you are worth."

"Oh, you do? I am not worth a sou."

"You own some companies that are."

"Ten thousand pesetas cash and a modern house worth fifteen thousand, in the new district."

"Agreed, surrender your *cédula personal*."

"Why?"

"Why, to change the number of your card. Madrid has you marked 67855. They usually don't look under names."

"Thanks."

"No thanks, that's for the house."

"Done." He was safe for a while, but Madrid was watching.

The police chief was bought off. Cristóbal now worked feverishly. But the splitting tendency, curse of Spain, asserted itself, plagued his steps. The communist saddler, Pablo Menendez, sneered at "bourgeois republicans, social-fascist socialists and anarchist *provocateurs*." He certainly had learned a string of phrases, longer than the bootlaces he made. When it was known all over Ronda that Cristóbal was an anarchist leader despite his fine home in the *ciudad* (luckily it was not to be compared with the old nobility's bailiwicks), that he was a fellow-Andalusian, despite his accent, that Miranda had been a successful labour champion for years, new life was infused into the workers. They knew they

did not have a sou. They were not beggars but they wanted funds for the movement.

The communists scorned him. "A muddle-headed Bakuninist," laughed the weaver. "He plays with our fate as he does with his coins. Head or tail, whichever comes up, he has the coins." The crowd of artisans, field labourers, day labourers mostly concurred. It is hard for Spanish workers to trust the rich.

"A corruptionist," honestly expostulated the tailor, Cristóbal's own tailor, the socialist mouthpiece. "Even if I lost his trade, I say, with that much money, he wants to corrupt us. Oh, he's a sly one! Sees further than the rest of his class. Pretends to be one of us, worships the same words, and will throw us out when we are sold to him. Does he take us for idiots?"

"A plumed knight," said the sallow anarchist school teacher, the passionate Hernando Diaz. "He shows like Shelley, Tolstoy, Bakunin, Mazzini, that the greatest champions of the folk come from those who wept as they saw their own comfort and contrasted it with the misery of others, just as good men as they."

The landlords and priests got together. They sent denunciations to the civil governor at Málaga. But no go. The governor's secretary had been bought for really next to nothing. They received studied evasions in reply.

"An unbalanced man of high ideals," commented the fair, liberal doctor of medicine, Antonio Altamira.

"A man who once directed constitutionally could do much for the people here," said the old-fashioned tory pharmacist, the satyr-faced, over-polite Melquides de Soto. All Ronda was divided in its opinion of the new leader. Conversation among the high-crowned hats on the Calle de Espinel led nearly to blows.

The idyllic city of Ronda was soon a mass of slogans and counter-slogans. On every white wall in the city, even on the houses of the once sacrosanct nobility, were red-painted the words WHO DOES NOT WORK, HE SHALL NOT EAT, with the hammer and sickle crudely signed beneath. The next day a hundred servant girls were scrubbing the walls, or covering them with whitewash, a comic brigade. Their job was useless.

The next day there appeared DOWN WITH THE CACIQUE with the three arrows of the Socialist International. Then came the deluge. The once mystic walls with luminous paint recounted LET THE RICH

PAY and THE LAND TO THE PEASANTS, in a hundred places. The police arrested and fined galore. For one arrested, twenty painters sprang up. Old nobles going to their club to play bezique grew cholerick, scratched at the symbols with their canes. They counter-attacked: the first time they had appealed to literacy in their social history.

The walls of the onetime Little Vatican were not left to the Reds. Soon there appeared ARRIBA ESPAÑA; but that had lost its magic. They tried TEAR OUT THE MARXIST CANCER; a few goats nibbled thoughtfully when they looked at it, but men were not impressed. The nobles covered the once chaste walls of their estates with slicker appeals. THE ARMY, THE KING, THE ALTAR, THE BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD. It was all right except for the King: he had been out and would stay out.

The contest went on. Wherever the sign UP SPAIN appeared, it was met by LONG LIVE THE GENERAL STRIKE. When THE ALTAR appeared on a church it met with DEATH TO THE LAZY FRIARS. At least nine-tenths of the town was now Left in one shade or another. The whole atmosphere was charged as in *On the Eve* in the celebrated descriptions of Russia before the Serf Decree, by Turgenev, or the careful studies by Arthur Young of France before the Bastille.

Along with this male exhibitionism the legions of women were being carefully drilled by Miranda. They were thought safe for the Church or at least indifferent. The police were not so watchful there. Under the 1935 government, though, Miranda's task was tolerably easy. The estate owners, the ancient nobility for the most part, forced the peasant wages down to two and a half pesetas a day (in Cadiz province and in Jaén far less), and as the peasant averaged one hundred and fifty days' work his total income per annum was less than ten pounds a year. In Badajoz where there were oak trees the peasants fought off the celebrated Serrano pigs for the acorns, but in the Arcadia about Ronda there was nothing. The Civil Guard was active. There were no strikes.

The men were fiery, eloquent, and their stubble-bearded faces opened to threaten dire things, but the women were absolutely determined that their children should live. The death rate for children under five, always fantastically high in Spain, reached a new and unexpected peak.

Miranda led a procession of a thousand women to the city hall, and threatened a general attack on the homes and children of the

rich unless the mayor bestirred himself and got the Civil Governor of Málaga to relieve their distress. The women, some clothed in rags, the gipsy crones even in torn rags, their patched skirts gone, were beating a great drum, for all the world like the women of Paris who dragged back Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette from their palace to promise fidelity to the will of the people.

The mayor cried, "The woman is a foreigner." She triumphantly held up her Spanish passport. "That woman is rich enough to feed you all."

"We know it, she has told us," yelled Dolores Negrin, half-gipsy, "but we don't want the charity of the rich. We want justice from the state that took away our men's salaries."

The food relief arrived the next day. It was surprising how efficient Spain could be under threatening conditions. The women almost as a body stopped going to church, not because of conversion (if a baby coughed they still went down before the chromo of the Sacred Heart), but because the priests were so clearly one with the landlords. There were rumours that up around the Asturias the priests were not like that, but no one credited it. They talked their husbands out of quietism and café revolution; they henpecked the poor fellows until they nearly preferred the clutches of their landlords to the lashing tongues of their wives.

The revolutionary moment was at hand. Cristóbal was busy. He took a flying trip to Lisbon, and had landed, in the marshlands above Huelva, twenty thousand old American army Krag-Jorgensen rifles, the celebrated talisman of the American officers' club in Manila:

*Damn, damn, damn the Filipino—
We'll civilize him with a Krag.*

The consignment was sent to the concierge of the convent of our Blessed Lady of Mercy in Málaga marked as clothing supplies, and sidetracked in the classification yards of the railway there by the secretary of the C.N.T. It was Cristóbal's first play at gun-running. He picked up experience. But he wanted up-to-date guns, not the antiques of the British and American armies. For the moment he took old ones: five thousand Mausers, three thousand Lebel's, three thousand Lee-Enfields, two thousand Remingtons, two thousand Springfields. That made only thirty-five thousand

in all. It was not enough, even for the South of Spain. Not that the Spanish army rifles were anything to write home about. But they were better than his. He sent in thirty Lewis guns openly by lorry to Badajoz, and awaited them equally openly at the customs in his excellent clothing and a Hispano-Suiza. He winked at perjured customs officers, passed them notes from palm to palm in handshakes. The officers were sure they were for the fascists and saluted with the Mussolini ankylosis. Thus opened up new vistas for Cristóbal. He could ostensibly do all his gun-running for the fascists and so get in unlimited supplies.

He paid out £100,000 and got nice new machine guns from St.-Etienne and Liège. They were sent directly to the Falange Española in Seville. The secretary of that group was his man. The guns were shipped to Jaén where he had made connexion with a valiant and clever old anarchist, Luis Litrán, who, despite his adeptness, rarely spent time outside of jail. He spent another £50,000 for automatic revolvers (from the U.S.A.) for close street fighting. These were shipped openly by way of Cadiz, landed at the port, and motored without shame or concealment and without declaration to the headquarters of the C.E.D.A., the party of Gil Robles, the secretary of which was in Cristóbal's pay. Whatever supply Cristóbal smuggled in (and it would be enough to fight off the Regular Army for a few weeks) was later to be nearly all the arms with which the popular levies resisted Franco.

After the Asturias it was obvious that anyone with a hundred pesetas to spare was arming. Both sides were preparing, but the money side was arming ten to one. In Andalusia it promised to be reversed. Cristóbal was gaining in scope and was sure that he would soon work out plans whereby he would bury the Rights in armaments.

He came back after weeks of action, and Miranda met him with confidence and joy. Unwittingly she had underrated his capacities. She now knew that women could scarcely have the immense energy to organize six centres, smuggle in great supplies of arms, corrupt officials of the state—and within the fascist parties, too. She was gay, and rewarded him with a kebab and pilaff of chicken livers (she was a fine cook of Levantine delicacies) and a dessert of *baklava* and *halvab*, made according to her mother's formula. That had made her the hit of the French officers' mess at Salonika.

She sat down on a cushion, and fed him with a large spoon like her baby come home, and buried her head in his lap, so glad he was back again. Six weeks of loneliness and her Amazon resolution wavered. "Six weeks of loneliness and I knew that I would not have lived to this day had you not taken me in your dear arms." They caressed each other more than ever. Action had to be stilled; she could not longer hold out against her hacking cough, if her poor breasts were not held by a lover. "You have the courage of a lioness, you work so hard." He kept on urging. "Why not go to St. Moritz or this place in Arizona where they have a special dry-sun treatment?"

"And leave you alone?"

"It would not be for long."

"And wake up every night and hear your voice from a battlefield, or see your body falling before a firing squad. What would recover my health? No, let us go on working."

"Dearest Miranda, do you really think we can win, safely? I do not. If I accomplish this vengeance against the system, some assassin of the Right will get me as I have got them. I am struggling for victory . . . life I count already gone."

"So do I."

"You must survive, Miranda. You will be rich. After all, you are not a Spaniard . . ."

"No, but I am a Cristóbalian, a new and permanent nation."

"The finest exiles have naturalized themselves."

"Not the tubercular ones. I have two countries: my husband and his cause. I go from one to the other."

"Why do you love me so much, a *grande tête molle*, a soft-head, full of pulpy ideas, romantic, a victim of my high pulse rate. Look here, Miranda, to this day I cannot read a newspaper of our side, read the chronicle of Germany and Italy, but I go mad, stamp the room, bite my fingers till they nearly swell with tumours. I cannot read the accounts of the murder of the Communards without wanting to clutch my fingers around the dead gorge of Gallifet. Every day as I read of the white terror in Europe, in South America, the company thugs in America, my blood runs fast. It was the same at twelve and now at forty-three. I have controlled it in the search for money, but it is always there. I hate them—I want to get that class. Millions mean nothing to me. I am so rich I get

sick when I count the figures . . . it is a lunacy of figures. I must be possessed and in an asylum. I have passed the trenches from reality to the fantastic world. Only my passion for revolution keeps me on this side of the moon. But why should you be a victim of my indignations? Why, Miranda? My money will help to reduce your sufferings if I go. Love me, Cristóbal Pinzón, but do not follow me—the madman who loves to see the proud fall and the rich crumble, with nearly maniac joy.”

“You would speak more as a lover if you spoke less as an exalted boy. Look, you have more to spend than the Banco de España, yet you have run in only a few armaments. I without one penny have got the women up in arms in Ronda and its *serranía*: I reach all that can hear my voice. Is it lack of ability that confines you to a mere putsch in Andalusia? No, my love, it is that you hate the oppressor more than you love your fellow. Rest on the broad back of the masses. Don’t be obsessed by the idea of the individual terrorist buying up history with his unlimited resources.”

“I once heard that from Dr. Walewski.”

“With this difference, Cristóbal. It is the experience I feel as a working woman. I can understand history because I have laboured as one of a mass, something you have never, never done. You have always been important, I always obscure. Cristóbal, love, that makes us see things differently. I remember when I was in Belleville, and I was talking to the *metallos*—grimy men—on Marx’s theory of surplus value. The professors in Oxford find it dull and hard to follow, but these men understood surplus value. They *produce* it every day. They followed it as subtle doctors of the schools their rigmarole about God’s attributes. So there, you see?”

Her reasoning had the opposite effect to Miranda’s fondest wish. It released an eloquence and passion beyond anything that she had ever heard from that Dionysiac spirit. He became scintillating with proofs.

“I am doing the right thing. Mass action had the support of millions in Germany and Italy. Now it lies so low and none to reverence. But build me here in Ronda and five other fastnesses foci of mountain insurrection; let this revolt be endemic in all the small mountain strongholds, Grazzalema, Gaucín, San Pedro de Alcántara, closing the road from Málaga to Gibraltar, from Algeciras to Cadiz and Seville, harassing for months the Regular Army.

Then that fortress of the revolution will so weaken the Madrid gang that it will crash before the consequent mass movement. Personal vengeance does it. The tribal pride of the Riffs finally brought down Primo de Rivera. It is always so. Dictators always look invincible until the day they go. How do you account for it, Miranda? The material forces remain much the same, the mass hatred has always been present. "The economic basis is always weak . . . otherwise the wealthy people would never have called in a dictator to begin with. Yet they make a mistake, some expedition fails, some prestige is lost, and they are out. This is a Spanish land, I am following the same lines as Madero and Villa and Zapata. They brought down Porfirio Diaz—and do not make me laugh by telling me Robles has the stuff of those dictators." Miranda agreed so far.

There was a knock at the gate. They sent out Encarnación, the cook.

"Napoleon swept aside the well-thought-out scheme of the Directory to sidetrack him. Why? Because he got Toulon and won Rivoli and no one else could do it. England fights the Boers, a derisory opponent. A Christian de Wet hates her *personally*. he shows up every weakness in her structure—he is like a professor of anatomy putting a dinosaur or whale on a cosmic dissecting table. Germany sees Britain's weakness, prepares to attack her, and she fights for four years towards a Pyrrhic victory. What did it? The never forgiving Christian de Wet. And to-day her face is that of Palmerston but her hand that of Lord North; again the legacy of de Wet's revenge."

Encarnación interrupted. "There are three señors waiting to see you. Where shall I put them?"

"In the salon. I will be there in five minutes." He had to close his case: it was a wife that had to be converted. "I will avenge Spain by avenging the Andalusians among whom I suffered. Here I begged in the streets, here I hungered, here I slept, bitten by bugs. Here my sister died. In this land sleeps my father. We are gaining in organization. I am working over a sixth of Spain. I have the secretary of the Marine Federation at Cartagena corrupting the ratings in the fleet. We will close the Straits of Gibraltar to the fleet. We will burn the aerodromes—they will not be able to land planes. Floating mines don't cost much nor do Lucifer matches."

He was intoxicated by the flow of his thoughts, in a delirium of action. Miranda against her deeply grounded proletarian instincts rallied to her husband rather than to her mind, and even thought he might carry off the great coup, victory in Spain.

Cristóbal went downstairs, and took out a revolver, by reflex, in view of his present business. He entered the salon, and by a species of second sight, co-ordinated astonishingly, shot and winged Felipe Jovenalles, a local aristocrat, whose revolver dropped to the carpet. Cristóbal quickly dived and got it. The slightly wounded boy looked fierce and sneered. His long face and longer aristocratic nose were signs of a class that noted plebeian insults. He was the fanatical head of the fascist organization of younger sons.

"Gentlemen," said Cristóbal, "what is the object of this kind reception in my own home? Please introduce yourselves. I know my dear friend, Felipe, but not you two."

The first was quick. "I am Don Félix Echegaray of the Ministry of Justice. My friend here is General Pedro Calderon, retired, of the secret service of the Ministry of War. Your actions in importing munitions have been reported to us. You see, people in the Falange are watched, strange as it may seem to your wonderful and superior personality, and we know all your corruptions, bribes, disguises.

"The head of the Government knows that you are a very wealthy man. Even in 1918 you were credited wealthiest citizen of Barcelona by the Ministry of Public Finance. Well, then, the simplest task of all. We propose to arrest you, and release you only upon your ceding your entire fortune to the state. You are trapped and for good. You do not have to reveal the hiding place of the money, but if you do not, we will shoot you."

"What do you estimate my fortune at?"

"Do not deceive us—it is at least 100,000,000 pesetas (£2,700,000). We will settle for no less. We intend to ruin you, my dear revolutionist, the man that would be king." He bowed very low. "Your papers are in this house, we shall search. There are a hundred guards surrounding your property, even to the cellars and neighbouring roofs. We shall arrest your wife

as well, the Jewess." He spat, and was slapped with a vigour that surprised him and even the groaning Felipe, neglected on the sofa.

"Gentlemen, you have decided to ruin me, seize my papers, which you know are in this house, insult and arrest my wife. This I take it is your programme? Good. Hold me here while you search the house first, because then you will have the receipts and you will be rich."

"Just what I thought," said the general. "You would do anything rather than go to jail." What they did not know was that the papers were in duplicate. The originals were in Rotterdam. The Ronda copies were in a bundle. There was a pressure bell under the centre table in the salon which, when stepped on, told Miranda to destroy all papers in the desk. This she did. They were all burned.

They searched the house, but as it was that of a rich man, they carefully restored everything. Above all they seized some illegal literature, for which they gave him a formal receipt. They knew he had no safe-deposit vaults in Spain. They had consulted all files. He had no papers at home; his wealth was a mystery. There was nothing to it but to take him incommunicado to prison at Málaga, and torture him.

For six weeks the emulators of the Inquisition worked on him. The tortures were of the old reliable breed, from matches under the finger-nail and water dropping slowly on the head down to information that his wife was dead. Unfortunately they were too canonical.

One night the governor of the prison, who had hungered for this graft, announced that he was retiring. It was December 31, 1935. He was originally from Mexico, and intended to go back on January 2, 1936, from Gibraltar, by way of New York. His pension was one thousand pesetas a month. As he was sixty-five and had liver disease, he counted ten years as a maximum possibility. He would rather have a short life and a merry one. If Cristóbal would let him have two hundred thousand pesetas, he would let him out. The difficulty was to arrange the business. They hit on a formula.

The governor left at midnight, to the cheers of his warders. The good-byes over, his machine sped out towards Gibraltar,

and also a private car, in which he ordered Cristóbal taken out by a guard. Both cars raced to Gibraltar.

The chained Cristóbal was transferred to the governor's car at Marbella, on a cliff over the sea. He was to be kept for preventive questioning at San Roque on Spanish soil five kilometres from Gibraltar. If he paid over in Gib, he was to be released; if not, sent back from preventive questioning to Málaga jail. At San Roque, Cristóbal held the governor's mouth, and they sped across La Linea, where he spoke with a sharp Oxford accent to the guard: the car went through. The British police released Cristóbal, but told him to leave the Rock that day. The governor was cheated.

Cristóbal wired Gil Robles that his quarry was gone, and jumped on the Tangier boat. There he settled with the Spanish authorities for a complete release and whitewash. It cost him only one hundred thousand pesetas. He got back to Cadiz and found, as he had suspected, that the whole plot of the lynx-eyed ministry was due to his paid accomplice in Cadiz having talked in his cups to the fanatical Felipe Jovenalles. Felipe knew his politics, since he came from Ronda and put two and two together.

Cristóbal was sick, haggard, and mutilated. His body was full of cicatrices, which the kindly prison officials put into the red patches left from the fire in the rue de Montpensier. He demanded an inquiry from the bribed police at Cadiz, to accord in colour with the whitewash he had bought at Tangier. He was triumphantly acquitted, although the facts were notorious. Cristóbal shipped the talkative accomplice on one of the luxury cruisers, coming from New York, and going about the world. He was safe from blackmail and any other exposure. In the meantime he had both written and wired to Ronda, but no reply came from Miranda.

She was in jail, too, but in the women's division at Seville, also incommunicado, in total violation of the civil code, whose great professor was prime minister. The doors opened for her quickly enough when the attempt to extort money from Cristóbal was suspended. He waited for her at the entrance.

She came out, barely alive. A badly ventilated cell, slightly humid, had done her in. The improvement of two years in Ronda was more than cancelled.

She saw her lover, fled into his waiting arms, and was so weak, that she next woke up in her bed in Ronda, unknowing of the trip, and thinking, when she saw her home and husband, that she had simply been the victim of one of those elaborate, long-drawn, demoniac nightmares that frequently tormented her in her tubercular sweats. She did not speak for several days, but in her fever kept repeating, "Jewess, Jewess." The Inquisition-minded jailers had covered her with spittle and revived the hatred of the centuries on her head. When she was fully recovered she told her story, gravely, not bitterly, but her vengeance ran through her being. She understood her husband better after seeing the science with which happy Spain was run by its governors.

"They called me Portuguese, too, because my name is D'Acosta." This insult galled her more than all others.

"Did they torture you?" said Cristóbal.

"No, not at all, they did not even question me, but they told me every day how they were torturing you at Málaga and at last that you were dead."

"And you believed?"

"Not a word."

"The torture was true."

She said nothing further. She did not dare to comment—it would loosen her hatred beyond control.

"They promised me a cell in the women's model prisons, all light, circular, airy, and got up by professors of penology," she said, "but I missed their convicts' Riviera." Cristóbal too was silent. The business was terrible: there was no need to etch it.

Now Cristóbal went ahead unconcealed, taking great risks, since he was a marked man, and the stakes were high. He would not abandon the game but must go banco, even against the advantageous position of the "dealers" at Madrid.

On January fifth he took the old house of his father in the Paseo de las Delicias, in Seville, in which Don Francisco had died. The landlord knew him well. There was nothing to explain. Anything the son of Don Francisco did was of course respectable and good. He was racing all the time between there and Ronda in a high-powered, swift, wealthy-looking, pocket Mercedes. The mansion was put in charge of Felipe Puig, a

Catalan he had known in the Ferrer School. The three secretaries were: a fanatic converted to anarchism from the Franciscan order, where he had been a sort of lay assistant, one Mateo Fleta; a former school teacher deprived of his post and hounded by the Church, Miguel Cardenas of Santiago in Galicia; and, last of all, a mechanical foreman from the arms factory at Oviedo, who had escaped through the burning quarter of the town during the Asturian uprising, and was now again using his skill at the service of the revolution, Esteban Cabrera. "Once a conspirator, always a conspirator"—the police motto was illustrated in these three men. They always came back to revolutionary activity, no matter what the certainty of exposure and punishment.

Cristóbal then created three branch offices of a new company called the *Compañía Española del Industria Minería*, for mining supplies, and got orders at once, of course, from La Fortuna and its affiliated ventures, for hoists and winches (these he did not deliver) and incidentally for dynamite. Never, apparently, had they needed so much blasting in their mines. The reserve was ample. He bought large share-holdings in the open market in the *Compañía Nacional de Explosivos*, prime industrial share of Spain. These purchases were made in the name of his supply company. As a leading shareholder, his company was entitled to special terms and excellent deliveries, both in quality and speed.

His scheme was now completed. He had a control organization in Seville, he had accomplices to act for him and his four associates in the principal fascist and clerical organizations, a complete set-up for obtaining explosives, allegedly for industrial use, a system of corruption for carabineers and customs examiners, and a Cartagena centre of naval bribery for the vicious ratings. The honest revolutionist would mutiny, anyway; the point was to have no barrier between the sailors and the high officers. The air force he ignored, for without foreign aid the air fleet of the Spanish Army was ineffectual or at least could not aid in a decision in a long war. It was important to keep in touch with yardmen in the railway centres at Cordova and Bobadilla, to switch all suspicious material.

The first Army job was to gain over the mountain artillery regiments, since only these mule trains would be any good to the government in the wild Sierras near Gibraltar or the still higher

mountains above Granada. The captain of the Ronda company, central for that region, was a man of some culture and liberalism of outlook. He answered "feelers" ambiguously but hopefully. He came from the lower middle class, and had little sympathy with the high officer caste, who treated him with scant respect.

Cristóbal attempted to deal with commanders of the same regiments at Jaén, Granada, and Alora, but found their caste prejudices overwhelming. For a wonder in the Spanish Army, they could not be bought easily. This checkmated Cristóbal. Not all the officers were corrupt, but so many were that he was sure he could achieve easy success with a cheque-book. But a class conflict was approaching, and these officers felt, with the need for animal preservation, that the issue for their class was too deep to be covered by baksheesh.

To offer them fat bribes in the manner they knew exactly, Cristóbal hired André Gonzalez, formerly chief fixer for concessions on behalf of the French bankers, and an experienced hander out of funds in the style required by hidalgo etiquette.

He made a mistake in paying the corruptor too much at the outset: Gonzalez, old and tired of the game, made a bee-line to Paris with the proceeds and spent on danseuses what was intended for generals.

That opportunity passed. The immense activity of Cristóbal was now filling the dossiers of four governors. It took a lot of reasoning in the shape of doubts to delay their action, since they all felt that after a time, they must act or be removed by Madrid, when the scandal would have become known to the meanest of mankind.

In only a month Cristóbal could congratulate himself, and justly. He had enough explosives at Huelva, Jerez, and Antequera to equal the local supply of the Army! He had more modern machine-guns than they had stocked there, and if he could block the railways, he might hold superiority for a long time. He then concentrated on increasing the availability of his supplies.

"The great weakness of the Vienna insurrection two years ago," commented the practical Cabrera, "was that with German efficiency their rifles were stocked away in lockers, carefully numbered. When the local socialist commandant was absent,

or missing, he alone had their secret place straight . . . he alone had the keys with which to unlock the guns."

"Their object was to assure that no spies from the government side could get at them," approved Fleta.

"With the result that when the Karl Marx Hof was riddled, the workers, chock-full of armament, were utterly helpless.

"Why not make the following arrangement?" proposed Cristóbal. "We have a contingent of our sworn terrorists, in which three are entrusted with every arms depot. As each is killed, or fails to report for ten minutes, he is presumed dead. The second hands out the guns. It is the simple army system, and equals exactly the local fighting system on the other side—lieutenant, sergeant, corporal. More than that we cannot spare. If we lose three commanders to each depot, we are finished anyway."

The forces were to be co-ordinated by small broadcasting stations with local range, the messages relayed. The codes were to be those used by share brokers in America and were unknown to the Spanish Army. Also heliographs, on the old Chappe principle, were to be set up for emergency signalling, should the broadcasting be confused by interruption or capture of the sending apparatus.

Three hundred terrorists were to be made acquainted with the broadcasting and heliograph codes. This gave a chance to spies; but no danger, no victory. The code men had to be tried anarchists, at least ten years in the movement, both political and trade-union. They had also to be workers, civil servants, or professional men, in active service, so as to eliminate enthusiastic hangers-on, café types, floating salesmen and commission men, from whom the police recruit most of their agents.

Cristóbal showed positive genius in improvising a smooth, treason-proof organization, loosely connected with Barcelona, but not revealing specific moves. His almost infuriated spirit, his continued suffering from the cicatrices, his haggard feverish face, fortified his obsession of vengeance and lent him talents for organization he had never before displayed.

He was a walking encyclopædia of every mistake of old conspiracies. He read the forty pamphlets issued by the communists on the weakness of their illegal activity in tsarist Russia;

he knew by heart the story of Azeff and other triple agents; he studied with lunatic concentration (he slept less than four hours daily and ate in twenty minutes) the mistakes made in workers' armed uprisings, from the days of Blanqui onwards. Every remark of Engels on the dialectic development of street warfare, every essay on changed tactics of the rebel population in view of the crushing superiority given the state by artillery, aircraft, and poison gas, were all at his command.

In February he called a conference of seven leaders of the conspiracy. They met at Jerez for a wine samplers' congress, and went about tasting sherry wines with the *capataz* of each establishment, solemnly placed orders, and then talked over other matters in their tavern.

Cristóbal explained his system. "We must begin with vulgar assassination. The second stage must be incendiarism, especially of officers' barracks and police headquarters, so as to cut off the organization at the top and paralyse their efforts to round up our side. These are time-honoured methods, but they are the best. We must not be original but effective. The rising in the mountain strongholds must take place the same night—the St. Bartholomew of generals and governors. Floating mines will be laid in the Straits from small craft. That is not efficient, but will have to serve.

"From this point on, our job is to keep up the mountain resistance for weeks. As the government fails to make serious headway in that difficult struggle, it will weaken as Primo did after his Morocco mistakes. An uprising in Barcelona will then win, because the state is weakened to begin with. That is our task, to draw out their strength in mountain scientific guerrilla warfare, exactly as the Carlists of Navarre, with no brains but a lot of courage, kept the Army at bay for years and nearly won—would have won, in fact, if they had had a mass basis. But it is essential to get hold of Algeciras barracks first. We must interrupt or make nearly impossible co-ordination of Madrid with Morocco."

Fleta loved the details of assassination. His forehead furrowed with joy as he went over his sanguine programme. "First shoot the technical officers, the mathematical experts in the artillery, the specialists in ballistics, topographical chiefs; in fact, all men

in the cartographical division or communications staff. We might also get the section of the Quartermaster Corps which takes charge of rifle supplies. This small selection of key officers would be enough to paralyse them from the word go."

The conspiracy was to be sprung in Holy Week in all the cities of the South where the ritual processions were on. The officers would be seated on balconies, beside fair señoritas and señoras, applauding the show.

The next meeting of the conspirators was to be held on March first to perfect plans.

In February the elections were held. To the surprise of Cristóbal and all the wits in the anarchist fold, the Popular Front gained a fair, working majority, and the reactionaries were legally beaten in their own "cooked" election.

There was certainly no use in thinking up further schemes for assassination of government chiefs. Whatever the anarchists thought of Azaña, Quirogas, Caballero, Prieto, Barrios, they knew they were not oppressors, that they were on the side of the masses, at least in sentiment.

When the conspirators met on March first, nearly all favoured abandoning the whole business. There were two opinions: one, that there was no need at all for their conspiracy, and another (which prevailed), that the Popular Front government should be given sixty days to see whether it would attempt to govern according to its promise. The jails were emptied, there was rejoicing among the workers, the anarchist gospel would not be welcomed at this festive time. They agreed to reunite on May first, but Cristóbal held the organization intact. His *élan* was broken, but his sense was undiminished. Two fallow months followed but not for Miranda.

Early in April they sat in their garden. Cristóbal was resting, and was happy to rest from months of fever, sleeplessness, study, organization, conspiracy, argument. He had the face of Don Quixote now. His jaw was lank; he shaved rarely, he was so tired: all his surplus flesh had fallen away. He looked in his olive skin like a man of sixty who had been buffeted by the wind. His beautifully cut suits no longer fitted him. He was tired beyond his own knowledge. Suddenly Miranda, whose rest

had given her a simulated recovery, smiled, and said very slowly, "You have noticed I have been happier lately?"

"I am too weary to notice even your happiness. But tell me, have you been, and why?"

She took his hand and pressed it gently against her waist. "That's the home of the third member of this family."

"No, is it possible? Now, now, am I so happy to hear it? You are so ill, we may soon face such dangers—do you want to go through with it?"

"Cristóbal! What a reception to the greatest man or woman ever to grace this globe of cold mud and salt water! Here I take infinite pleasures to achieve a child, and you speak like a grave book, full of prudence and nonsensical balancing. The rapture of it, darling, the rapture of it!"

He had never heard her laugh that way before. She was happy in a closed joy, one to which he would only be admitted on request, he felt.

"I am happy for you, too," he echoed unimaginatively. He was so dog-tired—even this news meant little. He repeated the attentive formulas of health and prudence, like a copybook. He thought he needed some weeks before he could come out of his numbness of emotion.

Miranda danced back into the house, holding her skirts, as in the kirtle jigs of old days. It nearly annoyed him, so anxious was he to keep everything quiet until his fires should again be alight. Then he rose, a new access of force in him, ashamed of his indifference to the light of his life, raced upstairs, caught Miranda on the landing, hugged her, kissed her world without end, and twirled and whirled her in a mad waltz into the salon.

They whistled the waltz *Die Fledermaus* together. She sang a long hymeneal from Macedonia. As she did so, she laughed and pushed her little finger into the slight dimple on his chin while sitting on the table, and swaying, her legs swinging about, her feet drumming a pattern.

He laughed, grew young, his face put on flesh as though by application, his appetite was superb, and at lunch he swallowed simply three deep dishfuls of *paella Valenciana* containing a half-pound of octopus flesh and a half-pound of chicken. He poured down the Rioja wine as though it would take a tun to slake his

thirst. In a fortnight of ascending joy and strength the Cristóbal Pinzón of old was restored and ready for whatever the next reunion would demand of him.

"Ah, Cristóbal, you see how an embryo educates its papa! It says, if you are a mistake, look, there is another one coming. Laugh at the everlasting comedy of errors. And if you are a very important soul," her voice became deep mock-male, "and I am sure you are, here is your worthy succession." She released the mock-male voice by a laugh, womanly and rippling.

On the First of May he left for the first conference, under the liberal Republic. It was held at Seville. The spirit of the seven conspirators was wholly altered. Even the blind could sense that the Right would never accept the laws of the mildly Left government composed exclusively of bourgeois republicans with socialist parliamentary support. The grandees who had governed Spain for generations had found it difficult to tolerate even the humpbacked liberalism of Sagasta. This they certainly would not allow.

The welter of strikes, both in field and workshop, the fast-growing unionization, the flight from the peseta by all the rich (despite a long list of vexatious restrictions), the first timid attempts at land distribution in Estremadura, the burning of churches, partly by an infuriated peasantry, partly by trouble-makers paid by the Right, the coming and going and shifting in the civil service and in the Army, and the militant hooliganism of fascist groups of rich young men—all came together to reveal that "the day" was soon at hand.

Gil Robles and Calvo Sotelo read off screeds of atrocities and charged the government with criminal complicity, *La Pasionaria*, idol of Miranda, volleyed refutations from the communist benches. Even under this government, the Guardia Civil, a state within the state, fired its praetorian guns at peasants in Yuste, murdering in groups.

The Employers' Federations, taking on courage, point-blank refused to abide by government arbitration. The liberal government, suffering from the disease of human reason, tried to argue its authority with syllogisms and codes, persuaded *saboteurs*, wooed enemies, and in dulcet tunes, piped to the powerful, "Please obey the poor."

When Cristóbal reviewed the situation, with the masterfulness of a big business man, he emphasized that the socialists and communists alike supported these weaklings because of the craven fear of the alternative of fascism. By supporting this motley government in its hesitations, subject only to their theoretical criticism, they were really helping to bring on the evil day. "The Red is colour-blind when he supports a Pink. The socialists have waited for their precious fifty-one per cent. They have it . . . well? They have carried out their cry. 'Not bombs, ballots!' What then? The masters boycott the muscle-bound tribunes of the fifty-one per cent. The only authority Madrid has comes out from what the peasant and worker have seized spontaneously. It comes from what Robles and Sotelo call 'disorder,' by which they mean the natural authority of honest producers. How did the people gain it? By general strikes and direct action. Now is the time to fight before it is too late." But the committee was timid. The government had been in for only sixty days—give it a chance. It takes a couple of months for workers to learn what the masters have taken centuries to absorb.

Old Luis Litrán, permanent jailbird of revolution, was also for moderation. "Why strike when elections are also being held in France? What criminal folly! Comrade Blum may triumph in France and then all western Europe may go Left, and the impudence of the Right be blunted in Spain. Comrades, let us wait for the results of Comrade Blum's advent: he is a socialist. That means a fool, I know, but let us assess the importance of his work before taking action."

Cristóbal, like all millionaires, even anarchists, did not love contradiction. His hot lava of speech flowed, steamed, but as none other had his inner vitality, or need for such an explosion of violence, he fumed alone. His authority was no greater than his arguments, for although grateful that the accident of wealth had enabled him to help the cause, they regarded him as no better than any of them. Cristóbal bitterly suspected that curbing his inflation of soul was a minor compensation for their poverty. Even among comrades to the death there remained the desire to even accounts with a Prometheus.

"You are headed straight for fascism," counselled the wise

Felipe Puig. "Without your knowing it you are going that way. Unconsciously you accept the principle of the Duce or Führer. Be careful, my dear comrade, that immense wealth and genius do not turn you on the point of a needle into a dance of the black angels."

Cristóbal responded hotly, "Every child has learned to play with that painted German toy of dialectical materialism. I am astounded that you, Felipe, student of our old master, Ferrer, yodel this Marxist song. You remember what I told you of my oath at Montjuich; I will not falter. Leave to pedantic communists this nonsense about the ease with which all attributes change into their opposites. I detest rigmarole, and love ideals! I believe with my full heart that the concentration of wealth in my person, combined with my love of the people, is a unique and important event. I believe also in having the conjoining of these two happy facts serve the vengeance I swore for our master, for the martyrs of the cause. What will I do when we win? Be a worthy member, I hope, of the commune of Ronda, and toil, one of the many, in the arts of peace. My friend Puig, what a difference between generosity that raises the moral height of a leader, and the military heels that raise the height of a man over and against the people, as with the fascist chiefs!" He cried suddenly like the wild Spaniard he was, and sobbed that after so many years of work he could still be suspected of the basest possibilities, even if unknowingly.

Felipe Puig was touched by his honest tears, his declamation and understanding. He apologized in large comradely phrases and partly reassured the broken Cristóbal. Still as Cristóbal drove through the rising mountains back to his home, he was immersed in grey thoughts, in frustrations. He poured out the whole story to Miranda.

With wifely address she pointed out that the suspicions of Felipe Puig were based on good reasoning, but that he lacked the imagination to understand a wholly new phenomenon like her Cristóbal. That was the prerogative of unique genius. It had to suffer comparison with the long mediocrity that went before. "Felipe is a devotee of common sense, another way of saying that he admits nothing that requires a new system of education."

In June the conspirators met at Ronda. The weather was unnaturally cold and less helpful to the optimists. There Cristóbal proved that the Madrid government was based on jelly, the old militarists on a rock, that the communists, always comparing notes with the high rabbis of Moscow, would warn the government intelligently enough but that was all; and that he had completely documented information that the Army was to rise against the Republic on September third. The Army was to rise in every provincial capital, the Civil Guard to collaborate. That date had been selected at a conference in Berlin between Goebbels and General Sanjurjo. The reason why it was delayed was that Germany expected a good harvest, and could not begin a game that might involve all Europe unless her granaries were stocked. Cristóbal went to the point.

"It is no longer easy to get munitions. With the Left in power it is impossible as before, to get it openly for the Right, as a camouflage. In plain words, under our enemies we can prepare their downfall by using corruption, since money is their life. But under these liberal gentry, their own people are prevented from arming, because they believe in legality and in fair play. By the time the other crowd are ready to shoot, comrades, our own relative position will thus have declined. Why? Because of rules laid down by socialist blockheads who still think the rich respect the rules of the game, once they are beaten in fair fight. We must strike before September third, much before, in fact, or be forever damned."

It was decided, after a three-day conclave, to rise on July twenty-eighth, when the wealthy people would be all flying from the heat to bathing resorts, mainly to Biarritz. The conspirators were to issue a proclamation when they rebelled, stating definitely that they were rising against the Azaña government to save its own objectives from the consequences of its soft follies. One voice dissented, Felipe Puig.

"This is the rankest nonsense even I have ever heard. If you rise against the Madrid government, nitwits, whom can it employ to subdue your insurrection? The very Army whose September third clandestine rising you seek to forestall! You give these scoundrels the backing of the state! Cristóbal, let us think quickly from another angle. Let us defy the state by going

directly to the noncoms and private soldiers and sailors and prove to them, from our documents, that their officers are plotting to overthrow the democratic state. They are poor—they want women, bread, and peaceful jobs. Give them money as well. For the first time we have it. Distribute a largess to create a mass mutiny on behalf of the people! Just as foolish old Didius Julius bought the Imperial crown in Rome from the troops, we do the same for all of us. Then we strike in insurrection, and only then, for the traitors in the army will have no followers. That is an intelligent three-play. But we must work feverishly, for, by disregarding the prophetic warnings of Comrade Pinzón, we are left with only two months, at the most.” Even Cristóbal was converted by this good analysis and sound sense, and the emissaries left to treat with the army.

Cristóbal sent orders to London to exchange gold ingots for coins, any coins, and to pay a premium for the exchange. Time and not cost was the essence: the gold coins were to be shipped to Gibraltar at once. The stupidest soldier in the ranks could understand the meaning of gold coins against the few copper duds given him as pay every month.

The gold came into Algeciras where Cristóbal met it. It was put into armoured cars, and welcomed by the authorities. It was the first sign of a return of gold to Spain, since the rich had begun exporting their capital so as to sabotage Azafía. Cristóbal was sustaining the peseta; he was a hero. As the cars pulled out of Algeciras, guarded by blue-shirted socialists and anarchists, the cry of OOH ASHA PAY (U.H.P. [United Proletarian Brothers]) was raised by the railwaymen, all in the open conspiracy. Vaults—temporary ones—were quickly built at Seville, since no bank could be trusted with these, and everything was ready for the coup.

“Hurry” was the watchword of Puig, but the date had to be postponed to August fifteenth, to buy soldiers at Cordova. Their co-operation would prevent any communication between North and South, and so make the Andalusian uprising safe. Two more garrisons must be bought, Medina del Campo in the North, thus cutting off Madrid from the Cantabrian coasts, and Saragossa, cutting Catalonia from Spain. Then, and only then, would Madrid be attacked, to forestall fascist generals there from seizing

the ministries, so as to give themselves diplomatic standing abroad. As for Barcelona, for anarchists Barcelona was a sure thing. Cristóbal was proud of Puig, and a little of himself. The scheme was now rounded, timed, equipped, financed. Victory looked probable.

The heralds and envoys departed and wrote back on July twelfth that they had not succeeded with the noncoms at Cordova, but strangely were meeting with responses in the Guardia Civil, and especially with the Assault Guards. But they signalled there were curious goings-on. Trains were pouring into Córdoba, full of Moorish troops, for no reason; the exchange station at Bobadilla was lit up all night exchanging troops of all the garrisons in the South, and all this without orders from the Ministry of War or reports made to it.

The officers not in the know were puzzled, and the troops dizzy with their comings and goings. The emissaries warned Cristóbal they must hurry. The next day the newspapers rolled into Ronda on the Tortoise Express, but almost without news. Then it burst. Lieutenant Castillo, of the Assault Guards, loyal to the government, had been murdered in the streets by Rightist fanatics. But there had been so many murders! That night the fascist leader, Calvo Sotelo, was spirited away from his bed, and found in the Cemetery of the East in Madrid. No one knew what or how. The Republican government at once characterized it as a crime to make one shudder, and ordered the murderers punished by every means known. The *Mundo Obrero* filled a whole issue demanding the suppression of the Right press to prevent their exploiting the episode while it was *sub judice*.

When the news reached Ronda, Cristóbal hurried to the alcalde, Francisco Cruz Sanchez, the weaver, recently elected first communist mayor. "Comrade," he began, "stop congratulating yourself on having ripped the Madonnas from their niches on the highway. This Sotelo business is war. Summon all Ronda and the region. Have the boys in the barracks walk out at once against their officers in the Army. Guarantee them with imaginary decrees of the War Ministry. Arrest the members of the aristocratic clubs, especially the Mosca, and clamp all the correspondents of Jesuit papers in jail, without delay. Don't wait for legality, trifler. *They* won't. Yesterday the governor at Málaga released

all the fascists to come home here. Strange coincidence. This is the Reddest town in Spain. They will single us out. Act!"

He proved tragically right. The vast military conspiracy was projected forward by events: it broke out July seventeenth, not September third. The Berlin scheme was hurried. The city of Ronda, surrounded in two days by seized cities—Seville, Cadiz, Algeciras, Antequera—was isolated. From dominating the whole of Spain, and thence threatening the capitalist system, the great avenger was reduced to the city on the cliff, the canyon-rent citadel of freedom. Both Miranda and he worked for three days racing about in their car and summoning men and women from the town and countryside to act at once. Everyone lived in tense hours . . . no one knew any news. It was every town for itself. The free communes had come about, but in what a setting, subject to what cruel tests!

XXXVIII

HOW CRISTÓBAL LEFT US

THE head of the Ronda Mountain Artillery Company hesitated. He had taken an oath to the Republic and still respected his sworn word. At the same time he waited for word from his superior officer at Granada for instructions. Those three hours of hesitation were fatal to his command.

Suddenly there appeared before the barracks thousands of men and women cheering the boys in the Army. Slogans were passed on by Miranda. "Girls' kisses are sweet," beckoned the prettiest señoritas "come out and taste them." Cristóbal advanced in the prohibited space holding up two bags of glittering gold coins, in silk cloth, visible. The two elementary appeals were too much: the noncoms and troops broke ranks, left the barracks, and filed out unarmed. The crowds surged into the barracks. A town committee, formed of all parties except the extreme Right, faced the officers. They had no men left and saw they were covered by arms compared to which their personal revolvers were funny. The Ronda regiment was composed of Spaniards; not Moors or foreign legionnaires, and was quickly acquired to the people's cause. Not enthusiastically, though, for the boys knew little, and they detested Andalusians. They had been sent there to protect churches and convents from the wild folk, and they had been engaged in many nasty episodes with the townsfolk and regarded them as opponents, in a way. Still, a nominal harmony ruled: the town was permanently in the hands of the Popular Front.

The officers were not imprisoned: they had not as yet mutinied. They were merely disarmed and denied access to their quarters or their files. The mayor earnestly entreated that they be put in a camp for preventive custody, but the liberal professional class would not

punish them for something they had not done. That night they stole into the hills, their minds made up, and went post-haste to Seville to inform Quiépo de Llaño, just flushed with success in holding the great city for the Army, that they could direct an attack, for they knew every inch of the approaches to Ronda, and could avoid ambush.

They guaranteed that they knew how to surprise the town, and that once the soldiers faced their own officers, they would not dare oppose them.

That night Ronda was in full festivity. There was dancing on all the roads leading into town. The girls were in full fiesta panoply. They whirled about in Garrotins. Guitars and accordions, harmonicons, shrill piccolos, triangles, castanets celebrated the republican triumph, then served the Terpsichore of youth. The clang of the cymbals of the Civil Guard for once was for the people. In the tin-can-covered plain behind the barracks, the infected clay was kicked about by soldiers and girls liberating themselves of excess energy as well as of tyranny.

Peasants swarmed into town. The clatter of the refugees from all about, the braying of the tired donkeys, the broadcast voice of Madrid, from the radio shop crying VIVA EL FRENTE POPULAR, VIVA LA REPUBLICA, and counselling firmness in a moment of despair, made the previous hum of Ronda, even in fair time, tame indeed.

When the news came in that the Montana barracks were taken and Barcelona saved, the dancing went on in heavier and heavier thumps. Rings were formed in the streets. No one knew of foreign intervention: it would all be over soon. "What do they have, Burgos, Pampeluna, Seville. That's all, and they won't have that much in three days. That cockroach Quiépo! That pickpocket, a national hero!" They all laughed. Diego the gipsy boy remembered the film *Viva Villa*, and they sang of Quiépo:

*La Cucuracha, la Cucuracha,
Ya no quiere caminar,
Porque no tiene, Porque le falta . . .*

and they laughed louder than ever.

The republican flags and the red streamers were on every home. In the centre of town, hammers and sickles abounded. All the

motor cars were requisitioned. Across them was splashed crudely, U.H.P., F.A.I. (especially Cristóbal's Mercedes: the anarchists had the swell car all right). Some shabby derelicts were painted B.O.C. (*Bloc Obrero Campesino*), the communist debris. The one petrol pump in town was free to all: it exhibited a red flag and a heartbroken proprietor.

All night long the patrols went through the town, carrying long daggers in their sashes, the celebrated old *matsuergas* (the mother-in-law-killers). The soldiers did nothing either for or against, for the skill of the Ronda men with knives is proverbial in Spain.

The agents of the town committee scoured about the countryside. The next day there came into Ronda strange-looking Neanderthal men, the pre-Iberians, it seemed: herdsmen driving in cattle, shepherds their flocks, flute-playing goatherds, all with their blankets thrown over their shoulders. A continuous brigade it was, of horses, donkeys, hinnies.

It was Sunday morning; only one church was permitted to open. All those that entered the town passed the reviewing group in the balcony of the *ayuntamiento*. The scarecrow reception committee greeted them with clenched fists, now the universal salute. The cry was altered to "Up the Workers' Republic," and of course, "U.H.P."

The hills, in which the brigands pictured in *Carmen* had sought refuge, and which had nursed until recent times the wildest, most mysterious, autonomous, and murderous bandits in Europe, became alive. Out of their apparently unpeopled depths, every height, dizzying even to the spectator in the valleys, became peopled with impromptu guards, patrolling the summits, and spending the freezing nights on mountain tops. They were ready for the generals and their minions to come from the lowland cities and dare assail their chalets.

In its bare and terrifying diadem of bald mountains, the cheese-making town of Grazzalema watched the towns along the coast and sent its envoys, with reports, to Ronda. The bands from each town made contacts for forty miles about, until in less than a week the defence resembled all resistance of isolated mountaineers: it was miserably poor, well co-ordinated and extremely good of aim.

The few cars in the district—poor things, broken-down

Peugeots, Austins, Citroëns, and Noah's-ark buses—were run wildly by inexperienced boys, tearing from one town to the other and arresting the local gentry. In Ronda itself the town government swooped down on the aristocracy and their hangers-on with a ferocity rare even in peppery Spain. The members of the Mosca, the chic club par excellence, were all in quod together. They played *belotte* in cells. From their bars they could see the principal church, now used as an arms depot. Everyone who bore a noble name, except three liberal families, was questioned, cautioned, or held.

As in the September massacres, a people's court was set up, and it heard the cases in that very Circulo Artistico. Its stupid but well-to-do façade was now covered with red bunting.

In that *Cercle* a majority of the members had plotted, or connived at plotting, the overthrow of the government. The building was divided into two sections. The people's court was asked to sit outside in the Plaza of the Fourteenth of April, "in the full light of day." A long table was set up for the judges. Red bunting was used as a tablecloth. Inside, the Turkish-bath architecture looked with its glazed cracked blue tiles upon the recruiting going on for local defence, now co-ordinated with Málaga. Outside was the improvised vengeance of the people, inside their improvised defence.

The judges were ten, composed of day labourers, farm labourers, muleteers, unemployed artisans, but there were excluded notaries, advocates, and other trained "thinkers" of the Left. The population of Ronda and its immediate suburbs was thirty-six thousand. Of these nearly six hundred were summoned before the tribunal. In every case the "open prosecutor" related the findings: papers, letters, memoranda, seized in their homes by the local militias. The local gentry were stupefied, insolent, whimsical, or contemptuous, for until recently few peasants, even in Andalusia, had been so servile and superstitious as those about Ronda. They had rarely participated in the Jacqueries of the province. Some, less class-saturated, asked for counsel. The local lawyers appeared and pleaded according to the code, denying authority to the new magistrates.

Of the six hundred about four hundred were found guilty, some two hundred and forty of misdemeanour and one hundred and sixty of treasonable activity, directly. The excited peasants

screamed to the judges to throw the guilty ones into the Tajo, because bullets were scarce, and hanging was too elaborate. It was known that the generals at Seville were sending up an expedition; that it would be at the gates of the town in two days, approach from the north-west, the only really vulnerable point. Those who were held in custody were given short rations in favour of the poorly provisioned townsmen. "The Tajo," cried the people. "Save the bullets to save ourselves." Those held for misdemeanour were told to await amnesty from Madrid.

But when it came to execute the sentences, their hearts failed. The Tajo is the terror of Ronda. Even the vilest of enemies is to be spared being hurled into that abyss.

But finally news broke through that settled the business. The tale of Badajoz reached the beleaguered town, and Ronda heard the story of the inhabitants driven into the bullring by the hundred to be mowed down. Then they learned of the massacre of all the railway workers at Seville by Quiapo de Llano, of the boast of Franco that he would wipe out half of Spain. They heard this further threat that if he did not win he would involve foreign countries and inflame all Europe. All these were faithfully given by Málaga and Madrid wireless broadcasts.

The moderates were doing poorly indeed in Ronda. But it was when the tramway workers in Cadiz were butchered, as also the entire militant proletariat at Algeciras, both neighbouring towns, that the wild peasantry threatened the chicken-hearted government of the city. When it was known that the very Moors were marching on Ronda, together with the dreaded Tercio, the foreign legion, all was over. "The traitors are many, the bullets few. The Tajo, the Tajo!" they cried.

The chasm yawned for the nobility. It was useless for the weaver alcalde to point out that the orgy of sadism at Badajoz needed no reply in equal savagery.

"You go through the form of trying these high-born traitors, but you still tremble as if you paid them rent. The Tajo," screamed the sentimental but hysterical anarchist school teacher. But order held, despite the temptation to take out the massacres of the generals on the idlers in prison.

"Fellow-workers, Comrade Pinzón has been put in charge of the carrying out of the tribunal decrees. A well-known terrorist!

He should satisfy the most exigent among you." The weaver introduced the lifelong avenger to the rule of legal Jack Ketch. It was not to Cristóbal's liking but in war . . .

Cristóbal examined each judgment. Only where the prisoner had drawn up a list of fellow-townsmen for massacre was he condemned to death himself. One exception: Felipe Jovenalles. Since he had attempted Cristóbal's life the judge was forced to spare him, as a *beau geste*. The number of those that had planned and catalogued the deaths of leaders on the Left was large—forty-four. These were to be hurled over the Tajo, for that was exactly the fate they had planned for others, in their stupid, vaunting letters seized by the militia.

The hurling of the aristocrats and landowners into the Tajo was done with a wail of joy. As one by one they were kicked over the old bridge into that terrible gulf, there went with each a title deed. His land went to the commune of peasants and his cabins to a syndicate of workers. The tired clerk inscribed with an ornamental handwriting the documents upon which they had been condemned. He listed letters to fascist organizations, to officers, to archbishops, requesting help in overthrowing the Republic, shooting of socialists, and killing other representatives of the government. There were receipts for contributions to their cause. It was wonderful how sleepy Azaña and Quirogas must have been that with a class conspiracy as wide as Spain itself, they had done nothing serious to stop it. The calligraphy of the town clerk recorded the extinction of a centuries-old caste.

Those who had done nothing more than undermine the credit of the state, or promise support to insurrection, without leading the conspiracy, were shot, despite the scarcity of bullets. These numbered thirty-seven. Of the others, sixteen were acquitted on appeal, and sixty-three clapped into prison to await the dispositions of Madrid, when the not-long-deferred victory would be gained.

Cristóbal and Miranda passed the bridge as the last three he had condemned were hurled over. They saw the end of the old gentry with the unmoved unconcern of the clear-seeing vengeful eye. For Miranda, who had lived in the land of the Turks where it had been an honoured custom into the eighteenth century to saw enemies, alive, in half, this was cruel, but not extraordinary.

The ghastly colour of the deed did not impress her, or, for that matter, anyone else. These men were willing to shed blood in order to continue receiving rents. They had guessed wrong. It was a game. They were poor players.

The bodies were picked up at the bottom of the canyon and deposited in a common ditch, and not in the grand private chapels the malefactors had built, or their ancestors had built for them. No one would ever know which was which, as their fine clothes were stripped. They were made of good broadcloth, serge, cashmere, and were excellent for mountain warfare. The transfer of land and vests alike marked this clear animal fight for subsistence.

In the meantime the six foreigners were allowed to leave town by the one road still open, towards Marbella. They consisted of an English etcher, a paralysed English *rentier*, who swung on crutches and did the crossword puzzles in the *Morning Post*, a retired English sea captain who lived in Ronda because it was cheap, and three remaining guests at the swank hotel—a French merchant and two American lady high-school teachers of Spanish, from Columbus, Ohio. The six arrived at Gibraltar and their stories follow.

THE ENGLISH PARALYSED RENTIER: They hurled eight hundred over the Tajo at once. They didn't wait. Anyone with good clothing was killed. The whole mob laughed as they went over. The old ladies counted them and jeered as their bodies hit the rocks.

THE ENGLISH ETCHER: I heard they were condemned as I left. I live over the Tajo and saw nothing. My sympathies are with the people, but candidly, I saw nothing. I heard a few were thrown over, later.

THE RETIRED ENGLISH SEA CAPTAIN: Hard to tell, you know. Not my affair and all that sort of thing. Saw a few of the poor duffers hurled over . . . ghastly business that. Pretty hard to count over the abyss, sickly stuff that. Glad to be back in Gib. Everything topping here, positively topping.

THE FRENCH MERCHANT: They say they hurled six hundred. I dislike exaggeration on principle, one must allow for natural embroidery of stories, *n'est-ce pas?* Let us say two hundred: that appears a basis. They received a species of trial . . . (interrupted by the paralysed *rentier*: "None!") I repeat, Messieurs the reporters, a species of trial. Of its objective

merits I am not a competent judge. I do not know the language with a sufficient delicacy. In life one must confine oneself to the known, not the conjectured. It is less brilliant, but more sure.

THE FIRST AMERICAN LADY: They're just a bunch of murderers. Anything is too good for them. I hope they shoot them all. Hundreds thrown over, and the hyenas wouldn't give them a trial, a hearing, a chance. And the worst of it is that before the war, they just looked grand to me. We had a glorious time. It's a great place. But they're certainly a bunch of murderers.

THE SECOND AMERICAN LADY: You have to understand the long background that makes these people what they are. Positively, it is impossible to understand it if you just see it on the surface. The town seemed full of error, as our beloved teacher, Mary Baker Eddy, has written in her lovely way. God is love, and their hearts will be made pure and soon the clouds will lift. I will say no more: it is best to think of the sunny side of life.

Reuter's, the United Press, the Associated Press, and forty correspondents, intimately reporting the war from Gib, let the *rentier's* story, on the whole, take pride of place.

He also was the only one of the six who failed to mention the courtesy and expense that hospitable people had gone to to assure the comfort and safety of their guests. "They did nothing for us, nothing," said the *rentier*. "You arrived on celestial crutches, riding clouds, then," commented the unfeeling etcher. "I for one can say that Spanish grandeur remained in those simple souls: they risked a convoy of men to save us, and us alone." The reporters reproduced the *rentier* again, except two liberal English and two liberal French papers.

For a month the commune of Ronda held. The rebel generals did not dare attack it, until they had gained all the surrounding points and until the Italian aeroplanes had enabled them to land contingents from Morocco. In the meantime the Ronda folk were winning guerrilla fights right and left. Cristóbal went down to Benaoján, to the Cavern of the Cat, with a machine-gun platoon. In the subterranean lake, under the glimmer of the stalactites, they hunted down the last company of rebel soldiers in the district. Thirty surrendered: they came out of the mud of the lake, ghastly, and gave up their arms to the gaunt avenger. Their commander

was the son of his father's friend, Diego Oquendo, a coincidence that brought to both of them the nature of the fratricide, for as children they had liked each other. As the happy Rondanese went back, they pointed with joy to the Cerro de San Cristóbal, the highest mountain in the area, symbol of their leader, Commandant Pinzón. The millionaire was not rejoiced; he winced at commanding a platoon, he who had sought a world. Through the *serrania*, past the rich fields of the *vega* near the citadel, he felt ridiculous commanding this scarecrow contingent. When he came home to Miranda, acclaimed by the happy peasantry, he lay down on his couch and cried for shame, like an old Greek warrior.

It was a bad beginning, but not for the other townsfolk. In a revolution men are educated at a hundred times the speed of life. From dawn to sunset they meet so many new issues that at night they witness new capacities in themselves they have never suspected. The town sprouted administrative talent; the bungling and confusion of the first few days vanished. In a month Ronda was a little Sparta, all its bucolic inefficiency forgotten; it was urban, resourceful, resolute. There were no *fiestas*. The town was darkened at night to avoid air raids—the curfew was absolute. In an Andalusian city, noisy until four in the morning, this made life's sternness real to the citizens.

All day long the peasants streamed in. There had just been a general strike of the hundred and ten thousand peasants of Málaga province and the landlords were after them for vengeance. Five thousand gained the impregnable town, bringing a train of horror stories. They told of Baena near Cordova where nineteen peasants had been sprinkled with petroleum and burned alive. When the learned committee displayed disbelief in these *Greuelmarchen*, widows spat in their faces. From Fernán Núñez to the north came donkey trains of maddened farmers and their families, for seventy-six had been shot there as leaders of the "six-pesetas-a-day" movement. By this time the city lacked food. Forty-two thousand were there, the supplies were going. The excitement of the daily arrivals of terrified peasantry, their wild chants, their nervous demands for the best, since they were guests, required a deft job. Cristóbal did not know his people so well as he thought: he was only expert with the articulate. The reception of refugees was confided to a sick waiter in the

Café Nacional, who proved a genius at accommodating the bodies and souls of the new accretions to Ronda.

The news spread that despite the guerrilla attacks, San Roque near Gibraltar had fallen. Then Gaucín was lost; Ronda was menaced at last. The enemy was seen on the mountain tops where once the lonely highlanders had kept watch. The committee sat in the *ayuntamiento*, good-natured, unmoved. All day long the six lorries of the town carried out contingents of torn-shirted defenders, looking like death when young and smoking freshly rolled cigarettes at the corner of their mouths. No one seemed martial or exalted, yet no one was ready to give up.

But it was when the Grazzalema committee arrived, defeated, their defence broken, their town occupied, that mortal danger appeared. The sister city was gone, and all the way to the coast, the Moors and Tercio were tramping. Fortunately they were so harassed in the hill country by the bravura of *guerrilleros* that, although they had taken the towns, Ronda gained two weeks until they secured their routes.

Cristóbal suggested the simplest of all defences: to fell trees and lay them across the roads. It would delay the progress of lorries and heavy artillery and give Ronda a breathing space to communicate with the militias around Málaga. He was then put in charge of the physical operations of the local militia. They blew up two small bridges, worked on the trees, dug ditches, and at two points mined the trenches that the other side would be sure to use. The mines were connected by a thin electrical wire from the central station on the Paseo. No one knew if it would work, but they tried everything.

Every resource was known and listed. The rounds of ammunition were prepared (there was under six days' supply in good fighting); the picturesque pharmacies were raided and their pathetic supplies of peroxide and iodine taken out—not enough for four hundred wounded, on a rough estimate. The supply of tinned goods was commandeered into a central rationing depot in the onetime snob hotel. There was very little food in Ronda; for long the people had not cultivated the habit of eating. The water system was secured by a line of buckets strung along a cord, down to the wells. These were at the foot of the secret staircase of 365 steps (one for every day in the year) hewn into the mountain

by the Arab kings. Whatever held the town in 1485 had to serve in 1936.

Ronda lost its indifferent look. Long excitement and growing danger led to exaltation: the bovine faces took on tragic dominoes, the eyes contradicted the sullen jaws. When the Granada battalions marched on from Antequera, all rail communications were cut. The ordinary roads were closed to the south, north, west, and three-fourths of the east. The disarmed regular soldiers still did not fight for the town. They trickled out at night risking shots from the guards, to get into the hill country, and regain their homes in the North, as they fancied. They were taken en route, and found themselves attacking Ronda, commanded by their old officers, exactly as those gentlemen had predicted.

All day long, as the noose tightened, the town criers went through the town, accompanied by drummers (usually men of seventy with red bands across their breasts). They were aided by the criers of the cinema who told the illiterate city to be firm. The people were warned steadily.

"It is not true Málaga has fallen. We have traced the lying clandestine broadcasting station—it is at Tangier." The next day the drums, beating, summoned the bakers to the town hall, where the committee organized flour supplies, and rationed every family to two hundred grammes daily. Throughout the day the drums rolled everywhere in the town, the children had a glorious time racing after each proclaimer. Group after group of tradesmen, artisans, or neighbourhoods was summoned by the loud-voiced criers. After each announcement came the ritual fist clenching, the hands raised aloft, the cries of "*Viva la Republica*," "*Viva el Frente Popular*," and the *Internationale*.

At eight in the night shots were heard. The drums rolled at nine in the darkened city. The criers simultaneously, in grave speech, warned, "Citizens, do not lose your serenity for an instant, Irún is still holding out: match our heroic brothers." At four in the morning the shots were nearer and more frequent. Everyone was up haggard for the dawn, and the unslept city came into its streets as the criers reassured, "Bilbao has repulsed the enemy, do not listen to lies. The Prime Minister has not been shot by socialists at Madrid." The fertile imagination of the city was like the latrine rumours of an army; by osmosis it absorbed

more non-history than telegraph wires absorb from lying correspondents.

But at ten o'clock the rumour spread that Madrid had fallen. It was all over then. It was literally true that their olive faces blanched. Then came the défi: "Madrid may go but Ronda never." They felt like the citizens of Pasteur's native town, Arbois, who reassured Paris that, whoever faltered, Arbois would save France.

The rumour of Madrid was soon found false; her broadcasts were clear and courageous. The rumours succeeded each other so thick and fast that they consumed each other. By night the city was walking through a mist of conjecture and tales with the ease with which it supported its heavy rains.

As the shooting came within five kilometres the town lived in alternate whispers, exaltation, boasting, gabble, sweat, agony, resolution, discipline, panic fears, restored confidence, and so on, through all the gamuts of man's make-up under stress. After three days the immediate battle became a habit. Rondonese gaiety was up once more. The town lost certain dramas to which it had become accustomed. No envoys from other villages, no heralds racing in with news. It lived in itself now, but it stewed nicely.

The old housewives were unperturbed. They were so aged, bony, poor, so defeated from girlhood that another defeat meant little.

All the possible horrors of a Moorish occupation were gone over. The mere mention of the Moors, and the Tercio (as a result of their suppression of the Asturias two years before), made the bravest tremble and threatened the courage of the town. All the fears of centuries, the dread of the Muslim, were resurgent in the hearts of the atheist battalions. The stragglers escaping from the enemy, only three miles away, repeated the war chants of the Moors, and blood ran cold, cold, cold, through the once haughty veins of the Ronda men.

*They have praised, they have praised our warrior breed,
You are, they cried, the true soldiers of Islam,
Proud, valiant, always ready for the fight.
What care I for their esteem, for their praises,
Do I fight for their laurels, their songs?
No! I fight for myself, my pleasure and my glory.*

FOR THE PROFOUND JOY OF VENGEANCE SO LONG DEFERRED
TO COVER THEIR RICH SOIL AS ONCE THEY COVERED OURS
WITH CORPSES AND WITH ASHES.
THE JOY OF SEEING THEIR CITIES AFLAME
AND THEIR PRETTY GIRLS IN THE HANDS OF OUR SOLDIERS
AS THEY TOOK OUR OWN WOMEN, SLIT THE THROATS OF OUR CHILDREN.

* The war dances of the swarthy men could be seen from the distance . . . their war cries were soon to be audible in the hushed streets of Ronda.

The state of danger was proclaimed within the town. All citizens had to report to their block chief every three hours, even interrupting sleep. Every street was patrolled by cadaverous young men in overalls or torn corduroy trousers, with their hunting rifles slung over them. Nearly all were barefoot, as the cheap sandals had been torn to ribbons on the rough stone roads long ago. Against them were coming slick regiments, splendidly equipped, from Cadiz with trained officers and shiny German armament. Most of the officers, in fact, were of the Ronda regiment, who knew every foot of the hills about. The doomed town, hungry, thirsty, with its last ammunition, decided to send the old women and weak children down the last thin mountain trail leading to the Málaga gorges. Even that resource was cut down the next day by roving Moors. The city of twenty sieges settled down to one more.

At last one burgher suggested surrender. "That's pretty," laughed the weaver. "Is it for nothing that when towns are occupied only German and Italian reporters are allowed at first, the others later, and no cameras are permitted until four days later? Do you think we can save our lives in that craven way?"

"Hold off from this eloquence," said the burgher. "Despite massacres—and I know how dreadful they have been—they can only kill a section of the people. They must leave over nine-tenths alive, for how else would they live and be provisioned? Who would work for them? Put terror stories in their setting. Good, they kill three thousand here. That would be worse than Badajoz. Thirty-nine thousand survive. Keep on fighting. Will you do as well? Then is every town a Badajoz? Even at

Seville the murderers were not so dreadful. Comrades, we must think and not boast. If you refute me, I shall accede. I am neither coward nor traitor."

Cristóbal rose to refute him, when a joyous crowd rushed in and brought in a young peasant, not over sixteen, with the trill of a lark and dancing exactly like the quick moves of a game cock. He had, with his rifle, brought down, single-handed, an Italian Caproni plane, and it was lying burning in the Campo de Deportes, beyond the railway station, for all to see. Reason was lost in the applause of the hawk-eyed lad. It showed what Ronda boys could do! No one talked surrender any more. In a moment equanimity was regained.

Now the drums, the breathing of the people, rolled all day long. One group summoned recaptured the Capilla de la Virgen on the south road, losing seven of their own and killing twenty-two Moors. The other fought off the wild Berbers and for two days cleared the Málaga trails for the escape of grandmothers. The third held the heavy wheat fields ready for their second reaping on the Seville highway, and the scythes worked behind the guns, the donkeys racing to the mills. The fourth defeated the enemy in the olive fields of the north. Although converging columns were at last approaching from all points, revived Ronda pride was now in the saddle.

It was the centre of the world. Ferdinand and Isabella had schemed for years how to take it. Its three Arab kings had defeated all sieges, and the differences of technique since that time were dim to the happy, unlettered, childlike citizens. The next morning the advancing Moors were seen by the insolent besieged in the fields right under the gardens of the Hotel Victoria. The defenders laughed. They could pick them off from the bluff. Their fowlers' eyes were busy and they roared as they shot one Moor after another from their heights. They swore that the Guadalevín would be the grave of the generals. Artillery did not impress them, even when they saw the long trails of mules with field pieces bundled on their backs. The aeroplanes sent over the town, mostly old monoplanes of the Nieuport type, delighted rather than terrorized the simple people. When the Rondanese missed the bombs, they all laughed like the Negro dodger in the side show.

Then came a real victory. Cristóbal Pinzón had mined two trenches; his platoons occupied them. He feigned a retreat, evacuated the trenches under light fire from the regular troops who rushed in *bi-bi-ing* with victory. Three hundred filled the trenches, and put their rifles over, to win the last round of fighting and take the town. Then the electric impulse was given, and the trenches were blown up clean. The mass of corpses was frightful. They were all lost. The townsmen rushed in, and Cristóbal set them the example of stripping the cadavers, and taking whatever was left of their fine rifles, some of which were intact. All the fields for a mile back were in their hands, after this crude stratagem, and Miranda saw the second entry in triumph of her loved one. Cristóbal, absolutely indifferent to the three hundred dead, was moved only when he saw an old mother, crying, being revived by neighbours as she lamented the death of her son, the boot-black hunchback, Fernando, in the victory that afternoon.

Day after day passed in skirmishes. The Ronda men were still doing well and plumed themselves. The enemy was stupid enough to assail the town from the front, attempting to storm the paths around the bluff. This assault on another Quebec lost them a hundred men, and the exhausted foe, with all his arms and equipment, had to wait for reinforcements.

The troops retreated for safety. The town fancied itself relieved, and a celebration was held in the bullring, with grand revolutionary discourse from the Popular Front speakers. Even the hitherto aloof anarchists joined in, but still, even at that moment, kept their sneer at the "stodgy socialist phrases." As the weaver Sanchez, alcalde of the city and organizer of its memorable defence, spoke, Cristóbal whispered to the anarchist delegation, "The echo of Dimitroff at Leipzig." When the liberal notary, the upright Vittorio Ochoa, repeated rolling sentiments, similar to the discourses of Robespierre and Saint-Just, another anarchist snickered, "We have borrowed Bulgarian and French *parois*. When will we hear a son of the soil?"

Cristóbal objected: "Spaniards don't know everything: they must use borrowed voices, too."

Then Sanchez turned to Cristóbal. "With joy, comrades, I offer you our anarchist brother, victor of the Cavern expedition, saviour of the city in its decisive battle, loyal to the committee

of public safety; and I cannot pass without applause for Comrade Miranda Pinzón, animator of the women's resistance."

"And the coming Pinzón," cheered Miranda, for her belly was now a hillock.

"Long live the unborn Pinzón," laughed the crowd, everyone in good humour for the first time in a month.

Cristóbal got up, the picture of sixty. He spoke honestly.

"Comrades: You well know that not one word coming from a communist meets with my approval. I have stood with you throughout this siege, and I stand together with you until our common, perhaps universal extinction. [Cries of "Who cares?" . . . "What of it?"] I care, I am still as young, despite my old figure, as when a boy, entranced, I listened in Barcelona to the teachings of Bakunin: no god, no state [some cheers]. I want to live, for all wars, all revolutions are made for the living; the dead are beyond tyrants. Comrades, death is not the greatest gift to us all, as our mayor has said. He is a weaver, and he thinks of taking warp and woof and preparing the mantle of the grave. I am a man that has sought money all the days of my manhood, and while I sought it I was dead. Now I am reborn, and I enjoy being alive again."

"I love this resurrection. All of you know of my plots, now that they have failed. Let us face the facts. The enemy is not going to be baffled by this one unimportant little town. A week from now and all the ears that are hearing me will be packed in the soil, all the eyes that are seeing me, stilled, closed by the enemy.

"What can we pass on, we who are so soon to die? Our children will fall into the hands of our enemies. They will put them into schools of darkness. They will teach them lies, that they may live as docile slaves, and bring the increase of the earth to their lords. They will be taught to be ashamed of us, the dead, for the conquerors will represent us as those that murdered the élite, that cut off the finest flower of society so that the weeds might people the fields! They will be taught this, as children are taught in every corner of Europe to sully the fame of Robespierre by calling him a fanatic, to despise Marat as crapulous. In this way all those that have struggled for their freedom wear a vestment of dirt [a voice, "Except in Russia"]. Even I agree, except in Russia.

"The night is upon us. What is our plain duty? To prolong this war as long as possible, no matter what the cost to Spain. Prolong the resistance and we weaken forever the dictators in Rome and in Berlin. Let us not deceive ourselves. With their control of the press and the wireless and their stilling in prisons all voices that say nay, they have sapiently twisted the souls of their peoples; they have a mass following. Only the education resulting from their collapse remains, only their crumbling power can teach their victims the hollowness, the rottenness, of their touted accomplishments. A long war in Spain is their death, a short war their accolade.

"When we are gone (if our resistance has weakened them), fifty years from now happy and free children in Berlin and Genoa will carry with them into their playrooms the gifts of liberty of the extinct Andalusians. The martyrdom of man has gone from father to son—now it goes from people to people. Spain can conquer only in the grave. We cannot win . . . do not make their victory cheap."

It was a terrifying speech. The crowd rose quietly, bowed its heads to the fallen, and the men went back to their barracks, for the rifles they would so direly need next week. Cristóbal was tired and asked for four hours' leave from the front, to go home and sleep. It had to be granted . . . he could hardly stand when making the request.

He walked as one dead, on the supporting shoulder of Miranda. She held him with the feeling of one that had given him birth. The exhausted couple reached the doorway of their home, and fainted. They were restored to sense by the vinaigrette of the mummy-cook, octogenarian Encarnación, sturdier than both.

She left them restored. Miranda had studied her man on the platform. He had put a hundred years into forty-four . . . the clay house was cracking, it swayed on its weak foundations. He lamented.

"Miranda, Miranda, again, you are no Spaniard. Why have you stood by me in all this? Even love cannot make such demands. If the city is taken, you have your French passport as well. Wave it. Even the wild Moors will call their officers . . . they will ask them what to do. They will not touch you anyway, you live in a fine house. You will be 'liberated.' I am doomed, they know me too

well. Do not die on the barricades, do not, poor, pregnant, sick girl, stand with your Amazons. You are wealthy. Go to Paris. Your papers will open for you a hundred safe-deposit vaults.

"If we both die, it must be discovered and revert to the state. If we leave it to the movement, even allowing for the stupidity of it, since money can buy no hearts, it will be declared against public policy by their chancellors, by their courts. Save it and use it. It is infinitely better than that you should stand by one sick man."

She did not answer; he did not prompt her. He was not capable of fighting after four hours. The fever rose in him and he slept in delirium, but Miranda stood by her women. Encarnación watched him.

The enemy received reinforcements sooner than expected. The next morning they attacked with a luxury of equipment and numbers never before seen, and the spare resources of Ronda were about gone. In two hours the Moors took back all their losses. The crepitation went on all day. They were less than a mile from the town, and they never ceased firing. At this rate nothing could survive till to-morrow. The light artillery attained the houses on the outlying streets, then a dull boom showed that they had at last cleared the trees and run the heavy artillery up the mountain roads. Ten Capronis buzzed over the city; it was a decisive attack, real war, not guerrilla struggle.

Miranda had worked for twelve hours cleaning rifles, attending to the bandaging at the improvised hospital, rushing up with buckets of water, preparing the few antiseptics left. From what did she get her endurance? Cristóbal remembered the bursts of energy known in phthisis, but this surpassed the exceptions of science.

Every road was now cut off, even the remotest. Only the bluff remained untaken. The enemy forces, at a respectful distance, because of the privileged position of the defenders, attempted petty gains, dearly bought. There was only one possibility left: sally out on the Málaga highway, fight off the enemy with their last ammunition to be wasted in a few hours, let the women and children race down the highways without possessions, and, then helpless, scamper towards Málaga, with the swiftest-footed perhaps surviving. All other avenues were closed, all possibilities of defence even excluded.

As the fevered Cristóbal, slowly improving, heard the continuous crackle and the schemes of messengers who informed him of the discussions to stave off surrender, he fed his vainglory by imagining that it was their resolution that was slipping, and he alone in that pack had a passion for vengeance large enough to attack the system. Why then stay and die in Ronda?

"The advice I gave Miranda is good for me too," he mused. Every thought was accompanied by rifle-fire, drum-beats, criers giving orders, women conjecturing their fate in the street. "I have some ten thousand million of these Roosevelt dollars. Why do I waste my talents, my infinite resources in a guerrilla struggle in a remote mountain settlement? I have missed the great game, but why? Had the revolution of Franco broken out three weeks later, I would have crushed them, and scored a success that would have made my name live forever. I lost on a fluke. But there are no flukes in life. Why did I lose?"

Fevered again, he sipped the last glass of wine in Ronda. "Because I am vulgar, mean, secretive." He rose, restored. "I could have brought down this miserable capitalism in backward Spain and here I am trapped. Had I offered foolish-face Franco a million pounds, or a Mola or Cabanellas half a million, the Germans could have done nothing. Germany is a bankrupt that lives on blackmail. Monte Cristo was poor compared with me. These generals would sell their mothers for a million pounds. How cheap I am! I counted like a merchant when I should have lavished like a prince. Result, beaten. But why do I calculate so close? Oh, Cristóbal Pinzón, your secrecy is your undoing. If I die to-morrow they will have to open the vaults eventually, as their rent is not paid. They will trace some companies, something, but Cristóbal Pinzón will never be known in the annals of men. He is a phantom concealed by his own cleverness. Had I been large, noble, ostentatious, I should have thought that way, bought generals for millions. Secretive, the dwarf keeper of the Rhine treasures, I think like a dwarf, how to conceal, how to turn in secret corners. This must stop. I must escape from here, and live again, in the way my money requires. How I should have trapped them! What a scheme! In every country I pay a king's ransom. The corrupted ones transfer their pay to other lands, which in turn I attack lavishly from my conquered centre of

revolution. Lenin! A poor man who used theories because he could not buy men. I will be the true Tamburlaine, the winner of the world against the rich—all pygmies compared with the servant of the people. You hear me, Ferrer?" He fell back, faint, again on the borderland of reasoning delirium.

"Why after all be a Spaniard? Must my vengeance be so direct, so childish, that it must take place in the very province in which I was brought up? My money has passed all frontiers, why not my passions? A real foe, another *arriviste*, another man trained in syndicalism, Benito Mussolini, my perfect *contre-partie*. A charlatan, an adventurer with the skill of a South American dictator. He would fight another revolutionist, in the open, a struggle of two *condottieri*, with hired braves. When the bankers of Milan see on which side the money is they will stab their strutting mountebank, they will deflate him, and later on I shall betray their hopes. In the open, forewarned. That was how I got Carrington. They all fall the same way."

He looked out of the window; the boys were rushing to the Málaga road.

"Glory. What glory here in this little city, however heroic! It fits the stature of a weaver, a coiffeur, a baker, not of the universal man, a new Leonardo. Let my theatre never be small! Let mankind know that the Morgans and the Rothschilds have a foe richer than themselves. Then the people will take courage . . . they will laugh at the pretensions of those that defend far less than one man will give up. How they will shrink, how I will grow!" He laughed but he felt it was vapour: he would be killed that night.

The committee sent two delegates, who thought their commandant must be in his agonies. He was cured by his cerebrations. He held himself like a soldier. He recognized that he must leave the city, but how? If he stayed he would be shot: he was Pinzón the commandant, not the millionaire. The released Felipe Jovenalles would see to that. They would not believe his story of millions, he was a war-fever case. Any Moorish trooper who got at him would have no time to study bank-books. To get through the lines on a white flag was impossible; there were few prisoners in this war, corpses were the rule. Why not try to get out by the San Pedro road, with a hundred golden sovereigns in his pocket, and try to

get to Málaga, or Gibraltar, scattering coins to the crazed soldiery? If he wore his *fiesta* clothing, they would know he was rich, and presume him on the Right. But all things considered, it was not practical: no one could count on passing through the lines. He had not time to reach Miranda, near the front. He would have to leave a message for her, in French, telling her to meet him at Marseille, or some other Mediterranean French port. No, Oran was nearest, or Algiers. There they could begin life anew and really importantly. He consoled himself, "She will need the best childbirth care. It is my duty to take her to Vienna. They are skilled. In their hands she will survive, and my child as well."

He asked for the *alcalde*, but he was fighting near the railway station. The junior *alcalde*, a donkey-accountrements maker, Hernando Quevedo, was in charge at the *ayuntamiento*. In view of his long record and heroism, Cristóbal was not afraid to broach his scheme to the young worker.

He went upstairs into the painted council room and saw Hernando, sitting with war-weary peasants, a stack of rifles in the corner, and the diligent secretary writing out the orders of the day.

He called over the deputy mayor and said, "Hernando, we are not using our heads, only our guns."

"Speak, Comrade Cristóbal, we all appreciate your great intelligence."

"I have a superb plan, all thought out. I am a far richer man than you think. It may surprise you to know how rich I am."

"Oh, no, we were talking it over the other day, and Comrade Sanchez said that by the generous way you have supported our cause here, and in Seville, you must be worth more than five million pesetas."

"Would it astonish you to know I had much more?"

Hernando said, "Well, perhaps you are the Duke of Medinaceli or something."

"Hernando, have you ever heard of the Rothschild family?"

"I don't know much about foreigners, Comrade Cristóbal. You have been abroad so much. That's a German name, isn't it?"

"Not German by blood; they are Jewish."

"Oh, the Jews have money. And how much! The two biggest tobacco stores in Gibraltar! And the big sweets shop, too." He whistled. "They're rich all right."

"Well, Hernando, I am worth more than a hundred million pesetas."

"Comrade Cristóbal, despite the urgent needs of the defence for your help, you are not well. You are fevered, go home and rest." He added, "We shall need every man in the battle to-night—we shall try to evacuate the town under fire."

"What are your chances?"

"About one in twenty, we calculate."

"Hernando, then you expect to be dead to-morrow?"

"Almost certainly, but that doesn't worry me any more. I will be dead so long, it's a permanent job." He grimaced and added, "I am not brave, comrade, but I have been so worn out by the last six weeks, I hardly know what could worry me. Dr. Pardes last night told us a story he had read once in *Blanco y Negro* some years ago. There were three American officers in a battle near a town with a wonderful Indian name—Chickamauga, I think. There was a discussion as to what were their chances of death the next day. They calculated. Say a million soldiers fight a hundred days a year. One hundred million chances, yet only a third of a million get killed. They had a three-hundred-to-one chance each of living. The next night they were all dead. So why calculate?"

"Let me speak, then," urged Cristóbal. "I have all this big sum of money, even if it is hard for you to think so. Here is my plan. I fly signals to the commander on the other side to cease fire for two minutes only, and I advance with a white flag. I will tell him that I am Don Cristóbal Pinzón, a millionaire who is using this ruse to get out of your hands. I will admit I have fought but I was conscripted. You understand, Hernando?"

"Go on, and very carefully."

"He will know that I am a prisoner of war, and that I alone have been sent to treat with him, since you know that a colonel would not fire on a gentleman of his own class, without previous questioning."

"Well, after the two minutes, what happens?"

"This. I will show him my bank accounts, which I have on me now, and ask him to motor me in two hours to Seville, you to agree to cease firing for that time as well as himself."

"That would help a bit. It would give us time to think, which we need."

"Then I go to Seville, and talk to Quiapo de Llano. I will offer him two million pesetas for a two-day armistice here. It is not an important front, and they need money badly. Now there are two difficulties."

"There are many, but go on."

"I proceed. He will say, if you got out on a ruse, and you were a prisoner, why do you want an armistice for them? If you are sincere then you are playing a ruse on us."

"He might be bright enough to think of that."

"My answer is simple. 'I don't want to go back'—that shows I have been held—but I have promised as a hidalgo to negotiate an armistice. I never go back on the word of a Castilian; I consider it a species of ransom. Unless an armistice is arranged you shall not receive two million pesetas into your personal account at Gibraltar.' Now you know how he hates money! We will telegraph my bankers in Gibraltar under my personal code. They will confirm the deposit. We will motor to La Linea, I will hand over the money at the frontier, to be taken there by a bank messenger to the general, and you get your two-day armistice. I am at Gibraltar."

"Next move?"

"Next move, he will think you want to arrange for a surrender, rather than be shot down to-night, and that you cannot surrender now—you need time to manage opinion. In the meantime, I charter a plane for Málaga, and there I can get a relief regiment to come over by way of Alora and threaten in two days the flank of the rebel army here on the Málaga highway. Remember, they have men to spare, but all communication is interrupted, especially our short-wave messages. We will thus enable you to evacuate down the Málaga highway, and although we lose the town, we shall spare the lives of its militants." He paused. Had he made a plausible story? It seemed incomplete, but it was the best that could be devised, instantane. He added, "My own feeling is that as a relief column approaches from Málaga, the enemy here will retreat and give you ample time to evacuate completely." Hernando looked strange. Cristóbal added, "My wealth, and it alone, enables you to get out of all this. You see its utility, I hope."

"I see clearly you are a coward, prepared to desert to your

class, that you have played with your generous poses until you are tired of them. You thought of your skin and your money at last."

"If you think that, Comrade Hernando, forget my proposition and let me take my place again in the ranks. I do not offer brilliant ideas and a fortune in money to have my revolutionary integrity degraded."

"Not at all, *Don Cristóbal Pinzón*. Consider yourself under military arrest for questioning. I will summon the council of war. It is a grave matter when I suspect our own commandant. I am young but I take that responsibility. I hold you in the name of the Spanish working class and the Popular Front."

He ordered the drums beaten. *Don Cristóbal* sat between a shepherd and a herdsman who closed bayonets and held him for his hearing.

In ten minutes the council of war sat. They were six: a schoolmaster, pharmacist, shoemaker, peasant, wine farmer, wandering tinsmith. The deputy mayor recited the proposition of *Cristóbal*, with objectivity, colourlessly, like the art of a French naturalist. It was exposition without distortion, emphases, critique. Then he added, "Do you want my observations?"

"They are not evidence?" said the schoolmaster. "We listen only for orientation."

"Good," ratified *Hernando*; and he turned to *Cristóbal* and pointed his stubby index finger at him. "Citizen *Pinzón*, you are not a man but a millionaire—the embodiment of your own will. I may make straps for animals, but I am a man of culture, I read deeply in my spare time and I know your type. You do not want to suffer for a class; you may play with the idea, but you never laugh or sing or cry or perish in the feeling that you do so with your fellows, that you have exactly the same emotions, the same destiny. Your life is always greater than theirs, more brilliant, more important. There is always something unique in your qualities not shared by these humble, ill-dressed fellow-men. You do not belong to us. Don't talk to me of generosity . . . we all give what we have. A millionaire gives no more than a saddler, when both give their all. Don't talk to me of gratitude. You know the law of revolution. It is grateful for the future. As it rolls along, it

eats up those that live in its past. You are a Mirabeau, sold out to your class, he for a bribe, you to your own pocket-book."

The council of six viewed Cristóbal exactly like Hernando. The wine farmer began the questioning. "You know that the Málaga road is blocked at San Pedro. How did you propose to get through your relief?"

"I can charter idle boats (there are plenty at Tangier), take the boys from Málaga, and land them at Estepona and Marbella for the short route to Ronda."

"Stuff and nonsense, the Franco boats will hold you up."

"I can get the boat's papers cleared for Oran and violate instructions en route."

"Rubbish," grunted a voice with an intestinal creak, the downright tinsmith. "I have lived among gipsies and this man is a high-class *gitano*, nothing more. His skin is so stuffed with rich food that he thinks we do not see how oily he is. He knows that at best these moves, which are plausible and show how he made money, would require three or four days, even if the schedule is perfect. Can he hold them off for four days? He suggested two. Why?"

"A mistake in calculation," proffered Cristóbal in high vexation. "I can pay Quiapo more for four days."

"I would suggest you make up a final calculation. And my good fellow, of course the honourable General de Llano, who violates his oath as an officer to the Republic, would honour the two-day armistice once he had the money? I suppose we will send policemen to slap his face if he doesn't. Do you take us for imbeciles? Think up a prettier tale. I would respect you more if you were like any other deserter and risked almost a sure shot in the back as you tried to escape."

"I am not a deserter!" screamed Cristóbal. "I know that money alone can deflect these scoundrels. If it cannot, my proposition is not correct. But what makes it dishonourable?"

"There is reason to that," held the peasant, a man of sixty, but bent beyond his years. He was naturally kindly.

"Exactly," said the nervous accused. "What have you to lose? The town is practically doomed." The effect of this last speech annulled the peasant's doubt.

"Doomed but doomed with honour," said the pleasant

apothecary. "I go out to battle to-night with my diploma on my breast, warrant of my science. So every Castilian should die."

"If the Moors frighten you, my good friend," said the fertile shoemaker of the Tenorio, "join a harem." Everybody roared at the last sally of wit in the lost city.

Cristóbal tried again: "Why shouldn't we make it simple and pay a ransom? Say ten millions to Quiapo, payable in Gibraltar, on condition he allows us to evacuate the town, with the honours of war, they to take it over three hours after we leave. That is standard military practice." He reflected. "Never be cheap; ten millions, they will think of that. They must carry out their terms for an agreed evacuation, they would tremble before foreign opinion." He gave the benefit of these reflections to the unimpressed council of war.

"Swine," was the slow delivery of one word by the school-master. "We are to line the pockets of the felon generals with money, with which they can crush ten Spaniards where we save one here. You have no loyalty of class at all . . . you do not know the meaning of 'comrade.' I disagreed with Hernando, now I accept. You are an actor in a theatre, half sincere, half crooked. Is there anyone in this council who would not rather lose Ronda, if it gained us Seville, preserved Málaga? Our lives can be repeated *ad infinitum*, but our class cannot be crushed for generations. I concur. Desertion is proved."

That was the opinion of all seven. Suddenly the firing seemed to be taking place in the room. A herald came in, the railway station was lost, not half a mile from the city hall. It was time for summary judgment. For all that, they drew up a precise resolution:

Whereas, Don Cristóbal Pinzón of Palos, falsely styled Comrade Pinzón, has sought, by means of poor devices and flimsy excuses to pass over into the enemy territory, and, whereas, his reasoning has been insulting to proletarian intelligence, thus showing the deep class prejudices in his nature;

Whereas, there is only his objective behaviour and no treasonable intention has been revealed, yet in view of his birth and wealth, the fact that he has decided to leave his comrades, making their last stand, must be construed as desertion; and

Whereas, the military code is applicable, he is condemned to death in the manner of the worst enemies of the people, as condemned at Ronda by himself as Commissar: that is, by being hurled into the Tajo.

The council of war of workers, peasants, and shopkeepers of Ronda notes the previous services to our cause of Don Cristóbal Pinzón, without inquiry into motives, but declines to allow thanks to interfere with justice.

The sentence of hurling into the chasm is to be carried out forthwith.

Cristóbal did not listen to the death sentence. He knew they were ending the folly of his dream—his vengeance on all oppressors by the all-powerful liberator: that was what he remembered. The most magnificent dream of any one mortal come to this little, little end. . .

He spoke out of a stone face. "Council, I refuse to say I am innocent; I am misunderstood. Perhaps you understand me truly. I have thought of myself as the one man to place wealth at the service of the last struggle. I am a poor Andalusian dreamer. I knew how to make money. I crept into the mill of history. There the upper stone is painted with gold, the lower polished with sweat. The merciless grinding of the millstones of class war has ended me. In a few minutes all the speculations and hopes of thirty years will be dashed against the rocks at the bottom of that deep gorge. I thank you that you have remembered some of my services. If you survive to-day, as I hope you will, it may make you suspect the reasons for which you have doomed me."

He asked to see Miranda. It was refused. The city was fighting for life—it had no comforts to spare. He did not need to wait long. The shots of the enemy could be heard from the side streets leading down to the Calle de Espinel. It was eight at night and the purple evening was coming on fast, clamping down the white city. The drums beat and between two mountaineers stood the gaunt son of Palos. His hands were tied behind him, his eyes unbandaged. The enemy was not fifty yards away. Fleeing soldiers ran screaming that the Plaza Carmen Abela had been taken and Calle Rio Rosas was being gained house by house. The dreaded Tercio and the Moors were in the van of the attack. They who had massacred with joy the miners in the Asturias,

Another three minutes and the execution of the decree could not be carried out.

Two men rushed forward from the Calle Mercado, themselves slightly wounded, with a stretcher. Upon it was the body of Miranda, killed at the railway station while bandaging the wounded. The shot had gone through her wasted lung; her breast was soaked with blood. The marked relief of her body showed where the unborn child had died with her. The shouts of the Tercio and the Moors, the screams of women and children, the cries of the trapped and defeated militia filled the twilight air. Cristóbal saw his wife. He was dead, whatever he seemed. At the orders of Hernando the guards took the documents out of his pocket to see whether (as they now suspected) he had delivered the city to the foe. They saw nothing but a collection of a hundred papers in foreign languages with long series of numbers on each. Cristóbal, so insensate at this terrible moment, did not see them return to his pocket the useless receipts for the greatest fortune ever amassed by man.

He thought of his two women, Conchita and Miranda: he had been blessed. His parents had loved him, so had they. The Oath of Montjuich he lip-spoke like a breviary: "I swear that I shall prove worthy in my own person of this high resolve."

They took him to the edge of the precipice but his mind went over the night that Ferrer died, and how he had dreamed for others, and how lovely it is to be young! He thought of Miranda again, of the high wall of Tarragona, under which he and his first love lay. The precipice walls were here too.

The Tercio rounded the corner, shouting in triumph as the last detachment of militia made their way back to the bridge. The drums of the enemy were calling them from twenty conquered streets. The bridge was covered with corpses. The weaver mayor stood firm. Hernando took care of the decree of the people. "Beat *our* drum for his death," he commanded. A short roll began, and Cristóbal was hurled into the abyss.

Just then full night came on in a tropical blow. His body hit a rock, then glanced, rebounded, and fell into a raging brush fire.

The mountaineers who had guarded him took out their revolvers to hold the bridge. Not a minute later the enemy

carried the point and penetrated the *ciudad*. At the base of the gorge lay the burning body. In every crevice in the canyon, perched dangerously, militiamen were shooting at the enemy, coming in by every passage. They fell off the walls of the abyss under the cruel fire of the superior numbers of the Moors. The flame was fed by the body of Cristóbal, and it lit up a Cyclops' cavern where the vast shadows of the fighters came up in the night, against the walls of the cliffs, and their pointed rifles took on immense size. The last of the militiamen fell into the rapidly flowing river and were carried down beyond the mill-fall. In the late night the Moorish troops came down, beat out the fire, then threw the charred remains of Don Cristóbal into the Guadalevín.

